

## **a toast to the fall**

big buddy gives a toast as we've rebuilt the prison hall  
so fear be our judge as we are heading for the fall  
twenty-o-eight feels like we're back in 84  
and safety has become a nihilistic metaphor

system so hypercharged it's technocratic suicide  
old earth is so well fixed it has begun to rot inside

i'm spending precious time proving that i'm really me  
cause any trust could turn into a serious tragedy  
these walls are made of glass to defuse my privacy  
this war is cold again the great return of apathy

they're coming to your house to take your freedom for a ride  
future is so well fixed it has begun to smell inside

on and down in searching for the last soul  
who owns that fence, who takes control?  
on and down in for the last piece of safe home  
you don't give trust, you don't give...

opportunity to disconnect us from the west end trend  
the drugs are so advanced that no one's bothered by the scent  
so tv-stupified we almost cope with anything  
so to the pride: where it's gone and where it's been?

this fucking paranoia we could get into a bind  
don't you realize that we are bound now all the time?

so frozen in our movements we're totally snowblind  
seduced by the fact of staring into floodlights

on and down in searching for the last soul  
who owns that fence, who takes control?  
on and down in for the last piece of safe home  
you don't give trust, you don't give hope.