

Rez Band, White Noise

Defective youth, the writing's on the wall,
Decline of the West, see the fallout fall,
Violence, banner of the tough,
Politicians playing a blind man's bluff.

Now what? Whose deal?
What's truth? What's real?
Turn it down, turn it off,
It's all white noise to me.

America's missiles - a superpower blessed,
Hungry child is crying - pretend it's just a test,
Russia's got the gulag; Pretoria, the bomb,
Making sure the weak keep silent, move along.

Now what? Whose deal?
What's truth? What's real?
Turn it down, turn it off,
It's all white noise to me.

Defective man, the writing's in your heart,
The irony of evil tearing you apart,
Hanging in the balance, you hear the saviour call,
Make him lord of everything or see the nations fall.

Now what? Whose deal?
He's truth, he's real,
Open up, start to feel,
No more white noise for me.