

Agust D, Strange

[Intro: Agust D]

Everything in dust

Do you see?

Well, well, well

Everything in lust

Oh, what do you see?

Well, well, well

Someone tell me whether life is pain

Well, well

If there is a God, tell me whether life is happiness

[Wers 1: Agust D]

The world is a giant system

In it, either opposition, war, or survival is inserted

Life that we can't refuse

With dreams as its collateral, the capitalism injects the morphine called 'hope'

Wealth breeds wealth and tests greed

The rich longs even for poverty

In the world there's only black and white, those two

In an endless zero-sum game, the very end is worth seeing

Polarization is the ugliest flower in the world

It's been long since the truth's been eaten away by the lies

Who benefits the most?

Just who suffers damage the most?

[Zwrotka wprowadzająca do refrenu: Agust D]

In a sick world, a person that is well

Isn't it strange how they are treated as a mutant

In a world with its eyes closed, a person with theirs open

Isn't it strange how now they are made blind

Someone who wishes for peace, someone who wishes for war

Isn't it strange how they are each at the extremes of their ideologies

They tell you to have dreams, though no one has it

There are no answers, isn't it strange

[Chór: Agust D]

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[Wers 2: RM]

You think you got taste?

Oh babe, how do you know?

I mean for God's sake

Everything's under control

The choices you've been given

Are all preferences controlled by the capital

People talk

'My feed explains me'

No matter how much money is in your grasp

Everyone's a slave to this system

The dog necklace and dog house you are so busy bragging about

All day, fighting over whose glimmer more

Now even you won't know

Oh baby, what's your name?

Polarization, the flower that's already bloomed

A round nail that has been hammered into a square hole

Even so, I roll on, however so, like this

In each of their chicken coops, everyone claims they are fine

[Zwrotka wprowadzająca do refrenu: RM]

In a sick world, a person that is well

I don't think it's strange that he is treated a mutant

In a world with its eyes closed, a person with theirs open

I think it's more strange that only they have theirs open

Someone who wishes for peace, someone who wishes for war

The wordplay that changes as easy as the flipping of a palm

It's the kind of world where a dream has become an option, but

There's no answer, that's the answer

[Chór: Agust D]

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