Hawkwind
"Coded Languages"

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What do they want from you?

A rendezvous upon the sound
The cars rev up, the word goes round
The words are weapons of their will
Their words can hurt, their words can kill

A burning phrase can burn a town
A syllable can bring you down
Their languages are coded
Your image is eroded

Listen to the sound you heard
Learn to fight against their word
Vocabularies of death
Destruction in their breath
They use the lie, they use the myth
Seek only to confuse
And liberty abuse
The lies they tell are pretty
And blow up another city
They steal away your freedom and your love

Their sentimental calling signs
Are calculatingly designed
To rob you of your mind and time
And still you listen to
The lulling drone of reassuring voices
Tunes to take away your choices
Make you slaves to fancy words and phrases
Until you're pushing up the daisies

To rob you
Mind and time
Mind and time
Mind and time
Mind and time
To rob you
To rob you
To rob you
To rob you
To rob you

To rob you
They steal away your freedom and your love