

No Milk, No Sugar

Islands

We need new blood
We need new drugs
We need new lovers
We got so thrown We feel lost at home
No milk, no sugar
Would it be the cream,
If only a machine could make us dream again?
We fill our lungs We don't hold our tongs
We don't need to prove this
We rest control
Think we like this home
The young and the useless
Would it be the cream, If only a machine could make us dream again?
We waste our time
We hang behind
And we wait for the others
We need new blood
We need new tribes
We need new lovers

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