

Mp3 National Opportunist Society - Escapecharacter



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The NOS brings you sounds of chaos, communism, and depressed madness rolled into an arabian-mexican trance techno rap style. Listened to by hackers and deaf people. 10 MP3 Songs

ELECTRONIC: Trance, ELECTRONIC: Techno Details: NATIONAL OPPORTUNIST SOCIETY: EscapeCharacter Rule the rulers Ignore the ignorant Save the saviors Kill the killers Insanity and organization Take advantage of everything WELCOME to our lair. we ARE THE NOS. WE'd like to get to know you. separated speech defines the colored words we hide behind the music to CONTROL YOU. open up your ears and eyes and throw your hands into the skies and REACH for THINGS you never thought YOU'd comprehend or REALIZE. we are your path, we are your door, to everything you've always wanted, EVERYthing you've truly NEEDED but you didn't KNOW. ESCAPECHARACTER LYRICS

HeyDiddle: Hey Diddle Diddle, cat and the fiddle. Cow jumped over the moon, but a bit too soon, Didn't notice the blinding Sun behind the lunar eclipse, he tried to miss. "Too late for the cow," said the little dog with a laugh on his face. Dish and spoon, out of place, running a race, A race for hope and meaning to it all. They can't seem to find the reason Humpty always falls, King's men, putting him together again, They don't have no friends, no soul, But they've maintained an unexplained happiness like King Cole. Fiddlers playing. "What a good boy am I," he's saying, Jack Horner eating his Christmas pies. Three mice don't have no eyes, blind, And some freak cut off their tails despite their innocence, But nothing makes sense. No sense in this lame sarcastic world of Hell. Marx: There is a divine providence that looks after fools, drunkards, and the United States of America. In the social production which men carry on they enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will; these relations of production correspond to a definite stage of development of their material productive forces. The sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society - the real foundation, on which arises

a legal and political superstructure and to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. The mode of production in material life determines the general character of the social, political, and spiritual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but, on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness.

The Limiting Factor: I knew a man who Couldn't hold on to his dreams And he tried the hardest he could Like we told him he should But he fell to the rocks. I knew a man who Tried to hold on to his dreams But the World was unkind to the man - Didn't give him a hand - And the people let him die. Why can't you realize We're all just thieves in disguise? Open your hearts to the crying eyes! Do you know a man that sits around and does nothing all day? Do you think he's wrong and wasting time or is it wrong to say? Are you sure that doing nothing isn't meaningful today? Maybe you're the one that's wasting time and you should get away. You only went to school to learn, to work in hell, and to get paid To buy a house, to have a family that you can say you've made So when you die, someone will be there to lay flowers on your grave, But when they grow, they'll live the same damn lives and nothing will be saved. Just relax. There is still a way to life Without pain Every person finds a light Here on Earth It might be subtle But the World that grows around us fills with flowers by itself If you just listen to it calling from the trees It says secrets in the breeze: That every person has a chance To seek out where they wish to dance At every turn at every stop There is a place where you can shop For all the things you've always wanted All you need to do is dream... it won't come true, But I still think it's fun to do. ---NOT INCLUDED Remember the times When we used to make rhymes About things that might sometime come true? And can you recall Running down a long hall Playing games that we used to call new? And in all our happiness, With all our free time, And under the shelter of bread, cheese, and wine, We don't bother to fix The small things that are wrong And they'll grow into jars Filled with unhappy songs Till we find that there's not enough space to get through... What we've started for you: Isn't it pointless to try Or to cry into rain Like you're adding to something again? But you're not 'Cause they've already got All their problems. We are the fish to fill the sea. We have no boundaries, And even through the deepest drops, Even when we live despair, We have no thought, or hope, or care, And if we ever lose the sea, We always have the air. But look down in the hole through the glass To find what you have done in the past And please notice it's not very full. But keep hoping that one day You'll find it at last From your heart Through your veins To venule. If you fall into tunnels, Be glad. It's not ever the fall that is bad, It's the reason for why you are there. There's never excuses for things in the past - Only ways to

correct what's unfair. Under the waves, Among the sad flowers, Beside all the graves, Amidst the long hours, Within large insurmountable streams, Through the feelings of man and the dreams, There are holes that will pull apart every seam Until tears are combined into showers Like Fire is to Sun. And although it might feel Like the Sun is a shield from the night, And however you try You must always believe that there's good in the light, And despite immense heat You still think that the dark would be better to fight, It's the brightness where evil is done. --- But apart from the Sun, Apart from the fire that makes up the Sun And the things that are burning inside, And once you are Gone, And once you are sure that you'll always be Gone And you feel that to run you must hide, You learn that the warmth is still pulling you back And there's nothing to do to release from the track So you give in to it, and the will that you lack Is what causes your mind to retract and aside: (Why?) Why did we try at the start Like a flying fish wishing to fly? Sure, we were made to get high, And sure, we were made to get by. If we knew and were sure that we'd lose in the end, Then why did we bother to try? But can we conceive If we fail to achieve That people believe what they want to believe? No matter the hopes, And no matter the wings, There's a Limiting Factor to everything And there're Limits to even the Sky. WelcomeToTheWorld: Welcome to the world. Fantasize what you were like. Everything is yours. Never give up anytime. Welcome to the world. Fantasize what you were like. Everything is yours. Never give up anytime. Jack and Jill Popped a pill Their drugged minds led them to a hill. They see a twinkling star afar, But they aren't quite sure where they are. Everything you own is mine to give. You have no soul, no fight, but everything is right. You just take the next step no matter where you stayed the night. You kept on trying while everyone is dying. You step on their heads but you sometimes still respect the dead. The dead don't know what you're going through - They have no personal experience with the current things that bother you. You can't just leave without a thought or hope or care for the bombs are in the air. Welcome to the world. Fantasize what you were like. Everything is yours. Never give up anytime. Welcome to the world. Fantasize what you were like. Everything is yours. Never give up anytime. Jack and Jill Popped a pill Their drugged minds led them to a hill. They see a twinkling star afar, But they aren't quite sure where they are. Everything you own is mine to give. Everything you own is mine to give. Caption From Front CD Label: "Surgeon General's Warning: May cause communist beliefs and/or disease, fatigue, heart attacks, sleep disorder and death."

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