

The Ocean, Dead On The Whole

We draw your eyes to our images: Carrot and stick.

We've got a sense for what makes you tick.

The more out of reach, the more desperate you'll be trying to get it.

We're the sweet distraction sure to provoke a reaction.

We'll show you what you need: You can be sure this world is yours if you're paying for it.

Once we've got your attention we might sell you something you don't have the cash to pay.

Put it on credit.

Pay by instalment.

Sit back and chill: and wait for your consignment.

We make you pay to eat

We make you pay to sleep

We make you pay to breathe

We make you pay for any pleasures you could come up with

Now we reached our goals: We keep you stuck in a job that you loathe.

Now you're dead on the whole because you're bound to pay us off.

At the end of a tiresome day of repetitive work without having a say you crave for nothing more the

Turn on the TV and switch off reality.

And here we are back again with our screens of perfection: The perfect distraction.

Fancy cars, furbished shopping marts: All that it takes to make you fall for our candy-bars.

What a fertile symbiosis: You help us pay our bills.

And in turn we assist you: Keep treading the mill.

We set the standards.

We embody all you ever wanna be.

We play with your insecurities.

We make you feel miserable.