

Off The Scope

INDK

There's only one thing left
They cannot suck on
Art is commercial trash
And music's long gone
The cash cow can't escape
It's gettin steady rape
The tags up on the wall are the only thing they can't control
I think I'm coming off the scope
All frontiers long leached
The last form of (tax) free speech
Is up on the walls and trains
No radio remains
No uncut magazines
No cool unjaded scenes
'bout to lose my fucking mind
I can see they're closing in behind
I'm sick of the anti
I'm sick of the anti-anti
Now that the few have raped what's true
What do the many do?
Vandalize your values
Bo hoo, your dollar signs lose
Even though the world's in the way
We can Never Slow Down