

Black September

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Re-live the lies.
Walk the streets of an empty paradise.The isle of the blessed.
Such a lonely place to be alive.Set up fences build up walls.
Claim your piece or just take it all.
So we pay the price for the chosen few.
Privileged power is nothing new.We're just sacrifice.
We're just sacrifice.
Born into a wasted life.
Brought on by religious plight.What got created.
The avenue at the end of history.
A surplus population.
Turned into beggars and thieves.But the schemes are running dry.
Petty crumbs don't satisfy.
But I turn my fingers to a fist.
And I start by saying this.No more sacrifice.
No more sacrifice.
Born into a wasted life.
Brought onto production lines.
Sacrifice.How can we defend broken homes and dead children.
And how can we pretend that freedom of choice is gonna save them.
How can we defend broken homes and dead children.
How can we even pretendFeels like a black September.
Feels like a black September.
Feels like a black September.
Feels like a black September.
Feels like a black September.No more sacrifice.
No more sacrifice.
Born into a wasted life.
Brought onto production lines.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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