

The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Written on t

Cut off, not happy not too sad
State of come right in drugwonderland
No existence, culture or game
Advertised by failure and by shame
(Infringed and death struck) Condemned by freedom rules set
Not even freemarket can change that
Lack of life the economy brings
Turns everything into things, to things, yeah!
(A blind nostalgia) Ship us downtown for some good old days
Corrupt the passion and control the space
Blame the victim so we can get away
This system turned's all into slaves, to slaves, yeah!

People here are hardly breathing
Everybody seems to have lost their head
I don't know about you baby
But feels like I'm living amongst the dead

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