

Sheila Nicholls "Peanuts"

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We were searching for some kind of love
Will this human bowl every be filled
When we're so distracted anyway
Talking about eating peanuts for another day

Appalled by what i see
As nothing less
Than manufactured images of my happiness
Insults all over work
Humanity
And corporations dictate who's a slave
And who is free

Well they said
Desire would design the market
But if you have the money
You can plant desire in peoples heads
And make them believe
They need something that they don't
People buy an image before they buy their food
And if we keep selling based on people's insecurities
We'll just make them bigger
And perpetuate mass blindness

They're leaving the movie theatre
He wants a hercules happy meal
He wants a T-shirt, the sneakers, and the sword
Hes only four but he's learned to consume til he's
bored
Hes only four but he's learned to consume til he's
bored

And i amuse myself by thinking about a day that i
might see
Where every product that is sold reminded us to be
Where the extrenal consumption is merely temporary
If you want real love,
If you want real love,
Comsume internally
If you want real love,
Comsume internally
If you want real love,

Comsume internally

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