

Skar "Freak Box"

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The voices telling me how to live
The greedy bastard tells me give give give
Another know it all offers a way
If I agree to slave and pay
The colors comfort the null and void
Entertainment they all enjoyed
The source of overstimulation
The deathknell of another nation

The box directs my life
To wipe the slate of sense
To tell me what to think of
No one's ever right...

The picture to hypnotize the dumb
The disease to which millions succumb
A lie, a life, and a broken dream
All surround the glowing screen
Transmissions of the insane
Killing all the cells within my brain
A drug more lethal than any you know
Fed to you in the form of show

The box directs my life
To wipe the slate of sense
To tell me what to think of
No one's ever right...
The box directs my ways
To wipe the minds of thought
To fuck me like a cheap fix
No one's ever safe...

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