Project Pitchfork "Merry-Go-Round-To-Hell"

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We're the children of the first-world A livestock for consume and fuel for a machine We think in circles directed by TV We obey to numbers they tell us how to be

Round and round we go
To get a distance from what we know
We are the waste of this earth
Damned since our birth
This is a merry-go-round to hell
The keys got lost
It screams in our cell
More and more we seal
To get a distance from how we feel

We're locked into rooms
We burn for a machine
It feeds us but keeps us apart
Perception fixed into the past
We don't see a trap although it's vast

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We move backwards into the future Driven by needs we follow the order If there is a free will still We accidently kill With all this distance We see ourselves Disconnected from any feeling We are like the flies on the ceiling

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This is a merry-go-round to hell [8x]

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