

The Lemmings

The days are filled with laughter
The days are filled with ice
The days are filled with pictures
Oh the days are filled with pride
The days filled with repression
Oh the days are filled with smiles
The days are filled with robots
Making an empty paradise

The days are filled with TV
They're filled with eating mist
The days are filled with greed and haste
With a hidden pricking guilt
The days are filled with prisons
Oh the days are filled with pills
The days are filled with poison
With the sick saving the sick

And the lemmings march on to their goal
The lemmings do not want to know
What it is that drives them on
If all are marching it can't be wrong
Running and increasing speed
When the destiny comes within reach
To fin'ly fall in the abyss
But there is nothing, no welcome kiss
No love, no release
There is no Heart, no heaven, no peace

The days are filled with defence
With defending of the hell
The days are filled with pretence
With pretending all goes well
The days are filled with talking
Oh the days are filled with lack
Filled with body lotions
Filled with covering the wrecks
Covering the wrecks

Deadlines, advertising
Oh the days are filled with death
With management and clients
Oh the days are filled with death
The days are filled with plastic
Oh the days are filled with death
The days are filled with money money
Oh the days are filled with death
And the count off has begun

Ref. Oh the lemmings march on to their goal
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The days are filled with make-up
They are filled with shields and shades
The days are filled with working
They are filled with hidden hate
The days are filled with fucking
Oh with loveless bodies, fake
The days are filled with tension
With prevention of the break – down

The days are filled with women
Who are opening for the boys
The days are filled with making noise
With noise noise noise noise
The days are filled with dreaming
With a silently screaming heart
The days are filled with longing
Overrun by killing cars

Yes the days are filled with funerals
With viewers with perfume
With duties, filled with waiting

For the beautified doom
The days are filled with trying
Trying to still find something pure
With trying to be human
Oh with lying to be human

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There is no Love no grief
There is no heart, no heaven, there is no peace
There is stone
There is death
There is just 'bone'
No blood, no breath, no rest, no one
There's no one

And there comes the next generation
The days are filled with ego
The days are filled with ego
Days are filled with death
The days are filled with death