

# Behind Crimson Eyes, Addicted

Dressed up in pretty  
pictures  
That line the walls of a  
teenaged princess.  
Pray nightly to the tv screen To false idols that you've never seen.  
Dance, dance to the wicked sound Of ignorance  
and make them so proud  
Dance, dance  
to the frequencies  
Controlled by the profit  
agencies.  
Chorus: Hey are we all just slaves?  
Yeah addicted to fame!  
Hey are we all just  
slaves?  
To bright lights and fear campaigns?  
Dressed up  
in a plastic guard.  
Shrink wrapped for the slaughter yard.  
Diluted for the magazines.  
Tailor made for the sweet sixteen.  
Dance, dance to the wicked sound Of ignorance  
and make them so proud.  
Dance, dance to the frequencies  
Controlled by the profit agencies.  
Hey are we all just slaves?  
Yeah addicted to fame!  
Hey are we all just slaves?  
To bright lights and fear  
campaigns?  
Hey are we all just slaves?  
Yeah addicted to fame!  
Hey are we all just slaves?  
To bright lights and fear  
campaigns?  
Hey are we all just slaves?  
Yeah addicted to fame!  
Hey are we all just slaves?  
To bright lights and fear  
campaigns?  
Hey are we all just slaves?  
Yeah addicted to fame!  
Hey are we all just slaves?  
To bright lights and fear  
campaigns?