

# Unaware

Annisokay

We're unaware  
Into an imperium with no right vision  
Nice clean streets, pretty Houses and trees  
Every day's the same, everything is arranged  
We're part of the game. Nothing has changed

Sweet voices in your head selling you plastic life  
Re-runs of sitcoms in this paradise

I am running, running, running  
We're all running, running, running  
We're so pure, so rare, slowly bleeding out  
Unaware - until we're running out of air

Into an imperium with many illusions  
Neon signs to a world of fairy tales  
Every day's the same, everyone's just fake  
We're part of the game, We're all on the take

Run, run, run, until we run out of air  
They're watching us, they are telling us what to do  
We are unaware until we run out of air

I sit in silence now, no voices to wrap me in sweet illusion  
No plastic promises, a false reality within this imperium