

Hyades "Hyades"

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We were a couple of friends covered by boils
An ugly fat drummer
And a makeshift screamer
What a nuisance
With that fucking metronome
We played thrash cover
In a terrible way

After that we've met just mad musicians
From the engineer to anchovy maniac
'Til we found the most blasphemous bass man
In the history of this fucking, queer, unlucky band

Who get us to do it
Up yours

The story continues
Welcome to Madame Mim
We make a shitty demo
Where he sings like a hen
My brother is too busy
Enter skeleton man
And we turn back to 1176

Big bang
From large to the small size
No bullshit, just metal or no metal, just bullshit
Bass becomes the soundtrack of a silent film
There is no way to take the right path

Who get us to do it
Up yours

D'oh, Homer goes mad
The primitives join in
Followed by the hair ball
And his dangerous breath
Now we see no deals
Neither with field glasses
We are fed up to the keister with promises

Gigs, yeah

But wallets are still empty
We are nearly pay to play
In a pothouse full of dweebs
Whyever no piece of skirt come to see our shows
S.N.A.F.U.

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