

Fill in the gaps

Puppeting your frustrations with a blinded flag

I've been walking through your streets	Manufacturing consent is the name of the game
Where all (1) money is earned	The bottom (4) is money and (5)
Where all your buildings are crying	(6) a ****
And clueless neckties working	4,000 (7) children
Revolving (2) lawn houses	Leave us per hour from starvation
Housing all your fears	While (8) are spent creating death
Desensitized by TV	showers
Over bearing advertising	Boom, boom, boom
God of consumers	Everytime your (9) the bomb
And all your crooked creatures looking good	You kill the God
Mirrors filtering information through the public eye	Your child is born
Designed for profit sharing	Boom, boom, boom
Your neighbour what a guy	Boom, boom, boom
Boom, boom, boom	
Everytime your drop the bomb	Why must we kill our own kind?
You kill the God	Boom, boom, boom
Your (3) is born	Everytime your drop the bomb
Boom, boom, boom	You kill the God
Modern globalization	Your child is born
Coupled with condemnations	Boom, boom, boom
Unnecessary death	Boom, boom, boom
Matador corporations	Every time you drop the bomb



1. your

- 2. fake
- 3. child
- 4. line
- 5. nobody
- 6. gives
- 7. hungry
- 8. billions
- 9. drop

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