

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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