



LIES

TV/MEDIA ITS ALL 2 COVER UP
THEY WONT ACCEPT THE BLAME
BECAUSE THEY FUKT UP!
MOSCOW MAKES A MISTAKE
AND THEN ITS OUR FAULT
JUST TELL ME WHO I SHOULD BELIEVE
CORN FLAKE CEREALS, MTV VIDEOS
ALL OUR MINDS ARE TURNING TO WASTE.
T.V. NEWS SAYS ITS THE TRUTH
BUT ITS JUST A BIG LIE, ITS A LIE!
PLANT THEIR LIES INSIDE MY BRAIN
JUST LIKE A BIG SEED.
ANOTHER CAPITALIST GAME
AND ON YOU THEY FEED.
TRAINED LIKE AN ANIMAL
LIKE A SLAVE, I MUST OBEY
OBEY THEIR LIES

DRINK POSITIVE

THINK I CARE ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING?
SURE I DO BUT IM STILL LAUGHING
WORLD PROBLEMS? WE ALL CARE.
BUT HES ALL THIS RAGING
GOT US ANYWHERE?

NO!
KEEP A GRIN!
DRINK! DRINK POSITIVE!
SURE WELL SING ABOUT ALL OUR CRYING,
UNNECESSARY DEATHS AND VIOLENCE.
DO YOU THINK YOUR NEGATIVE ATTITUDE
IS GONNA GIVE A THIRSTY MAN
A CUP FULL OF BOOZE

NO!
KEEP SWAGGING!
KEEP LAUGHING!



HANGOVER

ITS 8 O'CLOCK & YOU'RE STILL IN BED
ASPIRIN WONT STOP THAT
POUNING IN YOUR HEAD
YOUR STOMACHS DOING BACKFLIPS
AND YOUR MOUTH IS DRY
DONT FEEL STRONG ENOUGH
TO OPEN YOUR EYES.
"ILL NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER DROP!"
CANT ADMIT THAT YOU CANT STOP.
GET UP! YOU'RE LATE FOR WORK.
YOU'RE WIFE IS GETTING FED UP
SHE SAYS "YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A JERK!"
YOU ALWAYS LOOK LETHARGIC AND YOUR
BREATH IS LIKE MANURE
FEELING LIKE A GOB OF SLIME
FERMENTING IN THE SEWER
"5 MORE MINUTES"
YOU CANT BE LATE AGAIN
O.K. YOU SLITHERED FROM YOUR COVE
FEEL YOUR WAY TO THE BATHROOM
SHIT SHOWER & SHAVE
THE SEAT IS COLD AS ICE
THE SHOWER HOT AS PISS
THE BLOODY TISSUE ON YOUR FACE
MIGHT AS WELL BE ON YOUR WRISTS!

SCAB ON MY BRAIN

I GIVE TO YOU WHATS ON MY MIND.
THOUGH EVERYTHING HERE SEEMS ALRITE.
NIGHTMARES OF DOOMSDAY
NOW IVE GOT THESE HEADACHES
THE ITCH THATS ON MY BRAIN
JUST GETS MORE INSANE
EACH DAY.
PRESSURE, PROBLEMS.
CANT DO MUCH TO STOP IT NOW
SO I JUST GET PASTERED
GOTTA GET GOOD AND HIGH
FOR THE NEXT WORLD DISASTER.
DROP IT NOW. ITS SIMPLY MUCH FASTER.
ITS A SCAB ON MY BRAIN
AND IT WONT GO AWAY.
YESTERDAY I WOKE UP AND ONCE AGAIN,
MY PILLOW WAS STAINED
FROM... THAT SCAB ON MY BRAIN!

DED TEDS

WE'VE COME TO WRITE ON YOUR WALLS
AND EAT YOUR FOOD.
GONNA DROP A BIT OF ACID,
DIVVY UP A SHEET OR TWO.
WE'RE THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHTTIME.
PUPILS BURNING INSIDE MY HEAD.
NO MATTER WHERE I START OFF
I FINISH AT DED TEDS.

DED TEDS,
IT'S BEEN 3 YEARS OF DWELLING.
I'M STARTIN' TO MOLD.
ALL MY FRIEND JUST SIT AROUND
DRINK BEER
IT'S GETTING OLD.
IN THAT HOUSE.
THAT HOUSE OF TED.
IN THAT HOUSE.
WHERE YOU'RE BETTER OFF DEAD.

SITIN' BY THE WINDOW,
WATCHIN' ALL THE WALLS BREATHE.
PEOPLE IN THE BATHROOM,
ROLLIN' UP THEIR SLEEVES,
CREWS IN THE BACKYARD,
ROLLIN' UP A BIG SPLIFF.
COPS IN THE FRONT YARD
STIRRIN' UP A USELESS BEEF.
IT'S PAST 2 O'CLOCK,
CAN'T BUY NO BREW.
PASSED OUT ON THE COUCH,
FEELING BUTT APPROACH YOU.
IN THAT HOUSE,
THAT HOUSE OF TED.
DED TEDS



SEEMIN' YOU

SAW YOU JUST THE OTHER DAY
SAME OLD LOOK ON YOUR FACE
THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED
HOW LONG IT'S REALLY BEEN
NOTHING REALLY CHANGES MUCH
BUT TIME BETWEEN GOOD FRIENDS
WE JOKE ABOUT TROUBLES
WE HAVEN'T GROWN APART.
SUDDENLY IT'S ALL SO CLEAR
THE MEMORIES OF OLD TIMES
SO SINCERE
GIRL, THERE'S MORE I WOULD SAY
THAT SITUATION
STILL PREVENTS TODAY
YOU NEEDED TO BE LOVED.
MINE ALONE WAS NOT ENOUGH.
IT'S JUST TOO MUCH
SEEMIN' YOU.

Feelings of Hate

IN YOUR EYES THE PAIN IS STRONG
TO WHAT YOU DESPISE.
THERE IS NO WRONG IN BEING DEAD
IT'S WHERE YOU BELONG.
TAKE A KNIFE, CUT OFF YOUR HEAD.
FEELINGS OF HATE.
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, A TROUBLED MIND
IS WHAT YOU'LL FIND
YOU MAY FEEL DEAD,
MAY BE ALIVE.
GOTTA REMEMBER,
IT'S IN YOUR MIND.

BLOCKED OUT

THERES REALLY SOMETHING CRAZY HAPPENING
ALL ACROSS THIS LAND.

A FEELING OF TOLERATION TO WHAT WE CAN STAND
EVERYDAY WE ACCUMULATE A BRAND NEW DISEASE.
YET EVEN WITH ALL OUR OWN PROBLEMS
WE SHIT ON OUR SCENE.

AND EVEN NOW I FEEL HELPLESS
ABOUT BEING FREE. ITS NOT WHETHER OR NOT I CAN STAND,
BUT WHO'LL STAND BY ME?

THERE STILL AINT A MAG OR A ZINE ON THE STREET TODAY
WITHOUT SOME CRITIC TO ANSWER TO ABOUT WHAT YOU SAY.
SO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU'RE READING.

OPINIONS INDIFFERENT AND MISLEADING
THE ONE COMMUNICATION THAT HAS CEASED
TO BE TAKEN AWAY

WITH REACH UNMISTAKEN ABOUT REAL SITUATIONS TODAY.
BLOCKED OUT! ALL THE PHONY PEOPLE!

BLOCKED OUT! ALL THE TRASH THAT YOU READ.

BLOCKED OUT! THE SHIT ON T.V.

ITS NOT WHAT YOU SEE BUT JUST WHAT YOU'LL BELIEVE!



RUMORS

WALKIN' THRU THE HAMBURG STREETS
I SEE A BJR. I WANNA DRINK SOME BEER
A BEAST IN RED APPROACHES ME.
ITS BUY A DRINK OR SLEEP WITH ME.
NOW I'M BLOWN AWAY!
THEN COME THE THUGS WITH A BAT
TO MAKE SURE WE PAY.

LIES. STORIES YOU'RE TELLIN'
YOU'RE MAKIN RUMORS.
YOU WANNA DISH OUT A SCOOP
FOR YOUR FRIENDS
SO YOU'LL FEEL LIKE SOMEONE
TALKIN BOUT SOMETHIN'
SOMETHING YOU REALLY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT.

RUMORS, I BOUGHT HER A DRINK
RUMORS, BUT WHO WOULD EVER THINK?
IT WAS 300 MARKS FOR CHAMPAGNE
TYPICAL SET UP, PAY OR BE BEAT UP!
NOW YOU SEE WHAT GOES DOWN
WALKIN STREETS
YOU'RE LIVIN OUT WHAT I GO THROUGH
ITS 2CND HAND. ITS NOT THE TRUTH THAT U WANT.

THERE'LL BE A TIME
A CHANGE OF MIND.
YOU'LL GROW TO FIND
THAT LIVING YOUR OWN LIFE
MEANS MORE THAN TALKIN BOUT MINE.



TRIBUTE TO THE JESTER

I CAN TURN TO YOU, COME ALL UNGLUED
AND SPILL MY GUTS WHEN I GET TROUBLED
AS I APPROACH YOU SIMPLY JOKE
I LAUGH SO HARD. I CRY FOR DIFFERENT REASONS.
YOU NEVER KNEW OR CARED THE VALUE OF THE
LAUGHS WE SHARED. THEY'RE ALWAYS PRICELESS.
ROB SOMEONE OF THEIR DEPRESSION
SIMPLY WITH YOUR CONVERSATION.
OH SARCASTIC JESTER, TELL ME ONE MORE TIME.
CUZ IF I DONT CHEER UP TODAY
I'M BOUND TO LOSE MY MIND.
SO TALK WITH ME A BIT.
I NEED YOUR DRYEST WIT.
SO MAKE ME LAFF UNTIL IT HURTS
AND SATISFY MY FIX
A FEW DENY YOUR QUALITIES
THEMSELVES UPTITE UNCONSCIOUSLY
OTHERS WILL HATE YOU FOR TRUTHS YOU EXPOSE
BUT EVERYONE KNOWS
LAUGH WITH THE WORLD AND THE WORLD LAFFS WITH YOU.
BUT MAKE THEM LAFF AT YOU
AND IF YOU'RE GOOD THEY'LL EVEN PAY YOU.
OH SARCASTIC JESTER, PLEASE DONT GET ME WRONG.
THERES NOTHING MORE LESS SERIOUS
THAN THE LYRICS IN THIS SONG
SO KEEP THAT POINT OF VIEW
CYNICAL ATTITUDE.
THE WORLDS JUST LATE TO APPRECIATE
THE KIND ON EARTH LIKE YOU!



POTHEAD

SMOKE A DOOB TO MY FOREHEAD.
IT'S IN MY MOUTH BEFORE I LEAVE MY BED.
CAN'T YOU SEE?
I GOTTA GET STONED.
'CAUSE I'M JUST ANOTHER POTHEAD.
WITHOUT A DOOB I'M TOTALLY LOST.
GOTTA SCORE SOME BUD,
WHATEVER THE COST
SELL ME A BOWL, OR MAYBE A JIB,
OR I CAN'T EVEN LIVE.
IT JUST GETS WORSE DAY BY DAY.
HAVE TO SMOKE MORE TO GET THE SAME WAY.
EYES TURN RED, COUGH UP WING CHEESE.
GOTTA BE GAUJ, NEVER NO LEAF.
POTHEAD.



WHY?

I HAD TO GET HIGH,
DIDN'T MATTER HOW AT THE TIME
DIRTY NEEDLES,
GAVE ME A DISEASE,
YELLOW EYES, YELLOW SKIN,
MY LIVER BLEEDS!
I DON'T NEED IT ANYMORE,
AND WHY I EVER DID BEFORE?
WHY? WHY?
ALL MY INSECURITIES,
AN ESCAPE THAT LED TO THIS DISEASE.
ADDICTION IS SOMETHING I DON'T NEED!



FINDAWAY

FIND A WAY,
HOW TO MAKE IT IN THIS WORLD
WHERE A KIDS JUST GOT NO SAY
TAKE ALL THE WORDS
AND THOUGHTS I'VE SAID
AND THROW EM AWAY
YOUR TALK IS CHEAP
YOU DONT COMMUNICATE
I CANT RELATE
TIMES HAVE CHANGED
FOR THE BETTER
BUT THEY NEVER REALLY SEEM
TO STOP THIS GAME
WHEN TAX IS DUE YOU'RE BROKE
AND HAVE TO PAY
AN I.O.U. FOR THEM
TO SHOW THEY'RE LATE
THEY REALLY SEEM TO NOTICE
WHEN YOUR BILLS AREN'T PAID
HEY!



RAP TO FIND A WAY

BEEN WORKING ALL WEEK LONG
FOR THE MAN WITH NO PAY
NOW LISTEN TO MY STORY
HOW I FOUND A WAY
TO COPE WITH LIFE
DEALING WITH THE BEST
ONLY FINDING LATER
THIS GAME WAS JUST A TEST
SO I WENT TO TACO BELL
THOUGHT I'D ORDER DINNER
ORDERED BEEF BURRITO
AND HE ROLLED ME UP A PINNER
I WOLFED THE WHOLE BURRITO
EVEN THO THE BEANS WERE BITTER
THEN 10 MINUTES AFTA
I WAS RUSHIN TO THE SHITTER
CUZ THE FOOD WAZ SO OLD
IT MUST HAVE BEEN RUSTED
CALLED THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT
AND THE PLACE GOT BUSTED!
SING A SONG, A SIX PACK
SKLITZ RED BULL
I TOOK THE BEER FROM YOUR HAND
AND ASKED YOU FOR A PULL
YOU OL LILLY LIGHT LIPPED
LEX LUTHOR LETTUCE PICKER
BEEN A LONG TIME
SINCE I USED A PIG STICKER
ARM + HAMMER ALWAYS TWISTING
REYNOLD'S RAP
GIMME JIMMY Z'S QUICK RELEASE
VELCRO NOT SNAP
THE BEATS GOTTEN OLD
AND OUR STORY'S GONE ASTRAY
YOU CAN RAP TO MACHINES
BUT ROCK N'ROLLS THE WAY
I KNOW THAT YOUR ON BLUE
AND YOUR RHYMES ARE JUST FOR FILLER
YOU SAID THE HUBBA'S KILLER
NOW YOU LOOK LIKE PHYLLIS DILLER

SARGASM

THINGS HAVE CHANGED TODAY
LIVES JUST CRAZIER IN WAYS
CAN'T LET DAILY STRESSES GET TO YOU
YOU STRUGGLE ALL DAY LONG
AND WHEN THINGS START TO GO WRONG
I CAN'T HOLD BACK MY SMARTASS ATTITUDE
SARGASM! A TACTIC WE USE. JUST STRATEGY.
HELPS ME FROM COMING UNGLUED.
SO DON'T TAKE OFFENSE, YOU'RE JUST BURNT LIKE THE REST!
GOTTA GET THIS LINE OFF MY CHEST.
LAUGHING AT YOU. GOT NOTHING ELSE BETTER TO DO.
HAD TO SAY IT CUZ YOU SET IT UP THAT WAY,
I JUST CAN'T KEEP CONTROL OF MY MOUTH!
BY NOW YOU THINK WERE ASSHOLES, DON'T HAVE TO THINK TWICE
"FUCK YOU TOO." OH REALLY? THAT'S WISE!
WE FEED OFF YOUR LAST WORD AND THEN YOU LEAVE
CUZ YOU'RE SO BURNT. LAUGHING AT YOU GETS ME
IT'S NOT THAT WE HATE YOU OR CAN'T STAND YOUR FACE
WE REALLY JUST DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY... AT ALL

BEAUTIFUL FEELING

CAN YOU SEE, CAN YOU SEE,
THE COLORS ON YOUR WALL
REALITY'S MUCH DIFFERENT NOW
THE ANSWERS AT YOUR CALL.
LIKE A TINY INFANT,
CARE WITH EVERY STEP.
MOVING THROUGH THIS FANTASY,
GAMBLE, PLACE YOUR BETS.
DON'T STOP THIS TRIP,
I DON'T WANNA GRIP.
BRAIN IS FRYING HARD NOW,
HALLUCINATIONS WILD.
CURIOSITY'S GROWING
LIKE A FEEBLE CHILD.
YOU THINK YOU KNOW ABOUT WHAT I AM,
YOU CAN SAY I'M JUST LIKE THEM
MY BRAIN IS BURNING, CAN'T YOU SEE,
WER'E ALL RICH KIDS ON L.S.D.
DON'T STOP THIS TRIP,
I DON'T WANNA GRIP.



SENSELESS VIOLENCE

IT MAKES ME WONDER SOMETIMES.
IF ITS MY MIND OR THE WORLD OUTSIDE
THAT MAKES ME FEEL THE WAY I DO
NOT ONE SINGLE TEAR FOR YOU
AGAINST YOUR HEAD THE BOTTLE SHATTERED
I STARTED TO LAUGH CAUSE IT DIDN'T SEEM TO MATTER
AT ALL!
RIOTS BROKE OUT SECONDS LATER
A THOUSAND COPS FILLED WITH HATRED
SENSELESS VIOLENCE, I START TO REALIZE
POWERFUL MACE WAS NOW BURNING MY EYES.
A KLAN OF COPS CHASING A GIRL
SHE SHOUTED PEACE, BUT THE CUB WAS HURLED
THEY BEAT HER AND KICKED HER
BUT SHE LAY STILL
NAZIS LICENSED TO KILL.



BERLIN ROCK CITY

I FEEL UPTIGHT ON A SATURDAY NITE
NINE O'CLOCK AND THE RADIOS THE ONLY LIGHT
I HEAR MY SONG AND IT PULLS ME THROUGH
COMES ON STRONG, TELLS ME WHAT I GOTTA DO
I GOT TO... GET UP!
EVERYBODY'S GONNA MOVE THEIR FEET
GET DOWN!
EVERYBODY'S GONNA LEAVE THEIR SEAT
YOU GOTTA LOSE YOUR MIND IN BERLIN ROCK CITY!
GETTING LATE, I JUST CAN'T WAIT
10 O'CLOCK AND I KNOW I GOTTA HIT THE ROAD
FIRST I DRINK AND THEN I SMOKE
START THE CAR AND I TRY TO MAKE THE MIDNITE SHOW
MOVIN' FAST, DOIN' 95
HIT TOP SPEED BUT I'M STILL MOVIN' MUCH TOO SLOW
I FEEL SO GOOD, I'M SO ALIVE
I HEAR MY SONG PLAYIN' ON THE RADIO
IT GOES....

12 O'CLOCK. I GOTTA ROCK
THERE'S A TRUCK AHEAD
LIGHTS STARIN' AT MY EYES
OH MY GOD! NO TIME TO TURN
I GOT TO LAFF CUZ I KNOW I'M GONNA DIE
WHY?

- WORDS & MUSIC BY KISS
REARRANGED BY RKL



LIFE IN A BOTTLE

I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A FRIEND,
YOU TRIED TO BURN ME IN THE END.
THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED,
SOMETHING WAS WRONG.
WE WERE ONLY FRIENDS WHEN YOU WERE BEAT.

NOW... REALITY SETS IN.

NOW... WE'RE NOT FRIENDS

'CAUSE YOU'RE IN THE HOLE, MOLE.

HIDE FROM YOUR FEARS,

THE TRUTH'S GETTING NEAR.

YOU'RE CHOKED BY A MOOSE,

AND THAT BOTTLE REALLY CUT YOU LOOSE.

NOW YOU TELL ME THAT YOU QUIT,

THAT YOU REALLY NEVER NEEDED IT.

THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED YOU WERE FULL OF LIES.

→ SRUNKEN DR. JEKYLL, SOBER MR. HYDE.

JASON'S RAP



BREAK THE CAMELS BACK

WE WALK INTO THE HALL, PROMOTER HASNT CALLED.
WE LAUGH AT WHAT THEY CALL THE HOUSE P.A.
BATTERED AND FRAYED. WE WONT SOUND GOOD TODAY.
LATER ON WE FIND WE DONT GET PAID.
YOU'D THINK THAT ITS ENUF TO MAKE ANY 1 BAND QUIT!
BUT THATS JUST THE LEAST OF THE SHIT WE'LL FIND!
BREAK THE CAMELS BACK!

WE STILL GOTTA ROCK NEVER THE LESS. ITS STILL WHAT WE DO BEST.
I WONDER HOW MANY GIGS IT TAKES TO BREAK THE CAMELS BACK
NOW WE'VE SEEN ALMOST 4 YEARS
OF LAUGHS AND FLATS AND TEARS
I WONDER HOW MANY MORE BEFORE WE
BREAK THE CAMELS BACK

YOU CANT SEE WHY ALL THE GOOD BANDS FALL APART
THE SCENE RIPS A HOLE RIGHT THRU YOUR HEART.
SOMEDAY, THERE WONT BE AN UNDERGROUND TO PLAY.
YOU SIT AND WATCH COMMUNICATION FADE AWAY.

RESTORE!
DONT PIECE TOGETHER WHATS ALREADY BROKE.
REMEMBER THAT GLUE NEVER HOLDS.
THE SAME GOES FOR SHOWS AND SHIT THAT GOES ROUND.
THE ASSHOLES THAT BRING US ALL DOWN,
SHOULDNT COME AROUND.

BUT WE STILL KEEP THE FAITH
THAT LOVE PREVAILS OVER HATE
AND EVERYONE WILL TRY BEFORE WE BREAK THE CAMELS BACK.
BLACKBALL THE STRAWS THAT BREAK ALL OUR BACKS
DONT FEED FIRE WITH ATTENTION.
DENIED AT THE DOOR, OR THROWN OFF THE FLOOR.
FOR TENSION WE DONT NEED NO MORE!



LAY YOUR WEAPONS DOWN!

HOMESUCE!

CANT WE LEARN FROM HISTORY?
JINT NO REASON BIG ENOUGH
TO RESORT TO WORLD WAR 3.
THEY PUT A HELMET ON YOUR HEAD
AND A RIFLE IN YOUR HANDS
AND SEND YOU OFF TO KILL
YOUR BROTHER IN HIS NATIVE LAND
AND I SAY

LAY YOUR WEAPONS DOWN!

WE CANT GO ON THIS WAY
ITS REALLY UP TO US NOW COMRADES
WE CAN MAKE IT HAPPEN
GOTTA PUT AN END TO WAR TODAY
COME ON! CANT YOU SEE
THAT ITS INSANE
TO MURDER FOR YOUR COUNTRY
AND TO PLAY THEIR DEADLY GAME
CANT YOU SEE?

WEVE GOT TO TRY TO COMPREHEND
THE MAN WHOS IN YOUR GUNSIGHT
COULD HAVE BEEN YOUR FINEST FRIEND
WELL YOU SAY YOU LOVE YOUR COUNTRY
AND YOU'LL FIGHT TO KEEP IT FREE
BUT HOW CAN YOU LOVE A FREEDOM
THAT STANDS FOR DEATH AND INHUMANITY?

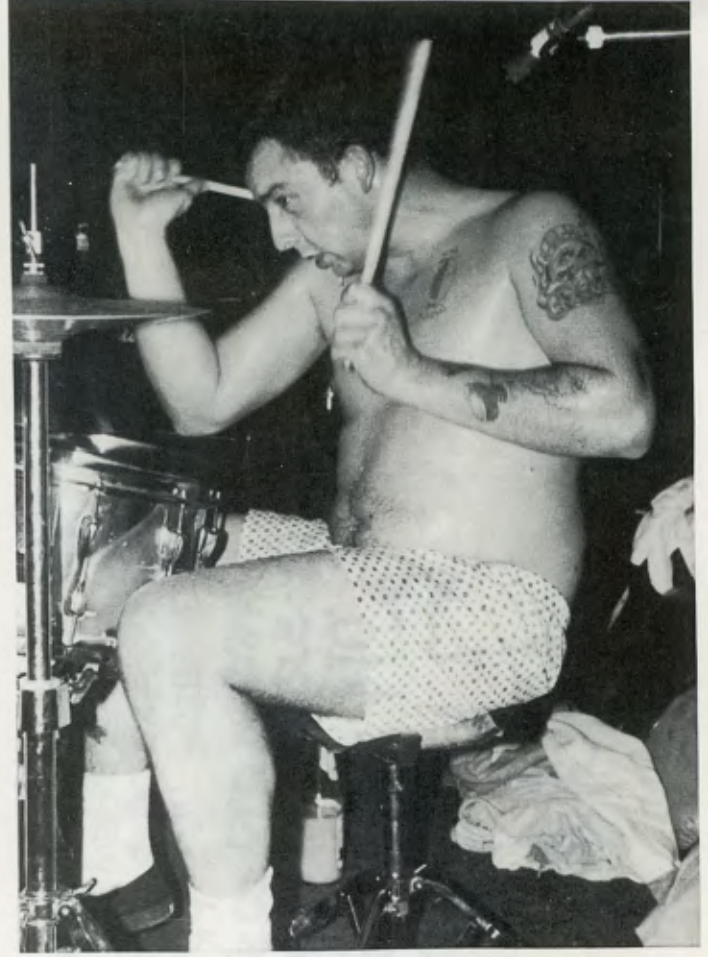
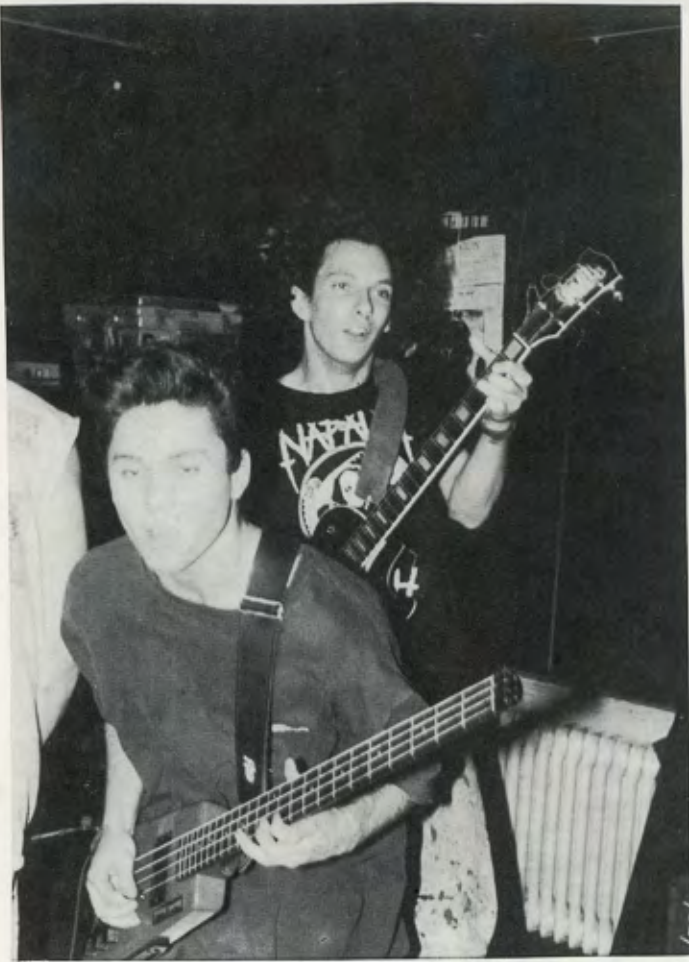


CATCH YOUR BREATH!

CATCH YOUR BREATH

I WALKED ALONG THE BARREN BEACH
I SAW THE TRASH BUT NOT THE GLASS,
BROKEN AT MY FEET
CUT MYSELF ONCE AGAIN
GOTTA STOP, COUNT TO TEN.
TRY AND RELAX
TAKE A BREATH. BREATHE IN DEEP
TASTE THE SMOG. FEEL THE HEAT.
WE GOTTA GET OUT.
ALL THE TRASH, BROKEN GLASS
DIRTY AIR, NO ONE CARES.
HELP ME OUT
CUZ I THINK THAT I'M CHOKING.
PEOPLE CHOOSE WHAT TO DO
SIPPIN' BOOZE, YOU'RE ON GUE
CATCH YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE!
SELF PRESERVATIONS WHAT ITS ALL ABOUT
SUFFOCATION KILLS WITHOUT A DOUBT.
SO IF IT HAPPENS THAT THE PEOPLE JUST CANT STOP,
WASTIN' TRASHIN' USIN' WHAT WE GOT LEFT.
WERE NEXT IN LINE AND YOU CAN BET
WHEN YOU GROW OLD, PUT YOU IN HOMES
A SLOW & LONELY DEATH, YOU WONT FORGET
THE MESS YOU LEFT. A MOTHER UNPAID DEBT
AND NOW YOU'RE CHOKING.
AND NOW SOMETIMES I TELL MYSELF
I'M JUST ALIVE AND I'LL GET BY WITHOUT ANY HELP
SO I SAY WHY SHOULD I SING A SONG
ABOUT THE WRONGS AND THE MESS THAT WE LEAVE.
WELL, IN A MONTH OR A YEAR MAYBE I'LL HAVE
SOME KIDS AND THEY'LL NEED TO BREATHE!

x →



DESTINY



R.K.L.
 T-SHIRTS - \$10.
 Buttons & stickers - \$1.
 TAPES OF OLD ALBUMS - \$5
 add \$1. POSTAGE
 add \$3. OVERSEAS
 ALLOW 3-6 WEEKS FOR SHIPPING.



RECORDED LIVE AT THE QUATIER LATIN, W. BERLIN, GERMANY
 JULY 9th 1988 ON 24-TRACK MOBILE STUDIO
 MIXED AT VIELKLANG STUDIOS, BERLIN
 MIXING ENGIENIER MATZA - -
 MASTERED BY RECORD PARTNER STUDIOS

R.K.L. Box 421361 S.F. CA. 94101-1361
 LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH KIDZ ON L.S.D. A ROCK N'
 ROLL NITEMARE 12" WITH COMIC BOOK STILL
 AVAILABLE. FROM ALCHEMY RECORDS.