

## (Dis)Connected

### Betraying the Martyrs

I can't hear you when you speak with your fingers and thumbs  
You're dying to show us just how fake you have become  
So let me ask you kid, are you feeling alive?  
This is the end so come with me  
Come with me - let's pretend

We've bred a bent-backed race bent on hiding the truth  
Degenerated, separated, brain-dead youth  
So let me ask you - who are you - do you feel alive  
Tell me do you feel alive

We've never been so connected - never felt so alone  
So many friends yet we stand on our own  
Never felt so neglected  
How can we speak at all with our mouths sewn shut?

We are the walking fucking dead

Let's look at life through real eyes  
Let's look at what we've become  
Brain-dead army of robotical sons  
Now a brain-dead army of robotic sons

Are you worthless - are you dead or alive?  
Put it online, let the numbers decide  
Your heart beats - you're walking  
Talking and breathing  
But you're dead inside

So let me ask you again, are you feeling alive?  
Generation of the walking dead  
Dead inside

I can't hear you when you speak with your fingers and thumbs  
You're dying to show us just how fake you have become  
Do you feel alive?

We've never been so connected - never felt so alone  
So many friends yet we stand on our own  
Never felt so neglected  
How can we speak at all with our mouths sewn shut?

We have all become a brain-dead army of robotical sons