

Multitudes

Killing Joke

The multitude excites, the flags are flown
By fireside the programme starts
And i am running through this madness
And all the time i can't relate

We sit around in rooms we talk our fears
Asking why we should go on
God i try to make ends meet the best i can
Playing rhythms out of time

Far from the multitudes a few will always stand
They don't fit in they don't belong - move on, move on this way

Within disorder i assume my role
Laugh and cry as i accept
Eternal indolence through ages
'til restless souls begin to wake

Perfection within decades of dissatisfaction and disillusion

A means to no end, a means to no end