

Red Tape, Stalingrad

I got this sickness chillin in me
Drives me like a russian tank
Disruptive actions
Burned obstructions
Walls desecrated

I couldn't stop it cuz I don't know
How to peacefully fight to be free
You must be some kind of a genius
Your carelessness I can see

I couldn't stop it cuz I don't know
How to peacefully fight to be free
You must be some kind of a genius
You're desecrated

The social casualties surrounding me
I must survive this fate
Ephedrine dosage every hour
Self desecrated

I couldn't stop it cuz I don't know
How to peacefully fight to be free
You must be some kind of a genius
Your carelessness I can see

I couldn't stop it cuz I don't know
How to peacefully fight to be free
You must be some kind of a genius
You're desecrated

There's no reflection
Just shadows of our lost convictions
Let's constructivism reign
Hacked transmission
Rebellion remains

No sleep 'til stalingrad