

## **Program The Dead "Reductionist"**

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The existential vacuum is on  
Suck, sucking making us numb  
Can you feel it stuck on your sleeves  
Eating your friends, stealing the air you breathe

Conscience has not yet had it's say

And even if you want to turn it off  
Attention, tension it won't ever stop  
It's got of hold of you and all the same  
Act like the rest, then give up your name

Conscience has not yet had it's say

Said you were just like them  
Reductionist  
You turn me on

So let it go  
The vacuum is on again  
Suck, sucking you and all your friends  
And I guess they know, they really know when  
All of the sudden, you don't act like them

You turn me on  
And then it's not right  
It's not too late  
To save your life

You turn me on

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