

Another Boredom Movement

Project 86

You were conceived on a storyboard
In an uptown high-rise
Where your celebrity was born
From umbilical obscurity

And the list keeps growing
And our ears keep bleeding
And the masses keep begging for more
And your screams keep coming
And the units keep moving
And the masses keep begging for more

The grins of your puppeteers are beaming
Because the quotas will be made
Or your time in the spotlight will fade
At the hands of the same pigs that made you

So speak of movements
To move more units
And invent brand name for your "believers"
Like brands on slaves

We'll still be waiting for something stimulating
Because in the end all you sold us was boredom