

Unilateral Communication

Looptroop

Ey, Ah
Talk to me, vibe with me
I just have to ask

Is somebody out there that can hear me?
Somebody got two ears that they can spare me?
'Cause I can't get a single word of what you're saying
'Cause what you live in is not my world.
And it's strange though we speak the same language
I talk - you talk but nobody can understand it.
It seems like our biggest weakness is
That we're on different platforms and frequencies.
I hear something but can't absorb no information.
We're stuck here 'cause of poor communication
Got us trapped and it's a feakin' disease.
We need peace and no device can set people free.
Our wicked habits got us feeling the panic.
We chit-chat about this and that while we're killing the planet.
And as long we're only looking out for ourselves
We can't here the children cry and calling out for our help.

It's a one-way communication.
Too much one-sided information, and a unilateral invasion.
It's a one-way communication.
Too much one-sided information, and one superior race and one nation
Under a god, one nation acting as god...
One nation under a god, is one nation acting as god

Listen, I don't get it - but you don't care.
What I think about this here is irrelevant to you.
Why even bother to share your plans of you planned for me
Not to understand? And your scam's not even undercover?
Well, the man will ignore you the same way,
Demand your loyalty with grade A, nonsense and wordplay.
We're on the same page - but don't read the same language.
Got the same heartbeat - but we don't sing the same hook.
'Cause the universal language of love is disabled and
Distorted in this new world order,
Where money talks - and they're all ears.
No option but warfare? They tell us: We don't get it, and we don't care.

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(Who are we?) We're a generation obsessed with communication
That can't talk to each other face to face and
Much less touch it, must be radiation
Taught to small talk and hold a conversation.
While cellular phones are killing us all.
We put the guns to our own heads yelling: - "Hello!"
Click, click - a flat line or a dial tone! ?
Can't live with the fact we must die alone.
And I ain't know why, no real dialogue?

It's wjat the world's crying for, dying for - high or low.
I'm trying yo.
All from my lyrics to my liner notes - to communicate,
But too many things are in the way.
Technology got me hollerin' yo let's run away from all these apparatus.
We're chatting with gadgets, but drifting further apart from each other
Ain't no stopping the madness. No!

I must be the one they want, the one the con,
The one they get their dirty money on - one-way communicator
One way, one way
I must be the one they want, the one the can,
The one they get their dirty money on - one-way communicator

It's a one-way communication.
Too much one-sided information, a silent violence, a violent silence.
It's a one-way communication.
Too much one-sided information, and one superior race and one nation
But you don't hear me though, you're not listening.
Man you don't hear me though, you never listen man
One-way communicator
Ah you don't hear me, ah you don't hear me
You don't hear me though, why you're not listening?
You're not listening, come on now
One-way communicator
But you don't hear me though