

Service sector populate
I bail out on your hate war
Disparity's sweet justice
On the rock of sarcasm
This is dark nothing you
Can do to stop this damn thing now
Onward constant push
Primal vision amped to destruction

Trip rider psychedelic sin into the sun
Trip rider screw the nation

I hate your dying state
Man you could recharge hell
The carbon holograms
Five billion suckers all
Protect the status quo
The relics of your progress
Third world your starving child
Your comfort won't address

Trip rider my sonic sin into the sun
Trip rider I hate your nation

Conditioned mortal
Keep your smile as your coma devours
Soul suckers motherfuckers
Take it all 'til you have none
Dream joy while they get rich
The country's corpse to ground and flowers
Epithet - thought we were free
Misery to pass eternal hours

Trip rider my work is never done
Trip rider I hate the nation