

Cats On Fire

"The Smell Of An Artist"

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I see they got your picture in this time
You already cut it out and framed it
You say you like them when they're raging
You read the caption out aloud
"I just love the things that haven't been done before"

Emotions, esthetics and animal rights
What are these to a man with your abilities
Your talent is close to boiling over
If we could understand
We wouldn't bother you with one or two missing cats

But you know it's a shameless piece of shit
Still you love yourself in many different ways tonight
Because you know they can't really get you
You and your art is sacred and they don't like you
Because you're new

Say would you explain this a second time
These dead birds on toothpicks tell me nothing
You complain about the lack of words
While I can hardly breathe
You say the smell is there to help me understand

And you know, it's a shameless piece of shit
Still you love yourself in many different ways tonight
Because you know they can't really get you
You and your art is sacred and they don't like you
Because you're new

And you know you're evil, but who's to tell?
Still you love yourself in many different ways tonight
Because you know they can't really get you
You and your art is sacred and they don't like you
Because you're new

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