

Labelled Interior

The Restarts

Lying in this fuckin room, four walls feel just like a tomb, surrounded by the endless gloom
Too much sick shit in my head, staying here in my bed the outside world fills me with dread
The t.v says the queen is fine that we will win the war on crime same old bollox all the time
They're so far from reality, the way we live they never see, repulsed by their hypocrisy,

Nightmare reality as far as the eye can see futile dependency to their fucking law
Trivia fed media, you're labelled inferior, in utter contempt of the poor

Thru shit mags and t.v, show you a world you'll never see, flash cars,
Diamonds and money, spend loads on crappy name brands,
The image worship is so bland, I've never seen ten grand
Its all a con we're getting stitched, a slave to monthly payment shit,
You're working years to pay for it, these superficial luxuries
Are status symbol fantasies, this shit is not what sets you free,

Live for greed, ignore the need, I'm alright jack, who cares who else is suffering
Profits and war, corporate whore, a law unto themselves, people's lives mean nothing

The image is what matters most, the parasite feeds off its host,
'The rags to riches dream is a ghost, frowned on for being broke,
'Its all such a fucking joke, its time the human race awoke,
Keep looking out for better ways, there's better things to do these days
Than break your back for a poxy wage, so shove it all up your arse yuppie
I don't wanna live for money, this ain't no land of milk and honey