

Slavegod

3TEETH

Fed from the hand
No seat at the table
You drink from the plan
Direct from the cable
No place to stand
Just curled in your cradle
Your calcified gland
Replaces your navel
Distractions demand
You eat the whole plateful
Tasting so bland
Existence so shameful
Gripping the sand
Resistance is fatal
This world's a sham
Fuck your tower of babel
Crucify your eyes
For what you see
Outside
With our lies
That try
To conjure this reality
To conjure this reality
I deny
Crucify reality
Crucify reality
Fed from the brand
Your purchase the fable
You think for the man
As part of his stable
Obeying his plan
Mundane and faithful
In constant remand
So inescapable
Existence so dammed
From fathers betrayal
Never expand
Existence so shameful
Gripping the sand
Resistance is fatal
This world's a sham
Fuck your tower of babel
Crucify your eyes
For what you see
Outside
With our lies
That try
To conjure this reality
To conjure this reality
I deny
Crucify reality
Crucify reality
Imperial hate
Wet with venom
Self-deciet
The perfect weapon
Rusted gates

No momentum
Open wounds to disconnection
Fear is your God
Fear is our God
Bow to the law of his almighty fraud
Fear is our God
Bow to the law of his almighty fraud