

## End Of Fashion

### "Slaves"

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Yesterdays were clear, but yesterdays are over  
(You'll don't like it? do you fight it?)  
We're hanging in the trees, the fields are burning lower  
(You'll don't like it? do you fight it?)  
Cause there's nothing left to feel, there is something  
out of reach  
Taking over  
See those city blinding lights, we are burning in the  
fields  
Some take my life  
So far and now so near, control under construction  
(You'll don't like it? do you fight it?)  
Slowly, softly, killed, we are the slaves of the protection  
(You'll don't like it? do you fight it?)  
'Cause there's nothing left to fear, there is something  
out of reach  
Taking over  
If you see a blinding light, we are burning in the trees  
Come get a life.

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