

International Noise Conspiracy, The "Written on the Bourgeois Body"

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Shut off not to happy not to sad
State of come in drug wonderland
No existence no culture no game
Advertised by failure an by shame
Infringed and death struck by freedom rules set
And not even a free market can change that
The lack of life that this economy brings
Turns everything into things
A blind nostalgia for some good old days
Corrupt the passion and control the space
Blame the victim so that we can get away
With a class system that turned everyone into slaves

People here are hardly breathing
Everybody seem to have lost their head
I don't know about you baby
But it feels like I'm living amongst the dead

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