

And we will burn our brains. We all finally do that:
walking in line, sitting around the auto-da-fé.
Technology's screaming and everybody's listening. Pawns
conscious of being pawns, with wild open ears. We keep
singing the praises of a system running by drowning its
billions legs. On and on and on we're feeding it. I'm
staying away from a game lost before it starts. No, i
won't play my life to toss. Those coins are two-head
faced and gambling's never been my thing. And i keep
hoping lights are made to be seen, but it seems we only
care about our f**king screens, when we're not hiding
behind the memories of better days. We keep wasting our
voice when noone's listening.