

South

"One God"

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Like a toupee on a fading fame,
Final whistle in a losing game,
Thick lipstick on a five year old girl,
Makes you think that's it's a plastic world.

Plastic world were all plastic too,
Just a couple of different faces in a dead-mans queue
The world is turning Disney and there's nothing you
can do,
You're trying to walk like giants but your wearing Pluto?
s shoes.

And the answers fall easier from the barrel of a gun,
Than it does from the lips of the beautiful and the
dumb.
The world won't end in darkness it'll end in family fun,
With Coca-Cola clouds behind a Big-Mac sun.

Howling scream in a church asleep,
Rusting bicycle in the ocean deep,
Like an earring on a newly born,
Strong perfume on a winters morn.

The world is perfumed and were perfumed as well,
Petals from a flower that blossomed in hell.
You can't breathe the air through the thickness of the
smell,
And you can't see the hair through the grease or the
gel.

And the answer falls easier from the barrel of a gun,
Than it does from the lips of the beautiful and the
dumb.
The world won't end in darkness it'll end in family fun,
With Coca-Cola clouds behind a Big-Mac sun.

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