

# Snog, Cliche

On this hollow earth  
In this empty space  
We all dance to a tune  
Played by the master race

Those faceless moneymen  
Yeah, you're probably one of them  
Hear their endless muzak tune  
That plays on and on

And when the bullshit happy choir  
Greets another grim day  
When the angels swim to our aid  
Well, here comes another clich

While we hide from our barren end  
The advertisers pretend  
That the world is as they say  
Well, here comes another clich

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