

The International Noise Conspiracy "Dustbins of History"

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Like the precision of a stutter.
And the comfort of being drowned.
Do we need more ammunition.
Than just one look around.
No comfort in isolation.
Just reminders of whatâ€™s wrong.
And still we sit here hoping.
For something to come along.
I want you to know that weâ€™re gonna bleed.
Into the dustbins of history.
And I canâ€™t see why you wanna be.
In the dustbins of history.
In the margins of existence.
While life is passing by.
Iâ€™ve heard all the excuses.
Of someone afraid to try.
No courage in resignation.
Just acceptance of the facts.
And still you sit there hoping.
For something to save your back.
I want you to know that weâ€™re gonna bleed.
Into the dustbins of history.
And I canâ€™t see why you wanna be.
In the dustbins of history.
I donâ€™t wanna stay but I canâ€™t leave.
I want you to know that weâ€™re gonna bleed.
Into the dustbins of history.
I want you to know that weâ€™re gonna bleed.
Into the dustbins of history.
And I canâ€™t see why you wanna be.
In the dustbins of history.
I donâ€™t wanna stay but I canâ€™t leave.
I want you to know that weâ€™re gonna bleed.
Into the dustbins of history.

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