

Allflaws "Replicant Breed"

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Songwriters: G Curran

They wanna keep us numb, they wanna keep us dumb,
They wanna keep us in check, they wanna keep us.

It's me against you, it's me against them,
Me against the clones and their generic trends,
From the corporate whores to the human billboards,
It keeps on spreading across the western shores,
Across whole nations the effigies are growing,
They're being cultivated and they're not even knowing,
Coz they're unaware of what's happening to them,
They're being molded by the consumer trend,
They're unaware of what's going on, they keep on
marching, marching on,
They're unaware of what's going on, they keep on
marching,
They think they're being different but they're all the
same,
They're speaking all the lingo and they're playing the
game,
Repeating what they told you, repeating what they told
you,
Repeating what they sold you.

So keep it yours and be the truth, and never let them
make you,
Keep your soul and keep it pure, and never let them
fake you,

Don't let them, don't let them, don't let them make you.

Hey, no, I'm holding it back,
Resisting the force of the generic army,
Coz I feel this regime is trying to take me,
Insidious forces is what I perceive,
Shaping reality, mutating society,
Morphing the populace,
As they program your mind, tap you inside,
Program your psyche, program you to rhyme,
It's the code of the streets, it's the label of control,
Monopolizing billions of souls,

It's the branded race with the style and the grace,
The human product has been made.

So keep it yours and be the truth, and never let them
make you,
Keep your soul and keep it pure, and never let them
fake you,

Don't let them, don't let them, don't let them make you.

Ignorant tribes follow the signs, getting regulated by
the latest campaign,
It's those primitive one's, those fatuous humans,
Playing all dumb, getting cloned by the system,
Impetuous, yes, they keep on consuming,
Loot is the drug that they are using,
Getting so high from the material pill,
Buy more, take more, coz image is the thrill,
Coz those TV screens and those glossy magazines,
They're dictating your hopes and dreams,
Making fantasies, fake realities,
Utopia keeps on calling.

So keep it yours and be the truth, and never let them
make you,
Keep your soul and keep it pure, and never let them
fake you,

Don't let them, don't let them, don't let them make you.
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