

Dustbins Of History

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Like the precision of a stutter.
And the comfort of being drowned.
Do we need more ammunition.
Than just one look around.
No comfort in isolation.
Just reminders of what's wrong.
And still we sit here hoping.
For something to come along.

I want you to know that we're gonna bleed.
Into the dustbins of history.
And I can't see why you wanna be.
In the dustbins of history.

In the margins of existence.
While life is passing by.
I've heard all the excuses.
Of someone afraid to try.
No courage in resignation.
Just acceptance of the facts.
And still you sit there hoping.
For something to save your back.

I want you to know that we're gonna bleed.
Into the dustbins of history.
And I can't see why you wanna be.
In the dustbins of history.

I don't wanna stay but I can't leave.
I want you to know that we're gonna bleed.
Into the dustbins of history.

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