

Bent

"The Race To Die"

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We've waged this war since birth to cover up this earth
with houses and roads now everything must grow
expansion is our goal (extinction is our goal) now bolt
these houses down plant these children in the ground
now drive to work with blinders on where everyone has
got two jobs and four kids and three cars and one boat
everyone's chasing the same fucking thing raise your
head and brace yourself (raise your head you're
someone else) now cry yourself to sleep upon your
king size bed, with silk sheets credit buys you
everything except love, except life, except this
everyone's chasing the same fucking thing

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