

Sole**"Ck li Chanel NÂ°6"**

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Come to me through the channels of the soul
Pantheon of designer rock 'n' roll
The war broke out in the back of my head
No victims but several dead

Clear the lounge furnished with skulls
Put out my heart and replace it with pulse
Love is the glue of our fragmentary nature
Highly compatible with winner culture

Marx in the red corner, Machiavelli in the blue
Equality asked for knock-out and got it too
The police shield and the ares-licking swan
System run by N. Selection & Son

Charles Darwin I don't want to be rude
But the panic-stricken herd trade their necks for food
Ladykillers maneaters fight about the roadmaps
Predators chase prey from mobile death traps

Coco Chanel - welcome to hell
Let me out of my prison cell
I bring you hot towels and flamboyant oils
I'm a cat stuck between transparent doors

Prometheus chained I wait for the eagle
To peck out my liver through the bullet-proof glass
Survival of the fittest suits me fine
The truth as it was told to me by Calvin Klein

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