

White Noise

Rival Sons

There's a message coming to me on my TV screen,
Every time I try to turn it off.
It tells me I'm inferior and incomplete,
And I'm a fool for beeing satisfied with what I've got.

White noise, white noise.
Carrying the poison to the girls and boys.

There's a message coming to me when my cellphone rings,
To remind me that I'm never alone.
They say the radiation will kill me eventually,
Along with every machine that I own.

White noise, white noise.
Carrying the poison to the girls and the boys.

There are natives living in the jungle,
Running wild and naked through the trees.
There are satellites above tracking every move,
To calculate how to sell them what they'll never need.

White noise, white noise.
Carrying the poison to the girls and the boys