

Pssyche

Killing Joke

You're alone in the pack, you're feeling like you wanna go home
You're feeling life's finished but you keep on going, the reason is there
You won't find it till you've been and gone because you're living a hoax
Someones got you sussed Dull your brain or seek inspiration
You feel illusion and then you finally say transfer
Transform a machine to play with your head
So you can stand back and watch or take part and learn If you don't know the game, then you're still part of it
Because out on the streets, it's strange to see the show
Knowing full well that you're on the range
Dodge the bullets or carry the gun, the choice is yours Look at the controller, a Nazi with a social degree
A middle-class hero, a rapist with your eyes on me
Increase your masturbation, three cheers for the Nazi
You fuck, you'd wipe out spastics if you had the chance
But Jesus wouldn't like it, no

Songwriters

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