

Sicks Deep "Programmed"

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The formula dictates I'm destined for failure;
The catalog consisting only of god's choosing.
All insecurities are born of a snap-shot;
The stats are evident: we cannot succeed if we already failed.

Slave to the fourth branch of control;
To the constraints on the limitations in my head;
Programmed inside.
Got a collar on my neck;
Blame me 'cause I let it in.

Down with statistics
Follow your heart
Programmed restrictions
We tear ourselves apart.

Down with statistics
Follow your heart
So illogistic
We tear ourselves apart!

The middle-class is but a slave to contentment;
All of our parents are a product of classism;
The greed of power-dons dictating the lesson;
The lesson consisting of selfish preservation of influence.

Slave to the fourth branch of control;
To the constraints on the limitations in my head;
Programmed inside.
Got a collar on my neck;
Blame me 'cause I let it in.

Down with statistics
Follow your heart
Programmed restrictions
We tear ourselves apart.

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We tear ourselves apart!

Down with statistics
Follow your heart
Programmed restrictions
We tear ourselves apart.

Down with statistics
Follow your heart
So illogistic

Save yourself!
Raising hell!
Save yourself!

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