

Crass "Crutch Of Society"

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Don't want to bury my head in the crutch of society,
Perverted parent that takes my energy,
Sucking me dry with your morals, your threats,
Christ, your queen, your politics.
Fucking hypersensitive, super realist humanity,
I'm one of your super hybrid community.
Commutes the arsehole of economy.
Watch out, watch out, it's all about,
Reversion's setting in, and I can see you,
Staring at me with your seized brain,
Trying to put me down the drain again.
Well you're too smart, right from the start,
I learned it well that the truth will tell,
And you're done for, it's what the son's for,
It's what the gun's for, it's what I've come for,
You better run bore, you better run bore
You better run bore, you better run bore
You better run bore, you better run bore
You better run bore, you better run bore

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