

# Undead, In Eighty Four

(Steele, Natz, Blanck)

They got me on the tele-screen  
The Thought Police are at my back door  
I can't protest, I can't scream  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
There is no room for individuals  
Big Brother watches every move you make  
No room for human thoughts at all  
If you object you very life's at stake  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
Nineteen eighty four  
Things are run so conveniently  
When we stop thinking for ourselves  
In the interest of pre-ordained schemes  
We play the role while we should rebel  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
Nineteen eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four  
So well controlled in eighty four