Who's there watching me?
Someone's haunting my streets
I've been looking over my shoulder
Hiding out, 'till it's over
Living underneath a pile of papers
I'm ready to run, when they come with their guns

Am I gonna make it through the night? Am I gonna make it through the night? Do you really think I'll be alright?

While I was sleeping, they put a chip in my shoulder So, I cut it out
I cut it out
Now, I'm on the run, they wanted me dead
They want my head
They want my head

No one seems to believe me
The proof lies under your skin
If you wanna join the resisting
Protect your mind, protect your friends
Fight against the voices!
Fight against the voices!

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