

The The, Infected

I'm hiding in the corner of an overgrown garden -
Covering my body in leaves - and trying not to breath
All my childhood dreams are bursting at the seams
& dangling around my knees
I've been deformed by emotional scars
And the cancer of love has eaten out my hearts
I've been stripped bare & nobody cares -
And all the people I looked up to are no longer there.
"All desires have been denied to put me in this state of mind,
Another year older & what have I done -
My aspirations have shriveled in the sun
I'm crippled by guilt, blinded by science -
I've been waiting for tomorrow - all of my life."
I've been filled with useless information -
Spewed out by papers & radio stations -
I've been hounded by fairweather 'friends'
Sowing the seeds for my discontent.
Life is like a sewer - & I'm trying to wade thru her
I threw in my money & made my wish -
But sleeping boys - catch no fish
My mind has been polluted & my energy diluted
My MIND HAS BEEN POLLUTED!!!
Zeke Manyika - drums
Thomas Leer - synth solo
Camelle G. Hinds - bass guitar
Matt Johnson - synths, instruments, percussion, vocals