

## Strange

Agust D

Everything in dust  
Do you see?  
Well, well, well  
Everything in lust  
Oh, what do you see?  
Well, well, well  
Nuga allyeojwo saliran gotonginji  
Well, well  
Sini itdameyeon allyeojwo saliran haengboginji

Sesangiran keodaran siseutem  
Geu ane daeripgwa jeonjaengi animyeoneun seobaibeoreul tuipae  
Geobuhal su eomneun sal  
Jaboneun kkumeul damboro huimangiraneun moreupineul juipae  
Buneun bureul changgwolhago tameul siheomhae  
Bujaneun gananjocha tamhae tamyokseureopge  
Sesangeun heukgwa baek dulman jonjaehae  
Kkeuchi eomneun jerooseom geim sok kkeuteun bolmanhae  
Yanggeukwa sesangeseo gajang chuhan kkot  
Jinsireun geojisege jamsikdoen ji oraegun  
Gajang ideugeul boneun geon nugulkka?  
Gajang pihaereul boneun geoseun dodaeche nugulkka?

Byeongdeun sesange byeongdeulji aneun ja  
Doeryeo dollyeonbyeoni chwigeupae isanghaji aneunga  
Nun gameun sesangeseo nun tteun ja  
Ijen nuneul meolge hane isanghaji aneunga  
Pyeonghwareul wonhaneun ja ssaumeul wonhaneun ja  
Gakja inyeomui kkeut isanghaji aneunga  
Kkumeul gajirane da kkumi eopseumedo da  
Jeongdabeun eomne isanghaji aneunga

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You think you got taste?  
Oh babe, how do you know?  
I mean for God's sake  
Everything's under control  
Myeotjiseondareul jugon  
Jaboni tongjehaneun chwihyang  
People talk  
'Nae pideuga seolmyeonghaejuji nal'  
Don eolmareul jwieotgeon  
Da i siseutemui Slave  
Jaranghagi bappeun gae mokgeoriwa gaejip  
Jongil nugu ge banjagina ssawo  
Ijeneun neodo moreul geol  
Oh baby, what's your name?  
Yanggeukwa imi hwaljjak pieobeorin kkot

Nemonan gumeonge bakyeobeorin donggeuran mot  
Geuraedo gulleoga eotteokedeun tto ireoke  
Da gakjau daljangeseo gwaenchanta hane

Byeongdeun sesange byeongdeulji aneun ja  
Dollyeonbyeoni chwigeupaneun ge isanghaji ana nan deo  
Nun gameun sesangeseo nun tteun ja  
Honjaman nun tteotdaneun ge hwolssin isanghae nan  
Pyeonghwareul wonhaneun ja ssaumeul wonhaneun ja  
Sonbadak dwijipdeut bakkwineun maljangnan  
Kkumeun opsyeni doen geureon sesanginde  
Jeongdabeun eopseo geuge jeongdabiya

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Oh baby, what's your name?  
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Do you see?  
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Oh, what do you see?  
Well, well, well  
Someone tell me whether life is pain  
Well, well  
If there is a God, tell me whether life is happiness

The world is a giant system  
In it, either opposition, war, or survival is inserted  
Life that we can't refuse  
With dreams as its collateral, the capitalism injects the morphine called 'hope'  
Wealth breeds wealth and tests greed  
The rich longs even for poverty  
In the world there's only black and white, those two  
In an endless zero-sum game, the very end is worth seeing  
Polarization is the ugliest flower in the world  
It's been long since the truth's been eaten away by the lies

Who benefits the most?  
Just who suffers damage the most?

In a sick world, a person that is well  
Isn't it strange how they are treated as a mutant  
In a world with its eyes closed, a person with theirs open  
Isn't it strange how now they are made blind  
Someone who wishes for peace, someone who wishes for war  
Isn't it strange how they are each at the extremes of their ideologies  
They tell you to have dreams, though no one has it  
There are no answers, isn't it strange

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You think you got taste?  
Oh babe, how do you know?  
I mean for God's sake  
Everything's under control  
The choices you've been given  
Are all preferences controlled by the capital  
People talk  
'My feed explains me'  
No matter how much money is in your grasp  
Everyone's a slave to this system  
The dog necklace and dog house you are so busy bragging about  
All day, fighting over whose glimmer more  
Now even you won't know  
Oh baby, what's your name?  
Polarization, the flower that's already bloomed  
A round nail that has been hammered into a square hole  
Even so, I roll on, however so, like this  
In each of their chicken coops, everyone claims they are fine

In a sick world, a person that is well  
I don't think it's strange that he is treated a mutant  
In a world with its eyes closed, a person with theirs open  
I think it's more strange that only they have theirs open  
Someone who wishes for peace, someone who wishes for war  
The wordplay that changes as easy as the flipping of a palm  
It's the kind of world where a dream has become an option, but  
There's no answer, that's the answer

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