

Nouvelle Vague

"Psyche"

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(Killing Joke)

You're alone in the pack

You're feeling like you want to go home

You're feeling unfinished but you keep on going
The reason is there

You'll be falling 'til your feet are gone

Because your living a hoax

Sell us what you suss
Draw your brain, a sick inspiration

Your pill illusion

And then you follow a transfer

If you don't know the game

Then you're still part of it

Because out on the streets

It's strange
Dodge the bullet or carry the gun

The choice is yours
Yeah! Yeah!
Look at the controller

A nazi with a social degree

A middle-class hero

Rapist with your eyes on me

You pay some masturbation

A priest cheers for the nuns you fuck

You'd wipe out spastics if you had the chance

But Jesus, Jesus

Jesus wouldn't like it, no

Jesus wouldn't like it, no

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