

Cire

"Thoughtcrimes"

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The sun still shines, I see from the shadows in my
armored cell.
Those who make decisions must not know this hell.
An instrument of purpose is outside myself.
These are thoughtcrimes,
they own you.
Green paper chains control you.

Lie down and take it.
Lie down and take it.
Lie down...
(Ã—2)

The party's right. Please just let me out I do not care to
fight.
I'm rehabilitaed and I see the light.
Believe me, you've changed me.. Enslave me.

Pleasure is our enemy
Pleasure is our enemy
Pleasure is our enemy
I love this fucking slavery.

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