

## Written On The Bourgeois Body

### The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Shut off not to happy not to sad  
State of come in drug wonderland  
No existence no culture no game  
Advertised by failure an by shame  
Infringed and death struck by freedom rules set  
And not even a free market can change that  
The lack of life that this economy brings  
Turns everything into things  
A blind nostalgia for some good old days  
Corrupt the passion and control the space  
Blame the victim so that we can get away  
With a class system that turned everyone into slaves

People here are hardly breathing  
Everybody seem to have lost their head  
I don't know about you baby  
But it feels like I'm living amongst the dead

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