

Digital Rasta

Cabaret Voltaire

"Digital Rasta"

Microphonies

Cabaret Voltaire

This could be the end of it all.

There's a woman in the woods behind you,

No time to step and crawl.

No time to tip-toe.

In this security -- work, you, I don't dig.

Shut down.

This could be the end of it all.

This could be the end of it all.

All you wanted, a view of your own.

Now awaiting, Judgement Day.

Flash past, the art escapes you.

Never there in black and white.

There's a lesson to be learned.

Living on the words of others.

Selling something like you sell yourself.

Money in the bank, but you're under pressure.

This could be the end of it all.

This could be the end of it all.

There's a lesson to be learned.

Selling something like you sell yourself.

Money in the bank, but you're under pressure.

This could be the end of it all.

This could be the end of it all.

Power in the new line, call it strong.

Everything for positive reason.

Evil, comes too easy.

Never at a tender scratch.

s on the side, but you're under pressure.

It's over, the worst behind you.

No time to step and grow.

No time to, tip-toe.

In your security, work, you, I don't dig.

Shut down. Shut down.

This could be the end of it all.

This could be the end of it all.

There's a lesson to be learned.

Living on the words of others.
Selling something like you sell yourself.
Money in the bank, but you're under pressure.
This could be the end of it all.
This could be the end of it all.
All you wanted, a view of your own.
Now awaiting, Judgement Day.
Flash past, the art escapes you.
Never there in black and white.
There's a lesson to be learned.
Living on the words of others.
Selling something like you sell yourself.
Money in the bank, but you're under pressure.
This could be the end of it all.
This could be the end of it all.
Power in the new line, call it strong.
Everything for positive reason.

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