

Used, Abused, Unamused

Icons of Filth

Fear is the maintainer of this living death called
system

Lied to to comply and never ask why

There's people out here building bombs
People out here righting your wrongs
People out here dying in pain
People out here crying in vain
People out here who just want grain
While you just sit and watch playing life and death
games

Still, we accept it 'cos you know best
No you don't, just a few can't rule the rest

So much we could do if we'd only realise
Like fighting for peace instead of watching the skies
Like seeing our stupidity, blindness, hilarity
As being only moulded so we can then maybe clarify
Instead of turning a blind eye to maintain some sort of
sanity
There's a big difference between need and greed

They tell us 'sign this box, we'll make things better'
They're out to fool you, you've got to be clever
Voting concedes incapability to run your own life
Well how would you know if you ain't ever tried?
Gotta fight back and refuse to be ruled,
To show that we care and we ain't no-ones fools
We don't have to stand for the games that they play
Used, Abused, Unamused? Yeah, every day.

Confidence tricksters they take us for a ride
Political jokers, but I don't see the funny side

They use to the full this system they've perfected
Political jokes are funny but not when they get elected
I can see it's all crap, I'm not as blind as they tell
me
It's a using, abusing, unamusing story
Maybe we'll all see we're not as blind as they think
See the chains? Be yourself. Smash the links.