

Propaganda

"Life At Disconnect"

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Had they been the ones dying under the cooking sun,
picking through the dust, scratching at the barren
earth, had it been THEIR insides spilling into the sand,
they'd see on cracking land their spirit cannot triumph.
Take a breath. Sit back and relax. Enjoy your moment
of peace. You'll soon be back in the middle. Prepare for
this one to make you flinch in disbelief. When you catch
a glimpse of those just following the paths that got us
to where we are. Who are these human shadows with
still-beating hearts? Why do corpses litter the road?
Scratching at the door to our paradise. Who are these
humans? So this is paradise. Beyond the distant hands
of the world. Here we all think we don't belong but still
bow our heads to our Emperors. Is this all there is?
Maybe we really have nothing to say. Maybe we truly
are just shallow and lame and we're all just waiting for
the end, the spectacle, or some kind of catastrophe to
bring us back to earth to stun our ever nodding heads.
To introduce us once again to the one incorruptible as
she flushes us from her veins. Kills us to live again. In
case you wonder - I'm not trying to be cynical. I know
how you feel - If your life's disconnect. In case you
wonder - "What the fuck's wrong with me?" If it all
makes sense you're the furthest fucking gone. They've
got badges that they cover with their hands while
they're bashing your fucking head. They've got
graveyards that they'll fill with that head if you start
getting anywhere. I won't pretend that we're on the
winning end. But when did that matter before anyway?
That never mattered before anyway.

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