

Theory In Practice

"The Expiring Utopia"

Visit "[The Expiring Utopia](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hammered and chiselled to fit
I carry the yoke of total self-denial
Slaves under doctrinal morals
Our minds are forged by the elite-technocracy

Wrapped in anonymity we're forced into patterns
Of flattered emotional response
We know all too well that our minds and bodies
Are but expendable software

Like binary series of numbers
We stand in queue to be erased

Increasing materialistic strife
Has redefined the meaning of life
And the inflation of organic substance is high

Through misty eyes, sometimes we see beyond
And sense the time when we still lived
But too tight are we chained to escape
The path to mental freedom is forever lost

Cold and unfeeling we walk
On desolate streets that speak of times forgotten
REduced to expendable assets
We no longer question the reason

Like binary series of numbers
We stand in queue to be erased

Through misty eyes, sometimes we see beyond
And sense the time when we still lived
But too tight are we chained to escape
The path to mental freedom is forever lost

Visit [Theory In Practice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.