

Gnarwolves

"Oh, Brave New World"

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Every single story told is a weapon of war,
I won't patronise with hope, scratch slogans on your
walls
We could bargain for more.
Or watch standards surely fall.
It's a criminal defeat, we're always bruised but never
sore.

Never sore
So always know

That I got control
I got control of my little life
I'm comfortable

A pill bitter to the taste, that I swallowed by mistake,
An assumed ignorance won't be an excuse I'll ever
make.
So I'm spinning towards the shore
Full of tales of foreign wars
Trying hard to see the part of death you're celebrating

I got control
I got control of my little life
I'm comfortable
I own the world
I've got the right to sneer at men I'll never know
I own the world
I got control

The beginning is tied into the end

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