

The Automatic

"Secret Police"

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Touching your skin,
Is a victory,
A revolution,
of hearts and minds.
When does a movement become a regime?
When your spies with their smiling eyes call in the
secret police.
Call in the secret police.

What happened to the vision we had,
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police).
The freedom to say whatever we like,
replaced with a recital of lines.

When the rot sets in,
mistrust in suspicion,
and to caress now a strange hand in the night,
the manifesto reprised
with secrets and lies,
a state of fear,
a cold war.
Call in the secret police.

What happened to the vision we had,
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police).
The freedom to say whatever we like,
replaced with a recital of lines.

What happened to the vision we had,
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police).
The freedom to say whatever we like,
replaced with a recital of lines.

Don't make me disappear I have not toed the line,
Don't make me disappear I have not toed the line,
(disappear, disappear)
Don't make me disappear I have not toed the line,
(disappear, disappear)

It doesn't have to get like this.
It doesn't have to get like this.

Call in the secret police.
Call in the secret police.

What happened to the vision we had, (ahh, ahh)
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police)
(ahh, ahh).
The freedom to say whatever we like (ahh, ahh),
replaced with a recital of lines (ahh, ahh).

What happened to the vision we had, (ahh, ahh)
this silence is a strangled cry (call in the secret police)
(ahh, ahh).
The freedom to say whatever we like (ahh, ahh),
replaced with a recital of lines (ahh, ahh)

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