

Cat On Form "Broken Dialogue"

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Hurt hurt hurt hurt hurt
Pushed in your stampede
Roll in filth and greed
Comfort blinds our working eyes
I've never seen a tv bleed their lies
This program that informs you
Was tested and it failed
Stil searching for your fortune?
Then salute as they prevail
I will stab your heart
While i tie your shoes
Bomb bomb bomb bomb bomb
Straight down
You stand still as directed
Their power multiplies
We preach the dissolution
Of willing slavery
Mother i'm gone, mother
Their green eyes have roots in contradiction
Hoping, bleeding, it's not working
We are not powerless

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