

Chumbawamba "Tearing Up Zoo"

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Through the turnstile, concrete jungle, sterile habitat of iron.

Symbol of brutality like supermarkets, missile silos.
Man puts up more barriers, creates his world, denies another.

Animal, unwilling captive, mirrors how the captors live.
Prisoner, prisoner, it's only the cage sides makes us different.

(reading from the book and tearing of the book)

'Man's genius is a mind with which to reason, and he has the power to draw out the full potential of specific elements. When you consider the many millions of animals upon the earth at any time, the privilege of human company is enjoyed by very, very few of them. One place where wild animals meet with human beings is in the zoo. There is a tremendous bonding between zoo animals and their keepers. And though some animals are indeed contented simply to be fed, and have their billets cleaned, others, and especially the mammals, depend a great deal upon their keeper's company, and respond with great intelligence when they are treated with intelligence and affection.'

And the spectacle will always have control

As it keeps us all struggling alone

Providing little boxes for us all

Demanding that we never ask for more

And we all sit back and drug away the pain

In a world that keeps us passive and tame

Isolated we will never realize

How we're spectators in their paradise

Whilst we're stuck inside the ghetto we create

With distractions there to keep us all content

These fences are promises and lies

Lets take the blindfold from our eyes

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