

## Pole Position

INDK

They're stickin it to us now that we're almost there  
But it's our job to keep the lies out of the breathing air  
Are we in a position to pull an insurrection  
When it's our job to keep  
Corruption from total eruption  
Off the track  
Short on time  
Human race  
Fall behind  
The Great Escape  
The Vast Empire  
The fields of mines  
The cold barbed wire  
We're faling out and withering away  
Should we try and make a fairweather day  
When the finish line is beyond far away  
They're stickin it to us now that we're almost there  
We'll never make it through the tear gass and the smoke filled  
air  
They're killing everyone nameless and poor  
Outside I struggle to survive  
It's a fucking war  
We're dying off and sinking away  
Far beneath the wings of the Enola Gay  
Where the podium is out of bullet's range