The Times of our Lives

Ich bin Gott
E: Wait! One, two—we go or—. Do we shoot on four or do we shoot on three?"
D: "Four. Everybody shoots on four, you know."
E: "So it's like one, two, three, shoot."
D: "Right". „One, two, three, bang."
E: "Ok."
D: "Not one, two, bang."
E: Ok. Ya. Got ya."
(Shot fired)
I think I'm an alien.
You had everything you wanted
Your Mercedes wasn't enough
Your trustfonds wasn't enough
Your vodka wasn't enough
All people I ever loved abandoned me
Me is a god, a god of sadness
Society is tightening its grip on me
My existence is shit to me
Hey mom.
My home wasn't really my home. It was all a set up.
Gotta go
Revolution is life. Against the modern world.
DIE IN YOUR RAGE!
This is life in a democracy.
It's just another word like justice, sorry, pity, religion, faith, luck.
"Put on your hammer-and-sickle- T-Shirt and go skateboarding!"
There is no such thing as an actual "real world".
It doesn't matter anymore.
You are needed here.
"To where?"
"Turkey."
Will I be able to find thong underwear there?
I'm forever sorry about the pornos
My humanity has a foot fetish
And I'm fuckin' your dead body, your coochie all cummy
I feel like God.

"I'm free to be the greatest. I'm alive!"
Masha'Allah: it's paradise!
Even if I would come back I would just eat some Kapsalon and Sushi
Hi, alright—we are two autonomous idiots that cook. Heil Hitler.
Isn't it fun to get the respect we're going to deserve?
#newworldentertainmentdeathsquad
Go Vegan! Eggplant, Aubergine, Hummous—Scheiß Dreckspack.
We have human bodies but we've evolved into one step above you—fucking human shit.
Your tears is our joy.
Let death be your slogan.
I am the law.
Fotze.
Terror I would say.
Radical's my anthem turn my fucking amps up
Just admit not only are we talented, we're rad as fuck. Bitches.

Imagine this being said:
O satisfied soul, be free, to exist, in a timeless, spaceless place of pure happiness — content and with pleasure.

(Shot fired)
I didn't wanna do this. I had to do this.