

Sacha Sacket "Battleship"

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I'm ready to gloom, I'm ready to go
Got Madonna blaring out the stereo
And wonderbread says he's beautiful
I wonder why I drive to this waxwork show.
'Cause I'm a mystic, I'm a superqueen,
I use up all my gasoline.
I'm a walking cemetery
So many dead things inside of me.

Scene doors open to the doe-eyed boys
Pincushions fluffed with steroids
These Hollywood-made androids
They've got some steel but do they got a voice.
Jealous mind makes jealous things come true.
Think Alexander the Great is coming through
So I better head to the bathroom
Before I meet the ensuing doom.

And when I look in the mirror
I know I'm not alone.
I've got an army of me
But I have no control
And I'm stuck at this party
With a thirty year-old
He makes stars
Just flame me, flame me, flame me.

There's a battleship inside of me
It creaks and moans in apology
For all the sick shit done in vanity
For this cult of masculinity.
But I'm a mystic, I'm a superqueen
I use up all my gasoline.
I'm a walking cemetery
So many dead men inside of me.

Can somebody tell me why the
Butch hate the belles?
When we've got plenty of Baptists
Coveting our souls to hell.
Too many wars, too many gay etiquette laws
Find your cause.

Stop throwing their mud
Indoors.

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