

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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