

Unaware

Annisokay

We're unaware
Into an imperium with no right vision
Nice clean streets, pretty Houses and trees
Every day's the same, everything is arranged
We're part of the game. Nothing has changed

Sweet voices in your head selling you plastic life
Re-runs of sitcoms in this paradise

I am running, running, running
We're all running, running, running
We're so pure, so rare, slowly bleeding out
Unaware - until we're running out of air

Into an imperium with many illusions
Neon signs to a world of fairy tales
Every day's the same, everyone's just fake
We're part of the game, We're all on the take

Run, run, run, until we run out of air
They're watching us, they are telling us what to do
We are unaware until we run out of air

I sit in silence now, no voices to wrap me in sweet illusion
No plastic promises, a false reality within this imperium