

## Wasted In the West

Shihad

Feed the lions in their cages  
This is now democracy  
Got to keep them isolated  
It's all part of Huxley's dream

Message from the mighty palace  
Settled on the dirty streets  
Got you fighting with your neighbour  
Not the real enemy

The money casts a spell and puts them in a trance  
They'd trade in everyone if given half a chance  
I kind of die

Fed a diet of resentment  
Fear and animosity  
And you have to be content with  
Watching someone else's dream

And everyone is on their own now  
Living in a virtual world

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