

Gut-Shot

"Empty Mirror"

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Another spoke in the wheel
This cannot be real
Don't dare to turn your back
Suffer a heart attack
Part of the machine
Forgotten how to scream
To them we are but whores
Tore out our vocal chords
But the future's getting old
The past is gone or sold
Complacency's to blame
You killed yourself to stay the same
Faded, nothing in the mirror
Dreaming, wishing not existing
Shackled, break out of the system
Before you're invisible
Dying to be replaced
First rat to leave the race
Forgotten like a dream
Reality is as unreal as it seems
Shadows in a daze passing by day after day
Asleep in your pod
Over time left to rot
Choke on the fumes
Lose a limb or two
Trapped deep in this machine
Teeming with the unseen
Robots made out of men
With malicious intent
Sterilized with lies
Making our minds impotent
Future's getting clearer
Looking at my empty mirror
Last thing you'll ever see
In case of emergency
Break glass

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