

# Human Machines

Broadside

Working and working my life away,  
with nothing to show but my bills are paid.  
But inside you know  
that you're all alone.  
What can you do  
when the world moves on without you?

I chose a path  
that wasn't there before.  
I'm not limiting myself  
to just one single door.

But you'll always be tied down,  
Restricted by the pain that grips your life.  
I felt it,  
so focused,  
just barely scraping by.

Working and working my life away,  
with nothing to show but my bills are paid.

Consume, repeat,  
and force yourself to sleep.  
Weak hands, sore feet,  
but it makes you feel complete.

The weight of the world's got you  
fallen to your knees.  
So learn how to crawl before  
you stand on your feet.

You can't believe  
that you can feel complete.  
While questioning to fill your tank  
or maybe you should eat.  
If somehow you can make it through,  
working knuckles black and blue,  
somehow finding time for you.  
Some will win,  
some may lose.

We are all drowning in an ocean of greed.  
The rich will climb your shoulders  
just to breathe.

Consume, repeat,  
and force yourself to sleep.  
Weak hands, sore feet,  
but it makes you feel complete.

The weight of the world's got you  
fallen to your knees.  
So learn how to crawl before  
you stand on your feet.

I know you're weak and tired,  
you feel like givin in.

You question if it's really worth it,  
you've got to look inside.  
You've got to realize  
remember that the struggle's worth it.

Inside you know that you're all alone  
but still you try.

And so you,  
consume, repeat,  
and force yourself to sleep.  
Weak hands, sore feet,  
but it makes you feel complete.

The weight of the world's got you  
fallen to your knees.  
So learn how to crawl before  
you stand on your feet.