

Dominus "Hypercane"

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Yeah, I wonder how the hell personal space became
A personal box without a light to crash the door to life
The need to look at ourselves radically and try to strip
Ourselves of the insulation that has surrounded us again

Fighting the growing conspiracy, energy drives my
hate
This is 2000, let's touch our glasses, but are we having
fun yet
You end up worrying about worry, aren't we just a
bunch of pussies

A society whose chief weapon is the consumerist
hypercane
Which insists the IKEA flatpacks will make you
wellrounded
Ripping wounds that never heal for others to throw salt
on it
But you'll see the pain is what I need to dig your grave,
asshole
You end up worrying about worry, aren't we just a
bunch of pussies

Fighting the growing conspiracy, energy drives my
hate
This is 2000, let's touch our glasses, but are we having
fun yet
You end up worrying about worry, aren't we just a
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