

# Joy Division, Candidate

Forced by the pressure, the territory's marked  
No longer the pleasure, I've since lost the heart  
Corrupted from memory, no longer the power  
It's creeping up slowly, that last fatal hour  
Oh I don't know what made me, what gave me the right  
To mess with your values and change wrong to right  
Please keep your distance - the trail leads to here  
There's blood on your fingers, brought on by fear  
I campaigned for nothing, I worked hard for this  
I tried to get to you - you treat me like this  
It's just second nature, it's what we've been shown  
We're living by your rules, that's all that we know  
I tried to get to you - oh how I tried to get to you