

Technicolour

"Amoral Utopia"

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Well they say we're depressed hungover and stressed

And all that we do is sanctioned by you

And the meaning of life

Is to breed and survive

And so we should strive for this

If I walk down the street and girls fall at my feet

I give them a smile in case they're fertile

And I have no more need

In automical greed

Well they're starting to bleed- who cares

And I could feel shame if it wasn't so lame

Our society's built on an absence of guilt

And the newspaper says

"We blame social malaise"

I just hope someone prays for us

Well they say we're depressed hungover and stressed

And the end's drawing near but I am still here

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