

1984

MC Lars

Way, down in Oceana they rewrite the past
They erase the facts and the middle class
They say 2+2 is 5 anyway, it's doublethink forever
And ignorance is strength
But I'm in the corner hiding, they can't see what I'm writing
The telescreen is watching, in my journal I'm confiding
We gave up all our liberties when we forgot to vote
But Julia is brave, and she sends me secret notes
Kissing through the ski masks, we're creeping through the snow
Big Brother would be jealous so we keep it on the low
When I met this dude O'Brien, I think he's got to be
Honest when he says we can stop the thought police
Now we've got the knack, to attack
Or fate is safe like Equifax
And we won't stop writing 'til our work is done
Wait, O'Brien - what's this sign? Room 101?

Yo! One day we meet up at my flat
And they swear their allegiance just like that
Then I send Winston my favorite book
Goldstein's manifesto and they got hooked
Listen, they thought I was another brother
Had no clue that I was under cover
Tortured Winston with electroshock
Made it gets so hot that he
Rolled over on Julia even though he loved her
I know they thought that I betrayed them
But in the mayhem I was trying to save them
Re-education, my specialization
Sting operations, the art of persuasion
101 the last step done
Still type stunned at the person I've become
Doublethink got me sharp as a knife
I'm just doing my job, Inner Party for life

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This year Big Brother's going under
They lay down laws from state to state
With Doublethink, they perpetrate
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From classics to CliffsNotes to memory holes
In the trap (set to kill hope) the penalty's known
Give me access to glitch codes in every phone
Keep you tapped in to snitch mode and never alone
The owners mastered the impulse to shelter at home
You'd rather strap in than match wits with predator drones
Promote distractions to captives so petty and passive
Picking sides to monopolize dwindling rations
I Divide! Colonize! Claim innocent factions
Sanitize time's passage, smash the false idols
Even re-design rivals when truth becomes libel
Produce the drums! Shoot the guns on my arrival
What comes after Fake News? Fake words

Language disassembled while them devils take turns
That's why rappers gotta mumble, they're afraid to be heard
(We know the time)

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