Biffy Clyro, A Man Of His Appalling Posture

Conglomerate inspection, we'll breed that infection, release it to the world We'll blame it on the girls, we'll blame it on the boys, again, again, again, again Taste the infection and tolerate rejection, we'll feed it to the world We'll blame it on the girls, we'll blame it on the boys, again, again, again, Then you try and you're faking it, open up cos' you're faking it But in time everyone, and they'll know, goddamn you'll know Feels like everything's a farce, take it on your head When you're faking it, open up cos' you're faking it Wait for a time, everyone, you'll know, Goddamn you'll know! Feels like everything's a farce, take it on your head