

Fill in the gaps

I've been walking through your streets		
Where all (1) money is earned		
Where all your buildings are crying		
And clueless (2) working		
Revolving (3) lawn houses		
Housing all your fears		
Desensitized by TV		
Over bearing advertising		
God of consumers		
And all your crooked creatures looking good		
Mirrors filtering information through the public eye		
Designed for profit sharing		
Your neighbour what a guy		
Boom, boom, boom		
Everytime your drop the bomb		
You kill the God		
Your child is born		
Boom, boom, boom		
Modern globalization		
Coupled with condemnations		
Unnecessary death		
Matador corporations		

Puppeting your (4)	with	а
blinded flag		
Manufacturing consent is the name of the game		
The bottom line is money and nobody gives a ****		
4,000 (5) children		
Leave us per hour from starvation		
While billions are spent creating death showers		
Boom, boom, boom		
Everytime your drop the bomb		
You kill the God		
Your (6) is born		
Boom, boom, boom		
Boom, boom, boom		
Why must we (7) our own kind?		
Boom, boom, boom		
Everytime your drop the bomb		
You (8) the God		
Your child is born		
Boom, boom, boom		
Boom, boom, boom		
Every time you drop the bomb		



- 1. your
- 2. neckties
- 3. fake
- 4. frustrations
- 5. hungry
- 6. child
- 7. kill
- 8. kill

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