

## Crisis

WSTR

Is this a riot or a crisis or a little bit of both?  
Are we laughing? Are we crying? Either way I hope we choke  
All the futures we're denying 'cos there's no such thing as hope  
It goes on and on and on  
But all the bright lights are still flashing on the pretty people acting on the movie screens  
And I'm still looking for

Clarity, clarity, can anybody offer me honesty?  
Don't tell me who I want to be, 'cos all I need's Identity  
(Woah-oh-oh)  
Bury me underneath the weight of your conformity; it's killing me  
So give me a name, I'll figure it out  
String me up, don't let me be another face in your crowd  
Don't wanna be (no!)  
A part of your crisis

Is this thing on?

With the filters applied, the anxiety dies  
For the thousands with quick fix wool over their eyes  
And I, won't say I'm surprised when they search for some meaning and question their lives  
Your gated community's under scrutiny  
But with a wrecking ball we'll expose you all for the whole world to see  
(So won't you give me some)

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Alright! Crisis!  
Gimme some god damn

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