

Voodoo Glow Skulls, Bastard Music

Its not the kind that makes you want to sing,
Save the world and fix everything.
No pre-planned message to make you think,
Just crack a beer and take a drink.

No words to get your mental fix,
Or sissy la-la girlfriend shit.
Leave our spikes and fashions out,
Just drink the piss and start the pit.

Bastard music, it's everywhere!
Bastard music, it's fuckin' in the air!

We're pissed off at the world today,
In youth and anti we believe.
Singing out anthems, we represent
Whats true to us in retrospect.
What isn't normal, is to us.
A way of life and our routine.
In ignorance and hell we trust,
Break the boundaries (and) smash them up.

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