

Skinny Puppy "Pro-Test"

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hit me on the street while waiting to do nothing where
within the space can anything feel certain look into the
future make out the word speak send in the spies to
watch them creepy are the people unable to do
something sitting on an armchair fenced in their
creation look up to be there anywhere is somewhere
itchy past scratch the itch hit me in the streets hit me
feel about a nation so precious is the freedom carousel
the brass ring reach into a black mass so its corroded
always polluted we all want some of it maybe all the
people now left without no loving where within the
strength gone better see it coming get off the fence
trip rip up the garbage make it up to the earth bitch hit
me in the streets hit me be a politician eroding all your
freedoms down the rabbit hole cracks money markets
fall through a looking glass time becomes too fast all
to benefit the rich so keep eating from the apple edges
from the center shaken to the core until it doesn't
matter no one to turn to no where to run to better the
bomb to blow it HIT ME in the streets

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