

Fill in the gaps

	Puppeting your frustrations with a blinded flag
I've been walking through your streets	Manufacturing consent is the (4) of the game
Where all (1) money is earned	The bottom line is money and nobody gives a ****
Where all your buildings are crying	4,000 hungry children
And (2) neckties working	Leave us per hour from starvation
Revolving fake lawn houses	While billions are spent creating (5) showers
Housing all your fears	Boom, boom, boom
Desensitized by TV	Everytime your (6) the bomb
Over bearing advertising	You kill the God
God of consumers	Your (7) is born
And all your crooked creatures looking good	Boom, boom, boom
Mirrors (3) information through the	Boom, boom, boom
public eye	
Designed for profit sharing	Why must we kill our own kind?
Your neighbour what a guy	Boom, boom, boom
Boom, boom, boom	Everytime your drop the bomb
Everytime your drop the bomb	You kill the God
You kill the God	Your child is born
Your child is born	Boom, boom, boom
Boom, boom, boom	Boom, boom, boom
Modern globalization	Every time you drop the bomb
Coupled with condemnations	
Unnecessary death	
Matador corporations	



- 1. your
- 2. clueless
- 3. filtering
- 4. name
- 5. death
- 6. drop
- 7. child

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