

Killing Joke, Pssyche

You're alone in the pack
You're feeling like you wanna go home
You're feeling life's finished, but you keep on going
The reason is there
You won't find it till you've been and gone because you're living a hoax!
Someones got you sussed!

Dull your brain, or seek inspiration
You feel illusion, and then you finally say transfer
Transorm a machine, to play with your head
So you can stand back and watch, or take part and learn

If you don't know the game, then you're still part of it
Because out on the streets it's strange
To see the show
Knowing full well that you're on the range
Dodge the bullets! or carry the gun, the choice is yours

Look at the controller
A Nazi with a social degree
A middle-class hero
rapist with your eyes on me
A priest of masturbation, a priest yeh to the nuns you fuck
You'd wipe out spastics if you had the chance, but Jesus wouldn't like it
No