

GC5, The "Bodies"

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Fire up the propaganda mills
We're going in for the kill
Just as recklessly as before
I've seen you as you've filled the streets
With slogans and careless poetry
And I know how little it all means
Bodies overflowing my front page
Bodies crowding towards the center stage
Bodies pile higher everyday
Bodies all swear they got something to say
Ringin' in with what I don't care about
I know your ego's whereabouts
And you're too fickle for me to mind
You see the blood that's being shed
You raise your voice but nothing's said
Just another body whose voice will fade

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