

Fill in the gaps

	Puppeting your (6)	with a
I've been walking (1) your streets	blinded flag	
Where all your money is earned	Manufacturing consent is the name of the game	
Where all your (2) are crying	The bottom line is money and nobody gives a ****	
And clueless neckties working	4,000 hungry children	
Revolving fake lawn houses	Leave us per hour from starvation	
Housing all your fears	While billions are spent creating death showers	
Desensitized by TV	Boom, boom, boom	
Over bearing advertising	Everytime your drop the bomb	
God of consumers	You kill the God	
And all your crooked creatures (3) good	Your child is born	
Mirrors filtering information through the public eye	Boom, boom, boom	
Designed for profit sharing	Boom, boom, boom	
Your (4) (5) a guy		
Boom, boom, boom	Why must we (7) our own kind?	
Everytime your drop the bomb	Boom, boom, boom	
You kill the God	Everytime your drop the bomb	
Your child is born	You kill the God	
Boom, boom, boom	Your child is born	
Modern globalization	Boom, boom, boom	
Coupled with condemnations	Boom, boom, boom	
Unnecessary death	Every (8) you drop the bomb	
Matador corporations		



- 1. through
- 2. buildings
- 3. looking
- 4. neighbour
- 5. what
- 6. frustrations
- 7. kill
- 8. time

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