

2cents

"Victims Of Pop Culture"

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Just look close and you will see
Now it's all a novelty
Simple bands call for simple plans
And there's no more originality
So process, process and reuse the same idea
Until the market thrives then the trend die
And lose all your mass appeal

Lights out, brain dead
Another victim of pop culture
Small minds, force fed
Another victim of pop culture
Lights out, brain dead
Another victim of pop culture
Small minds, force fed
Another victim of pop culture shot dead

Some complain that true rock is dead
But in the underground is where it's kept
An army of clones who just copy others
They start to explain but then they stutter
Damn, the same old song, but don't worry it won't take
long
As the radio signal gets ready to send, over and over
again
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Placing words in places
Packing dreams in cases
Sending all the vultures to relocate the stars
Actually spray painted
Ever revolving never revolving plastic industry
I guess it's up to us to say
That it's impossible

I know this happens every day
And there is no control, no control

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Pop music is the enemy!

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