

Karl Mohr	Artist	135	BPM	Bb major	Key
Catshit Sushi	Title	3:30	Duration		
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Eat up your nitrates, young one.  
Visit the farms, oh brave little ones.

Bb F  
Bb F

Clear out the forests, install the film crews, roll the evening news and record interviews.  
Pay all with union dues, feed everyone catshit sushi caught in reservoirs of human excrement.

Bb Dm Eb Cm Bb Fdom7  
Bb Dm Eb Cm F

Visit the site where the evil one is alive tonight. Go on, my brave ones, enter the concrete barn to where the chickens are stapled to the floors.

Gm F Cm D  
Gm F Cm F

Clear out the forests, install the camera crews, roll the stock music now and conduct those interviews. Pay each with union dues, feed everyone catshit sushi caught in reservoirs, packaged at the factory.

chorus

Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere, to every human ear that can hear. Go tell it on the mountain that growing your own food is the last frontier of freedom in a biological world.

Gm F4-3 Eb Bb F  
Gm F4-3 Eb Bb F

Ship the rest without inspecting, and thank you for your cheap labour. Thank you for your human understanding as we grind your cows into gravel for sawdust sandwiches and grind out the adverts, piss in your combo, load up monosodium glutamate, and buzz you tag you, shoot up your coffee, make you feel wealthy, maybe even beautiful.

verse

Clear out the forests, install the film crews, roll the evening news, record interviews. Pay all with union dues, feed everyone catshit sushi caught in reservoirs, flushed from your homes...

chorus

end on F  
outro is Bb and Am

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you spill your garbage into tankards, cut out the throats of your customers, boil your garbage into pellets, siphon into living meat resources, expect hypodermic cancer quota,

Wind up your entrails, lips, tongues and assholes, throw in what chickens like, add colour for inspectors, life is a horror, slaves and then sacrifices to all that is apathetic in the condos and dwellings of the heartless young nations with no respect for the land, the blood nor its man.

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...to where the syringe in the bell pepper is so very colourful, and then further to the lab where the feed lots are built and engineered and grown. Now, my little ones, you know why the cancers are tolerated, and the sick are enumerated, and the cost of death is evaluated against the cost of pesticides and antibiotics and hormones. Now you know.