

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