

## **Velvet Acid Christ "Planck's Constant"**

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fuck you, motherfucker  
rusty nails rip at my hands  
rolling down in my bed  
rip apart the vision that you see  
with your eyes on tv  
red tear, into your face  
another dream of society's fate  
oh, we'll crawl up the corporate ladder  
together  
crushed in my only world  
push it over to the moon  
a tiny vision of little children  
play along for fun  
and prophets of gloom, rich  
time waits over, a book of the dead  
blood slid over, nothing to say  
vision in your brain, telling again  
to kill us asleep, and you'll never see anything  
but vanity on top of the world  
and floating down, into the mess  
then you kiss your lovers fate  
into life you will fade  
oh, you will fade  
your war, broken prophets  
right across my floor  
the canned vision  
you can destroy  
the very vision that brought you along  
rocket ships shoot at the moon  
they fly up in the sky  
the blood of apocalyptic gloom  
spreading all over  
they won't make you see  
your shoes are made of snake skin  
your skin is like a little faint  
reminder of crushing your skull  
sit in a drunken state  
apathy glow, you will fake it  
won't you watch all them  
he's all over you and you don't know why  
you don't know why  
wasted

relations of forty states and nations  
will crawl under your finger nail and get stuck  
wail thrill kill for the sake of maturity  
walk down the street at night  
i feel a little scared inside  
i pull out a 9mm and blow a fucking cop's head off  
'cause i'm bored  
i wanna kill them all  
'cause they make me sick  
a last man's judgment trip  
the population rescue

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