

Audiopain

"Fraud Machine"

Visit "[Fraud Machine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Start the engine
Create junk
Mass produce
Replicator

Money visionaries
With no pride
Deliver the hollow
A rapist of minds

[Chorus:]
Not art like
Not art
A soul for sale
A clone by heart

Submissive, a servant
For he who holds the leash
He guides you to fame
And you eat of his hand

And the dog will return
Addicted to glamour
Self respect defeated
He comes begging for more

[Repeat chorus]

All intentions of art must die
Fame chosen rather than pride
Originality is nowhere near
A Xerox machine is what you hear

When the army arrives
Those of shame
The commercialized
Aim and fire at will

More make-up
Darker hair
More leather
You're almost there

No soul
Plastic to the core
Fake blood
Another poster boy

Not art like
The fraud machine
A copyist
Strict discipline

Visit [Audiopain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.