

Construcdead

"A Cog In The Machinery"

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No choice, we're forced into it
Education will not get you there
So easy, exploit us to
Fit the convention
We work for, their causes
Unknown to all of us

Stand in line, kiss their fifty feet
Broken spine
The aroma filled with grief
Taste so neat

Freedom under convention
Painstruck, into infinity
Recollect, the pieces
And glue them, together
We're just a small cog in a
Grand machinery

Stand in line, kiss their fifty feet
Broken spine
Put a spin on the commercial
Wheel and start to steal

Force fed, by society
A manual to a grand failure
The rules of the game must be
Learn or else you will soon see
That being born is not more
Than accept that you're FUBAR'd

Stand in line, kiss their fifty feet
Broken spine
The aroma filled with grief
Taste so neat

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