

# Strangers

## Satinoxide

On the run for these Gods  
We hardly could see  
Called the System or Power  
Or Religion or greed  
We are met by procedures  
By your angels in blue  
With no fucking idea  
About what or bout whom To make us feel at home  
We are put behind bars  
Too narrow for daylight  
Too wide for the stars  
But were merely strangers  
No aliens, you know  
So dont close your eyes  
Cause they wont let us show No paradise for us Some nice civil servants  
Accidentally smiled  
They call us by numbers  
Send us back as a file  
The cleaner the skill  
The smoother the lie  
The softer the kill  
And still silent they cry

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>