# Conchita Wurst, Trash All The Glam

on the rocks my being's cut in half
I feel under glass
don't look at me I'm over-
and underwhelmed cover
all the stares and trash all the glam
just trash all the glam,
‘cause

ahw hs come here unleash a dream
mounted with a view within
shinging the way in peace she leads

bit by bit it starts
she overdoes and undermines her polish
seeking for the truth within and covering her shine
she’s running dry and desparately is calling for resistance here
in no way she can keep this fallen illusion now alive
so she is dropping pretence
way more complex
no more sequence
she delates ans trashes all the glam
trash all the glam,
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I habe come here to be me in peace
but settings seemed to disagree
views too dull
too obsolete, still succeed

obstinately I proceed in constant need of poetry
to heal my broken dreas and give me light on gloome streets
I feel the more I trust In me
the brighter all my colors be
and followed by the likes of me I dare to café and to complete
I go and tear to shreds all canting prayers
I cut off hands that hold me back
I’m trashing all the glam
trash all the glam,
trash all the glam,