

And we will burn our brains. We all finally do that:  
walking in line, sitting around the auto-da-fé.  
Technology's screaming and everybody's listening. Pawns  
conscious of being pawns, with wild open ears. We keep  
singing the praises of a system running by drowning its  
billions legs. On and on and on we're feeding it. I'm  
staying away from a game lost before it starts. No, i  
won't play my life to toss. Those coins are two-head  
faced and gambling's never been my thing. And i keep  
hoping lights are made to be seen, but it seems we only  
care about our f\*\*king screens, when we're not hiding  
behind the memories of better days. We keep wasting our  
voice when noone's listening.