

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!