

Fill in the gaps

	Puppeting your frustrations with a blinded flag
I've (1) walking (2) your streets	Manufacturing consent is the name of the game
Where all (3) money is earned	The bottom line is money and nobody gives a ****
Where all your buildings are crying	4,000 hungry children
And clueless neckties working	Leave us per hour from starvation
Revolving fake (4) houses	While billions are spent (7) death
Housing all your fears	showers
Desensitized by TV	Boom, boom, boom
Over bearing advertising	Everytime (8) drop the bomb
God of consumers	You kill the God
And all your crooked creatures looking good	Your child is born
Mirrors filtering information through the public eye	Boom, boom, boom
Designed for profit sharing	Boom, boom, boom
Your (5) what a guy	
Boom, boom, boom	Why must we (9) our own kind?
Everytime your drop the bomb	Boom, boom, boom
You kill the God	Everytime your drop the bomb
Your (6) is born	You kill the God
Boom, boom, boom	Your (10) is born
Modern globalization	Boom, boom, boom
Coupled with condemnations	Boom, boom, boom
Unnecessary death	Every time you drop the bomb
Matador corporations	



- 1. been
- 2. through
- 3. your
- 4. lawn
- 5. neighbour
- 6. child
- 7. creating
- 8. your
- 9. kill
- 10. child

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