

Covette

"Machines Taking Over"

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Screaming for that final way,
Who's to find you through this thick unsteady hall,
all that hails to the king of fame,
will not live to see the day denial,

cause they're making us, and faking us into colonies
that they hide from,

paying with shipments,
no guarantees no returns,
a product of the provider is,
I think I see oh no it couldn't be,
the golden ticket to heaven,

cause they're making us, and faking us into colonies
that they hide from,
To predict the ties of infamy is to paralyze the heart
and soul of life,

incase the earth before sunrise,
it all seems familiar,
men dressed up, disguised, but you can not defeat the
eyes .

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