

RAMP, How

I feel so disappointed within human life
Driven by this sick ideal of buying paradise
Yeah everything is sold
But not for what it is
Money establishes the rules
Subverting human needs

Trading our lives
Depting our minds
Dreaming to buy

How?!
How?!
How?!
How?!

Like you

Just like a living curse
Our life is quite insane
A sketch of what we think to be
Written on the wall of fame
A status image lie
That's what we're dying for
A pretty house
A fancy car
A plastic woman
A credit whore