

Snapcase, The Beat

The year is 2071

One drum by law has just begun the beat

You'll be informed on what you'll be

And correspond if you want to live

Everywhere people move to the cadence of just one drum

Time is here, of what was feared

Synchronized by the prosperous ones

Working class caste system

Adjust, pushed down, down, down

Executive hands are red if you want to live

People move to the beat of just one drum