

## Pssyche

### Killing Joke

You're alone in the pack  
You're feeling like you wanna go home  
You're feeling life's finished, but you keep on going  
The reason is there  
You won't find it till you've been and gone because you're living a hoax!  
Someones got you sussed!

Dull your brain, or seek inspiration  
You feel illusion, and then you finally say transfer  
Transform a machine, to play with your head  
So you can stand back and watch, or take part and learn

If you don't know the game, then you're still part of it  
Because out on the streets it's strange  
To see the show  
Knowing full well that you're on the range  
Dodge the bullets! or carry the gun, the choice is yours

Look at the controller  
A Nazi with a social degree  
A middle-class hero  
rapist with your eyes on me  
A priest of masturbation, a priest yeh to the nuns you fuck  
You'd wipe out spastics if you had the chance, but Jesus wouldn't like it  
No