

The Last Poets

"Mean Machine"

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Driving me nuts, bolts, screws
I got the blues from paying dues
For programmed news of honeycoated lies
Your eyes can't believe
That weave the Devil's magic with the latest gadget
From the Mean Machine
A'running the Same Game with Another Name
Down to your brain, blowing your mind
Stealing your time, smooth and slick
With the latest trick to get rich quick
From nonsense at your mind's expense
As your mind digs the scene
From the Mean Machine
Designed to drive your brain insane
Loudspeakers blasting inside your head
Saying what someone else said
For you to do what they want you to
No. Go. Fast. Slow.
Getting you high off the latest lie
Telling you when, where, how and why
As your mind digs the scene
From the Mean Machine,
A'running the Same Game with Another Name
Factories of insanity playing on your vanity
As they distort your sense of self
Telling you what you need and how to succeed
As they steal all of your wealth
Probing your mind, trying to find
How to scheme on you best
From programmed schools with Devilish rules
Putting you to the test
Death dealing devices sold at high prices
Designed with you in mind to buy
As they kill you slow and some of y'all don't even know
Y'all paying the Machine to die
Mechanized lies dressed up in disguise
In forms of various kinds
Treachery and deceit the people must defeat
In the battle for free men's minds
For complete domination is the goal of this nation
Of all free thinking thought

And those who oppose will be killed by their foes
The flunkies whose souls have been bought
Transplants to revive the living dead
Replacing the truth with lies instead
Newspapers, radios, TVs
Spreading lies across seven seas
Robot men with computers for brains
Space ships, cars, trains and planes
All calculated to blow your mind
Moving faster than your sense of time
Living luxuriously soft while the people slave hard
For the Devil would have you believe he is God
Chemical drugs that keep you high
While the Mean Machine creates another lie
For power and glory and world wide fame
While Running the Same Game with Another Name
It's the computer's equation for world wide invasion
That comes in the name of peace and goodwill
But all of them are lying as they keep on trying
To set the people up for the kill
Population control of the people with soul
All over the planet Earth.
Manipulating their will with a tiny white pill
To control their natural birth
Behind the scene schemes furthering the Mean
Machine's
Dreams
Of conquest and world domination
From the farthest depths of the universe
To the smallest earthly nation
Radar, Sonar, Laser beams!
Jets, Tanks, Submarines!
Megathons, H-Bombs, Napalm, Gas!
All this shit will kill you fast
All products of the Mean Machine
The Devil disguised as a human being
And he will even preach that God is dead
And some of y'all will believe what the Devil has said
And he will then act as the world's police
And the sun will rise up in the West
And set down in the East
And when it came time for the end...
And when it came time for the end...
And when it came time for the end...
The men will look like the women
And the women like the men
And some will dance in a hypnotic trance
Like as if they have no care
But these will be signs of the changing times
That the end is drawing near
For it was prophesized many centuries past

That the end will come in a fiery holocaust
And only the righteous people will survive the blast
And the Devil's machine will bring about his own end
And peace, love and joy will reign once again
And man will understand man
And man will understand man
And man will understand man
And man will understand man
And man will understand man
And man will understand man
And live in harmony and peace
And the sun will once again
Rise up in the East

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