

# 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

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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