

Twelve Tribes "Backburner"

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Praise the new drug!
Your routine is the latest trend
And you're wearing your enslavement
Like a prescription fashion statement
Hallelujah!
Your progress has been projected
To crash into this glass ceiling and burn

When this process fits you it will possess you
To reinvent the individualist

'Cause we are the living dead
Dreams fall apart into pieces
Before you know it, you've lost them
The dream has long been forgotten
The dream is dead
You've reached a new low

When this process fits you it will possess you
To reinvent the individualist

'Cause we are the living dead
Who fear not of man or God
Raise yourself up from the dead
So far you've been useless

Dreams fall apart
Reinvent

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