

M.o.d

"Objectiondead End"

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There's murder in the streets.
People starving down as you're sitting down to eat.
The signs keep pointing.
But no one wants to see it's the dead end,
the end for you and me.
I ask myself...
What is it that I must do to make it through.
These obstacles which hold us down.
I see the way to make things right. DEAD END.
This is the E-N-D.
DEAD END.
D-E-A-D E-N-D.
The media shows us what they want us to see.

They may control you, but they don't control me.
They may control you, but they don't control me.
It's the dead end, the end for you and me.
I ask myself...
What is it that I must do to make it through.
These obstacles which hold us down.
I see the way to make things right.
DEAD END.
This is the E-N-D.
DEAD END.
D-E-A-D E-N-D.

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