

The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Weighing V

Dead from the waist up
Constant coma keeps us all corrupt, yeah!
Weighed down with our blinds shut
No wonder that we feel so fucked up
Condemned to a blank mind
Waste product of the production line
New designs to assure that we are doing fine
While we spend our time spending time
Born straight into boredom
This freedom works if we can afford it
Bedrooms plastered guitars & haircuts
While this flow of nothing keeps us fucked up

Get to love the new flavors
Where cops and talkshows are the real saviors
Choice implies a different taste and I'm
Sure that we haven't learned anything
Spend hours flipping - listening to songs about nothing
Spend life traumatized - paralysed baby with T.V.-eyes

Break the attention span
10 seconds' too much and I can't comprehend
Fast moving, fast talking, no thinking plan
Needs to tell me how free I am
Cultural structure set to simplify
Brought up with empty minds & empty lives
New designs assure that we are doing fine
While we spend our time spending time

Get to love the new flavors
Where cops and talkshows are the real saviors
Choice implies a different taste and I'm
Sure that we haven't learned anything
Spend hours flipping - listening to songs about nothing
Spend life paralysed - traumatized with T.V.-eyes

My hands are shaking
Could it be, yeah!
Another shot of
Hey! this poverty
My hands are shaking
Could it be, yeah!
Another shot of
Hey! this poverty, yeah!

We understand nothing
Nothing's what we're supposed to understand
We understand nothing here
Nothing's what we're supposed to understand
We understand nothing here
Nothing's what we're supposed to understand
We understand nothing here
Nothing's what we're supposed to understand