

Fill in the gaps

	Puppeting your (6)
I've been walking through your streets	(7) a (8) flag
Where all (1) is earned	Manufacturing consent is the name of the game
Where all your buildings 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 looking good	Your child is born
Mirrors (3) information	Boom, boom, boom
(4) the public eye	Boom, boom, boom
Designed for profit sharing	
Your neighbour what a guy	Why must we kill our own kind?
Boom, boom, boom	Boom, boom, boom
Everytime your drop the bomb	Everytime your drop the bomb
You kill the God	You (9) the God
Your (5) is born	Your child is born
Boom, boom, boom	Boom, boom, boom
Modern globalization	Boom, boom, boom
Coupled with condemnations	Every time you drop the bomb
Unnecessary death	
Matador corporations	



- 1. your
- 2. money
- 3. filtering
- 4. through
- 5. child
- 6. frustrations
- 7. with
- 8. blinded
- 9. kill

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