

# 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