

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