

Satinoxide

"Strangers"

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On the run for these Gods
We hardly could see
Called the System or Power
Or Religion or greed
We are met by procedures
By your angels in blue
With no fucking idea
About what or 'bout whom

To make us feel at home
We are put behind bars
Too narrow for daylight
Too wide for the stars
But we're merely strangers
No aliens, you know

So don't close your eyes
'Cause they won't let us show

No paradise for us

Some nice civil servants
Accidentally smiled
They call us by numbers
Send us back as a file
The cleaner the skill
The smoother the lie
The softer the kill
And still silent they cry

No paradise for us

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