

Snog, Cliche

On this hollow earth
In this empty space
We all dance to a tune
Played by the master race

Those faceless moneymen
Yeah, you're probably one of them
Hear their endless muzak tune
That plays on and on

And when the bullshit happy choir
Greets another grim day
When the angels swim to our aid
Well, here comes another clich

While we hide from our barren end
The advertisers pretend
That the world is as they say
Well, here comes another clich

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