

Behind Crimson Eyes, Addicted

Dressed up in pretty
pictures
That line the walls of a
teenaged princess.
Pray nightly to the tv screen To false idols that you've never seen.
Dance, dance to the wicked sound Of ignorance
and make them so proud
Dance, dance
to the frequencies
Controlled by the profit
agencies.
Chorus: Hey are we all just slaves?
Yeah addicted to fame!
Hey are we all just
slaves?
To bright lights and fear campaigns?
Dressed up
in a plastic guard.
Shrink wrapped for the slaughter yard.
Diluted for the magazines.
Tailor made for the sweet sixteen.
Dance, dance to the wicked sound Of ignorance
and make them so proud.
Dance, dance to the frequencies
Controlled by the profit agencies.
Hey are we all just slaves?
Yeah addicted to fame!
Hey are we all just slaves?
To bright lights and fear
campaigns?
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Yeah addicted to fame!
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