Day Green "Prosthetic Head"

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I see you, down in the front line

Such a sight for sore eyes you're a suicide makeover

Plastic eyes lookin' through a numbskull

Self effaced,

what's his hace.

you erased yourself so shut up

You don't let up.

You have a growth that must be treated,

like a severed severe pain in the neck

You can smell it but you can't see it

No explanation identified 'cause you don't know

You don't say

And you got no reply.

Hey you, where did you come from?

Got a head full of lead,

you're an inbred bastard son

All dressed up,

red blooded,

Amannequin

Do or die,

no reply,

don't deny that you're syntethic,
you're pathetic

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