

# Trauma, Naked Truth

Were watching life through opaque windows  
Locked up in the hermetic world  
Of doctrines and rules  
Were all the same  
Equally overage and thoughtless  
Equally frightened  
Living in shame is the only choice  
We laugh though we want to cry  
Wrapped in foil we hang in shop windows  
The puppet master leaves us on the edge of an abyss  
None of us can change this  
None of us can overcome this  
Were just another number in the statistics  
Like non humans deprived of feelings and dreams  
[Solo: Mister]  
Each day coded on a electronic chip  
Our time expires  
Our death coded on a electronic chip  
Were dying!