

## **Front Line Assembly "Barcode"**

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This mark of impalement burned on my skin is immoral  
The shackle of frailness confines one to crawl with one  
self

A smell of corrosion forcefully clashes within  
Sensorial conditions, human emissions grown thin

A symbol of power as dark as the night  
No measure for intolerance, we'll keep up the fight

This structure of violence  
Now becomes silence is hurtful  
Beginning our obsession  
We've now learned our lessons despite

It's burned on your head  
It's burned on your skin  
It's burned on your eyes  
A barcode never lies

A symbol of power as dark as the night  
No measure for intolerance, we'll keep up the fight

This toilsome aggression  
Is now getting harder to fight  
Solutions of leverage, internal combustion is tight

It's burned on your head  
It's burned on your skin  
It's burned on your eyes  
A barcode never lies

A symbol of power as dark as the night  
No measure for intolerance, we'll keep up the fight  
A world of dominance will now pervade  
The cloud covers the sun, the light begins to fade

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