

Born Frustrated

Rancid

Is it you?
Is it you who's been orchestrated?
Is it you?
Is it you who's born frustrated?

Hey! Hey! Hey!
Is it you?
Hey! Hey! Hey!
Is it you?
Is it you who's born frustrated?

American shopping malls,
Where a product is sold and bought here,
Euthanizing the public,
While the dead walk the escalators,
They come from the loudspeakers,
They hear a subliminal message,
An ad entices you, the consumer,
And there's no way to find it.

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Is this human freedom,
Hedonistic excess?
Junky consumerism,
Mass-production, toxic sickness,
Everyone is wearing now,
Plastic masks that they hide behind,
Marketing massive sales of nothing,
Everything is selling.

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The arrogance,
Lost me with nonsense,
Well, it's so aggressive,
Yet so repulsive,
Well, it's a noxious culture,
Of the swarming vultures!

And I see an imposter,
And he's coming to get you!

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