

Common Dreads

Enter Shikari

A needless and harrowing future is developing
For our generation and generations to come
But as I walk the chartered streets of this familiar oblivion
I recognize nothing but unweilding consciousness
In which we have almost comfortably drowned It is madness, this normality is madness
We are clinging to manufactured crippled constraints
We must no longer commute between brand-laden homes
And quickly accepted aimless roams from
Our factories of slavery, to raws of elusive bravery
We must unite And we must let the flood gates open
Here tonight, I clock a thousand heads
Here to unite, through common dreads

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