

Touching your skin,
Is a victory,
A revolution,
of hearts and minds.
When does a movement become a regime?
When your spies with the smiling guys call in the secret police
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Call in the secret police.
What happened to the vision we had,
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police).
The freedom to say whatever we like,
replaced with a recital of lines.
When the rot sets in,
misdressed in suspicion,
and to caress now a strange hand in the night,
the manifesto we prize,
with secrets and lies,
a state of fear,
a cold war.
Call in the secret police.
What happened to the vision we had,
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police).
The freedom to say whatever we like,
replaced with a recital of lines.
What happened to the vision we had,
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police).
The freedom to say whatever we like,
replaced with a recital of lines.
Don't make me disappear I have not told the line,
Don't make me disappear I have not told the line, (disappear, d
isappear)
Don't make me disappear I have not told the line, (disappear, d
isappear)
It doesn't have to get like this.
It doesn't have to get like this.
Call in the secret police.
Call in the secret police.
What happened to the vision we had, (ahh, ahh)
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police) (ah
h, ahh).
The freedom to say whatever we like (ahh, ahh),
replaced with a recital of lines (ahh, ahh).
What happened to the vision we had, (ahh, ahh)
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police) (ah
h, ahh).
The freedom to say whatever we like (ahh, ahh),
replaced with a recital of lines (ahh, ahh).