

# Bodies

## The GC5

Fire up the propaganda mills  
We're going in for the kill  
Just as recklessly as before  
I've seen you as you've filled the streets  
With slogans and careless poetry  
And I know how little it all means  
Bodies overflowing my front page  
Bodies crowding towards the center stage  
Bodies pile higher everyday  
Bodies all swear they got something to say  
Ringing in with what I don't care about  
I know your ego's whereabouts  
And you're too fickle for me to mind  
You see the blood that's being shed  
You raise your voice but nothing's said  
Just another body whose voice will fade

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