

Agents Of Chaos "Hi Tech Cities"

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Do the people always exist
Where there's no telly
And no place to get pissed
The crops they are sold
I've had a bad year
Their children will starve
And live in fear

All that matters
Never random
Even God-dwellers
Live in cellars
Hi Tech Cities
Such a pity
Life is sterile
Never pretty

Originality
Is there no goal?
Be the same

???
??? big brother
All those ???
There is no other

Nowhere to weep
The masses sleep
In occupations or incubations
All your rumours are on the file
This we say "Don't charge for style"

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