

## Weighing War On Coma

### The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Dead from the waist up  
Constant coma keeps us all corrupt  
Weight down with our eyes shut  
No wonder that we feel so fucked up  
Condemned to a blank mind  
A waste product of the production line  
New designs to assure that we are doing fine  
While we spend our time spending time  
Born straight into boredom  
This freedom works only if we can afford it  
Bedrooms plastered with guitars and haircuts  
While this flow of nothing keeps us fucked up

Got to love the new flavors  
Where cops and talk shows are the real savoir  
Choice implies a different taste  
And I'm sure that we haven't learned anything  
Spend hours flipping - listening to songs about nothing  
Spend life traumatized paralyzed baby with TV-eyes

Break the attention span  
10 seconds too much and I can't comprehend  
Fast moving fast talking  
No thinking plan needs to tell me how free I am  
Cultural structure set to simplify  
Brought up with empty minds and empty lives  
New designs to assure that we are doing fine  
While we spend our time spending time

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My hands are shaking could it be  
Another shot of this poverty

We understand nothing  
Nothing is what we are supposed to understand