

Masterplan (feat. Miss Kittin)

The Hacker

Take off in a box with wings,
landing falling into tears.
Frequent trouble or sickness, at it's best.
Rock girls, should have killed them selves.
You're scared of planes?
We wont hold your hands.
No plan is the ultimate master-plan,
but here we go again.Taxi driver talking like a machine,
and you sit right next to me, dreaming.
Safe way back home in Berlin, Minsk,
when all the traffic lights are green.Show us pictures of your kids.
Show us how it could have been.
We may be deaf but we are not blind,
we never lie we only change your minds.We don't care about you.Music louder please, thanks.Don't tell us
what is normal,
we fit in nothing of your kind.
Try to repeat and you'll be bleeding inside.
We don't care about you, and your wealth around.
We don't care about you, and your wealth around.
We don't care about you, and your wealth around.Call it darkness if you want,
we will always stay under the ground.And when we will lay down from dusk till dawn,
we know, we know, we'll be already gone.
We know, we know... gone.We are from the blank generation,
too proud for drug addiction.
Too old to reprogram, freak out or rehab.
We are from the 10th generation.
We love dysfunction.Die old, and live fast.
The night is young, cause we are the night.

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