

Pulp

"Despot"

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Waking in this state
The world seems strange to me
How can something so beautiful
Shine on something so dreadful
Realized this too late...

You sell them short for what they are
One day they'll show you who they are
Leave it to us to tape our mouths
The silence will add more to release
'cause talking has become a taboo
If only they knew the power that they had
I wake up and find myself unstable
I'm hoping that this world is just a fable

How can something so beautiful
Shine on something so dreadful

The hunger necessitates the slaves
To fasten and redirect their waves
One day the silence will be torn
Despoil these social straps we've worn
I wake up and find myself unstable
I'm hoping that this world is just a fable

If only they knew the power that they had
You sell them short
You sell them short

Realized this too late to fight it
Realized it's too late to fight it
Realized it's too late...

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