

Opium

Threshold

lost in the haze so far away how can we get back home
lost in the haze so far away who's going to guide us home

i've struggled to get near it to backwards engineer it
but all i find is a smoke and mirror game
the recondite monopolise the airwaves
till all believe there is no other way

and this is how we live our lives our opium is televised
till finally they watch us fade away

our lifeless generation is going to the wall
a languid demonstration of daze before a fall
a preconceived condition imagined long ago
but will we ever know all that lies below

they'll print it on the front page to synthesise an outrage
but all we find is a decoy once again
duplicity and trickery surround us
till all believe there is no other way

and this is how we fall asleep their opium is running deep
till finally they watch us fade away

our lifeless generation is going to the wall
a languid demonstration of daze before a fall
a preconceived condition imagined long ago
but will we ever know all that lies below

waiting to play are we the pawns in this game
paving the way watching the kings make their claim
martyrs and spies although we don't realise
falling away under the watch of their eyes

this is the way we've chosen to be
this is the road that we go down
as clear as the day but still we don't see
we'll only know when it's over

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and this is how our nation died our opium has satisfied
and finally they watch us fade away

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