Pro-Test

Skinny Puppy

hit me on the street while waiting to do nothing where within the space can anything feel certain look into the future make out the word speak send in the spies to watch them creepy are the people unable to do something sitting on an armchair fenced in their creation look up to be there anywhere is somewhere itchy past scratch the itch hit me in the streets hit me feel about a nation so precious is the freedom carousel the brass ring reach into a black mass so its corroded always polluted we all want some of it maybe all the people now left without no loving where within the strength gone better see it coming get off the fence trip rip up the garbage make it up to the earth bitch hit me in the streets hit me be a politician eroding all your freedoms down the rabbit hole cracks money markets fall through a looking glass time becomes too fast all to benefit the rich so keep eating from the apple edges from the center shaken to the core until it doesn't matter no one to turn to no where to run to better the bomb to blow it HIT ME in the streets

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