

Public Image Ltd.

"Spread The Plague"

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I wanna get away, feeling disconnected
This breaking point in my life, so disaffected
It's like I'm buried alive by this eulogy
Freedom contrived, across the lines of symmetry
Another balancing act for my life, this hypocrisy

I need some time to breathe, feeling so constricted
It's just the way I feel, yet it's always restricted
I guess we have no rights, so now just pass the knife
I'll have to take my life, but I'll never go without a fight
I'm taking all you motherfuckers on a little ride
Watch this wrecking ball approach, fading off into the
night

Walls tumble down, on this sacred ground
Their plague spreads right on through your town
Next stop, this vacant sound

I'll try to bring this message from the people of the
streets
Were really sick and tired of the evils that you preach
This sickness can be cured, aligned with ghetto beats
When the puppet strings are cut, well rise to our feet

What now, another game
Is it torture or just chinese water on my brain
On the tube, were always fooled
Tainted livestock by the points of views,
Of the left and the right
Were caught in the middle of the fight
Sick of the abuse, no child left behind
So what, what's the point when "no future"s insight

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The terror comes with fire and brimstone
The message clear as the scope pointing at you

Amoeba come,
Devastate a sick boy
Ya never know,
It coulda been a hit boy
Media control,
Most of what ya know
Theirs a snake in fox clothes at the front doors
Always shut, in the wake of the truth, it's nothing new
But you need to ask yourself,
What the hell you gonna do?

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