

# Prophecy

## The Restarts

The weathers getting cold, the pollution's growing thick  
Life on this planet now only makes me sick  
You want to curl up into a foetal ball  
Block your eyes and ears numb from it all

As the days connect in this labyrinth of stress  
Life once simple is now a fuckin mess  
The city is faceless brimming with toil  
Like a vat full of scum it starts to boil  
Yearning for money to numb the pain  
But the world of employment will drive you insane  
Get a nestegg of savings for a rainy day  
But the government will tax it til it dwindles away

The news reports just keep getting worse  
The rapid decline of mankind's curse  
Shackled to work and bound by debt  
Consume synthetic reality through your TV set

Try and move from the city but all the land has been raped  
The plush remains divided by Corporate stakes succumb  
To crime and you're only playing their game  
Locked in a cell, your 15 years of fame  
The rain never stops the sun never shines  
Keep the drapes drawn the streets are full of eyes  
Recoil in your world of paranoid fear  
Urban existence will make your soul disappear

We're infected with cancer and dying of aids  
Top of the food chain but we are starting to fade  
Tamper with nature brings impending doom  
Eating genetically modified food  
You want us to pray to a god that is a myth  
A moral placebo for our consciousness  
Hidden surveillance records your daily routine  
While you pledge allegiance to the system machine