

Slipknot "Execute"

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It appears
That we have reached the edge,
That zenith where stimuli
And comatose collide.
Forty years ago, the man proclaimed
The age of the gross to be upon us,
And even though the man
Was destroying our heritage
And insulting our intelligence,
That era has become very real.
We labor for pleasure
And abhor the guilt of pressure.
My generation will go down
As the architects
Of contemporary disgust.
Some have fought and died.
Others have allowed the strong
To be butchered for a price
They themselves don't care about
And will never understand.
I myself am beleaguered
By the selfish face
Of a kind of man
That is not mankind.
Distrust in information.
Fundamentalism of opinion.
Catastrophic boredom,
And a fanatical devotion
To that which does not matter.
Where is your glory now, people?
Where are your gods and politicians?
Where is your shame and salvation?
You rage for no reason
Because you have no reason.
What have you ever fought for?
What have you ever bled for?
The face of the earth is scarred
With the walking dead.
The age of the gross is a living virus.
This is the future you have created.
This is the world you have set ablaze.
All your lies are coming true.

All freedom is lost.
All hope is gone.

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