

Addicted

Behind Crimson Eyes

Dressed up in pretty pictures
That line the walls of a teenaged princess.
Pray nightly to the TV screen
To false idols that you've never seen

Dance, dance to the wicked sound
Of ignorance and make them so proud
Dance, dance to the frequency
Controlled by the profit agencies.

Hey are we all just slaves?
Yeah addicted to fame!
Hey are we all just slaves
To bright lights and fear campaigns?

Dressed up in a plastic guard.
Shrink wrapped for the slaughter yard.
Diluted for the magazines.
Tailor made for the sweet sixteen.

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