

Crippler

"Britta"

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Now that we don't pay much attention
To what goes up or must come down
We decided not to follow
Apart from that we just don't care

From a decent crowded journey
Into a private desert land
Up-to-the-minute reviewed autonomy
Proof of independent anonymity

When the highest point of individuality
Culminates in loneliness
We reject our identity
And declare all reflections to be wrong

We, as a team of soloists
Are so unlike that we are desolate
Do we get a kick out of it?
This is just organised limitation

[Bridge:]
Are we strong enough for our egos?
Is there room to give us space?

[Chorus:]
I am on my own
Because I sent everybody else away
No one knows how to take me
Without being told

You are on your own
Because you sent everybody else away
No one knows how to take you
Without being told

We can no longer differ from the mainstream
'Cause we're insisting on a distinct minority
When finally everybody's different
Will we be the same again?

With emancipation-labelled foreheads

We proudly present our disintegrity
No box seems shapeless enough
For us to fit in

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