

## Poison Clan

### "Plastic Bomb"

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The lie is so real, I almost believe it  
Conceit flows like sewage  
How could you conceive it?  
Shake my hand, look me in the eye  
Smile and think of ways I'll die

Plastic bomb, plastic smile  
Fake commitment, blood soaked style  
Wrapped in a fur, trapped in a cancer  
The swansong's over for the littlest dancer

Mistrust so explosive, apathetic corrosive  
When I ask for it straight up  
False face is compulsive  
Try to stand tall, falling face down  
Big fish, Small town, Small fish, Ghost town

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