

Toyah

"Furious Futures"

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You hear about the crime
You hear about the pain
We all know the problem
But the poverty remains just the same
(Just the same)

Now, where is the food?
Where are the clothes?
Where's the incentive to live?
Now my babies have grown

Fire in my head
Population overflows
Anger grows
Frustrations explode
For second-hand clothes
You have to wait your turn
But the bodies still burn

Fury
Fury
Fury
Furious futures
Furious futures

The wind still blows
It makes our fears return
The sirens wail
And our bodies still burn

No serum for our plague
The rivers are mud
Our bones are clay
In this petrified forest
To our victims we're the prey
But we might as well stay
As our eyes drip blood

There's a machine
A suicide machine
It rules

It screams
A prize for a life
From a cloud in the sky
Way up on high
Wailing voices cry

Furious futures
Furious futures
Furious futures
Furious futures...

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