

The Beat

Snapcase

The year is 2071
One drum by law has just begun the beat
You'll be informed on what you'll be
And correspond if you want to live
Everywhere people move to the cadence of just one drum
Time is here, of what was feared
Synchronized by the prosperous ones
Working class caste system
Adjust, pushed down, down, down
Executive hands are red if you want to live
People move to the beat of just one drum

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