

Multitudes

Killing Joke

the multitude excites, the flags are flown
by fireside the programme starts
and i am running through this madness
and all the time i can't relate
we sit around in rooms we talk our fears
asking why we should go on
god i try to make ends meet the best i can
playing rhythms out of time
far from the multitudes a few will always stand
they don't fit in they don't belong - move on, move on this way
within disorder i assume my role
laugh and cry as i accept
eternal indolence through ages
'til restless souls begin to wake
perfection within decades of dissatisfaction and disillusion
a means to no end, a means to no end

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>