

People like to argue  
But they still never find the truth  
Propaganda living  
An emotional disease  
As the class war rages on  
Like a song with a love line  
Children want to know the truth  
How long have we got to go

Standing in dark shadows  
Hoping I can see the light  
Yesterday has left me blind  
But tomorrow is my sight

Deja vu you've heard it all before  
Deja vu isn't it all a bore  
Deja vu arresting me for the crime  
It happens all the time  
And isn't that the way it's supposed to be

The visionary controllers  
With the dreams of plastic paradises  
Where you can't touch  
My concreated mind  
Cliched examples  
My words on a silver plate  
You wanted my graffiti  
But I put you up against the wall