

Mechanical Cabaret "Horripilations"

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There is no Glamour in violence.
There ain't no joy in Death.
I hate the taste of the Human race
That's stifling my breath.
Chorus:
But wait till you see what's coming
It's a sight for sore eyes
You won't believe it until you see it
Say Goodbye
You won't believe it until you see it
"But you'll just DIE...!"
Some may find it hard to live
Without all these machines,
But sleep tight tonight
For very soon you'll see what 'progress' means
Chorus:
It may seem that we're lost,
That these are our last days.
But amongst the Flash
And Trailer Trash
We'll live; for today.

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