

Fear Factory "Slave Labor"

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Machines are paper thin, and they're welded with ink
Sealed inside a legal trap, so tight with a leak
A contract with the Devil for a life of disdain
Sleeping in the limelight at attention, slave

I blame myself

God, help me pour this gas on me
I need to drown in flames to be free
Help me pour this gas on me
Help me pour this gas on me

God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me

Chocking on the product for the mass to consume
The flocks of mindless sheep that have been
corporately groomed
Ignorance through apathy like drones in the hive
A slave on the trail, a willing conformed disguise

I blame myself

God, help me pour this gas on me
I need to drown in flames to be free
Help me pour this gas on me
Help me pour this gas on me

I sold my soul
(I sold my soul
(I sold my soul)
I sold my soul
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)

God, help me pour this gas on me

I need to drown in flames to be free
Help me pour this gas on me
Help me pour, this gas on me

(God)
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
(Ohh God)
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
(Ohh God)
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
(Ohh God)
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me

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