

## **Last Poets**

### **"Mean Machine"**

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Driving me nuts, bolts, screws  
I got the blues from paying dues  
For programmed news of honeycoated lies  
Your eyes can't believe  
That weave the Devil's magic with the latest gadget  
From the Mean Machine  
A'running the Same Game with Another Name  
Down to your brain, blowing your mind  
Stealing your time, smooth and slick  
With the latest trick to get rich quick  
From nonsense at your mind's expense  
As your mind digs the scene  
From the Mean Machine  
Designed to drive your brain insane  
Loudspeakers blasting inside your head  
Saying what someone else said  
For you to do what they want you to  
No. Go. Fast. Slow.  
Getting you high off the latest lie  
Telling you when, where, how and why  
As your mind digs the scene  
From the Mean Machine,  
A'running the Same Game with Another Name  
Factories of insanity playing on your vanity  
As they distort your sense of self  
Telling you what you need and how to succeed  
As they steal all of your wealth  
Probing your mind, trying to find  
How to scheme on you best  
From programmed schools with Devilish rules  
Putting you to the test  
Death dealing devices sold at high prices  
Designed with you in mind to buy  
As they kill you slow and some of y'all don't even know  
Y'all paying the Machine to die  
Mechanized lies dressed up in disguise  
In forms of various kinds  
Treachery and deceit the people must defeat  
In the battle for free men's minds  
For complete domination is the goal of this nation  
Of all free thinking thought

And those who oppose will be killed by their foes  
The flunkies whose souls have been bought  
Transplants to revive the living dead  
Replacing the truth with lies instead  
Newspapers, radios, TVs  
Spreading lies across seven seas  
Robot men with computers for brains  
Space ships, cars, trains and planes  
All calculated to blow your mind  
Moving faster than your sense of time  
Living luxuriously soft while the people slave hard  
For the Devil would have you believe he is God  
Chemical drugs that keep you high  
While the Mean Machine creates another lie  
For power and glory and world wide fame  
While Running the Same Game with Another Name  
It's the computer's equation for world wide invasion  
That comes in the name of peace and goodwill  
But all of them are lying as they keep on trying  
To set the people up for the kill  
Population control of the people with soul  
All over the planet Earth.  
Manipulating their will with a tiny white pill  
To control their natural birth  
Behind the scene schemes furthering the Mean  
Machine's  
Dreams  
Of conquest and world domination  
From the farthest depths of the universe  
To the smallest earthly nation  
Radar, Sonar, Laser beams!  
Jets, Tanks, Submarines!  
Megathons, H-Bombs, Napalm, Gas!  
All this shit will kill you fast  
All products of the Mean Machine  
The Devil disguised as a human being  
And he will even preach that God is dead  
And some of y'all will believe what the Devil has said  
And he will then act as the world's police  
And the sun will rise up in the West  
And set down in the East  
And when it came time for the end...  
And when it came time for the end...  
And when it came time for the end...  
The men will look like the women  
And the women like the men  
And some will dance in a hypnotic trance  
Like as if they have no care  
But these will be signs of the changing times  
That the end is drawing near  
For it was prophesized many centuries past

That the end will come in a fiery holocaust  
And only the righteous people will survive the blast  
And the Devil's machine will bring about his own end  
And peace, love and joy will reign once again  
And man will understand man  
And man will understand man  
And man will understand man  
And man will understand man  
And man will understand man  
And man will understand man  
And live in harmony and peace  
And the sun will once again  
Rise up in the East

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