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## Frenzal Rhomb "Prognosis: Fuck You"

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Tis the season to be jealous Sold out country, right of passage Behold the first world, entertain me Mass sedation, stench of bullshit

Whose God unites red, white, and black Not the one on channel two So much left to lose, prognosis

Sleep in anger, rise in petrol Distant pain of system failure

But there is no conspiracy, a total world control So much left to lose, right to be abused Prognosis, fuck

Whose God Unites red, white, and black? Not the one on channel two So much left to lose, right to be abused Nothing left to choose Prognosis, fuck you.

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