

Adhesive, Nothing Is Won

Will anyone realize no one seems to care anyway,
ignore it all as if it didn't belong.

Another regulation, the power structure rears its ugly face.
Their actions need to be told, but there is not a single fucking trace.
NOTHING IS WON.

No declaration is needed, pacified you move along.
Your peace comes from a talking box.

A whole generation subjugated, devastated.
So busy to revel in bliss, as their minds are sent to a fucking guillotine.
NOTHING IS WON.

Peel your eyes. Pretend it's nothing.
Subjugated and devastated, so what,
if our voices will be deprived.

Open your ears open your eyes.
Can't you see that the doors are shut?
Re-create, overthrow.
Can't you see they're men, we're mice?
NOTHING IS WON.