

Skinny Puppy, Pro-Test

Hit me on the street while waiting to do nothing where
Within the space can anything feel certain look into
The future make out the word speak send in the spies
To watch them creepy are the people unable to do
Something sitting on an armchair fenced in their
Creation look up to be there anywhere is somewhere
Itchy past scratch the itch hit me in the streets hit
Me feel about a nation so precious is the freedom
Carousel the brass ring reach into a black mass so its
Corroded always polluted we all want some of it maybe
All the people now left without no loving where within
The strength gone better see it coming get off the
Fence trip rip up the garbage make it up to the earth
Bitch hit me in the streets hit me be a politician
Eroding all your freedoms down the rabbit hole cracks
Money markets fall through a looking glass time
Becomes too fast all to benefit the rich so keep
Eating from the apple edges from the center shaken to
The core until it doesn't matter no one to turn to no
Where to run to better the bomb to blow it HIT ME in
The streets