

Antidote

Project Pitchfork

Blood in my veins
Pumping pumping pumping
A strange kind of numbness
In my head and my legs

Maybe years ago a tiny sting
Released a chain reaction
I'm watching gloomy TV
This makes me want to scream

I need the antidote
So please be my antidote
And let us be the antidote
For this kind of brain-paralysis

All these liars and palliators
Canonize the destroying doings
And what you see is a caricature
Of how bad it really is
Increase of economy by force of arms
Military service in a nuclear reactor
Asylum for big earners only
And tomorrow we fire god
They've got their own language
To express their destruction
Sweet rippling words
For growing growing growing
Hypnotizing headlines shall make
You drowsy drowsy
That's the way they want you to be
Cause that's your function

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Wake me up
Cause time is slipping away
The term is nearly at the end
But the more you change yourself
The more you change the others