

Forward, Russia! "We Are Grey Matter"

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Call response (x3)

My mind's gone blank

I love this cage so I'm not gonna rattle

And I've spent my life with these four walls

The walls are heaven-sent

The nickel and mortar and the cracks in them

Have long since been removed

And through the foggy mist I'm sure I can

I can but recollect

I paid for each brick here

Let me make this fucking clear

I've got a limit attached to my leg

With all the time inside my head

The failure of the superego

Let me make things comfortable

But if you look inside my eyes

You'll see the swirling mist is blind

Another scrum with dimwits at the helm

And I still recall

With your help

A time when

We looked around

And we were not the only ones

To be excited

To be violent

To be free

Well let me make this loud now

I won't accept a pitied child

So quick to listen

With a metal pulse and phoney charming smile

And the critics at the sail

Would be an insult to what we have tried to create

We are the membranes and the foetal canals

You'll bleed for the surprise

We'll trap your worlds in a coffin of spite

We'll bleed your worlds dry

We are the membranes and the foetal canals
You'll bleed for the surprise
We'll trap your worlds in a coffin of spite
We'll bleed your worlds dry

And I've spent my life with these four walls
The walls are heaven-sent
The nickel and mortar and the cracks in them
Have long since been removed
And through the foggy mist I'm sure I can
I can but recollect
I paid for each brick here

And I've spent my life
With sound advice
In solitude
In black and white

We are the membranes and the foetal canals
You'll bleed for the surprise
We'll trap your worlds in a coffin of spite
We'll bleed your worlds dry

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