The (International) Noise Conspiracy, When Word

Here comes another blank sequel cause words are not working they are not equal
And baby isn't it boring to always talk in the same old clichs
Right now can't be bothered with thinking cause rational reasons they keep us sinking
And you know that no syllable will make us feel more real
And what do you know about boredom baby
Is it just another word stolen out of a dictionary?
And what do you know about alienation honey
Can you please explain how it feels?
Here comes a little secret words and structures put us into bleeding
Cause there is nothing that doesn't seem corrupt recuperated or simply fucked up
Poor excuses my mouth feeds it these settings of sentiment keeps repeating
Nothing more than restricted meaning

What do you know
Walking backwards once again
Trying our hardest to understand
What do you know?
Is it enough to describe the way we feel or is it so unreal

Here comes another blank sequel cause words are not working they are not equal
And baby isn't it boring to always talk in the same old clichs
Right now can't be bothered with thinking cause rational reasons they keep us sinking
And you know that no syllable will make us feel more real

What do you know
Walking backwards once again
Trying our hardest to understand
What do you know?
Is it enough to describe the way we feel or is it so unreal