

Illuminatus

"Suburban Symmetry"

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Caught in the glow of a television
The world is passing by
But you flick it over to a chatshow
Because the world is killing you

We're trapped in terraced prison cells
With matching sofa sets
No - this isn't me
It's my suburban symmetry

You hear them talk in wicked tangents
And you fear what you become
Your government is in control, please try to understand
We don't tolerate intolerance

We're trapped in terraced prison cells
With matching sofa sets
No - this isn't me
It's my suburban symmetry

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