

Afterhours "Plastic"

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Words have to scandalize
Got to lash
Got to kill
Is it one of your needs
or is it this boggy city?
How long will you think to use my life
To get fresh ideas for your great
social perceiving?
Don't be afraid it's a declaration of war
I don't like your society
Tina you're a bore
Your heart is made of stone 'n'
Your brain is made of plastic
When you can't feel something anymore
You call it simple
You're a spastic
Synthesis in the relations
Synthesis when you've gone
I don't like your society
I need some extreme
Need my few silly schemes
And i don't need your society
(Grazie a Luca per questo testo)

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