

## **Killing Joke "Multitudes"**

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the multitude excites, the flags are flown  
by fireside the programme starts  
and i am running through this madness  
and all the time i can't relate  
we sit around in rooms we talk our fears  
asking why we should go on  
god i try to make ends meet the best i can  
playing rhythms out of time  
far from the multitudes a few will always stand  
they don't fit in they don't belong - move on, move on  
this way

within disorder i assume my role  
laugh and cry as i accept  
eternal indolence through ages  
'til restless souls begin to wake  
perfection within decades of dissatisfaction and  
disillusion  
a means to no end, a means to no end

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