

Kennedys Dead

"Fleshdunce"

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We're world industry's thoughtlords
The entertainment wing
We keep you all in line
By fixing your free will
Surround you with pop fantasies
Just slightly out of reach
To soften all the blows
Of your forced daily routine
We strip-mine your underground culture
Take the bite out and rinse it clean
Give ourselves credit for creating it
Then sell it back to you
At twice the price
Our pool of talent vampires
Has blown into your town
To dazzle, sign and milk you
All strictly on our own terms
You think you've got a lot to say
We'll change that real soon
You're not a person anymore
We've made you a cartoon

By the time we're through remolding you

You won't even recognize your face

There's no end to the eager beavers

Drawn the moths to our Babylon's mirage

Conveyor belt of fleshdunce

They all want to do the fleshdunce

Conveyor belt of fleshdunce

Who all want to do the fleshdance

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