

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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