Oh, Brave New World

Gnarwolves

Every single story told is a weapon of war,
I won't patronise with hope, scratch slogans on your walls
We could bargain for more.
Or watch standards surely fall.
It's a criminal defeat, we're always bruised but never sore.Never sore
So always knowThat I got control
I got control of my little life
I'm comfortableA pill bitter to the taste, that I swallowed by mistake,
An assumed ignorance won't be an excuse I'll ever make.
So I'm spinning towards the shore
Full of tales of foreign wars
Trying hard to see the part of death you're celebratingI got control
I got contol of my little life
I'm comfortable
I own the world
I've got the right to sneer at men I'll never know
I own the world
I got controlThe beginning is tied into the end

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