

World Dead

"The Machine"

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I see it in their faces, below the veil of peace.
The twisted mask of slavery, all free will deceased.
Their words they tell me nothing, smoke screen
conceals the lies.
Carbon copied acquiescence, faceless suit and tie.
Crawl back in your holes, when the work day's
through...
One cog in the machine, the machine runs you...
The soul it burns for fuel.
Mass exploitation and riches for the few.
Christ of modern culture, work away the sin,
sleep away the anger, work day soon begins.
Crawl back in your holes, when the work day's
through...
One cog in the machine, the machine runs you...

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