

# The Luddite

## Corrosion of Conformity

Shadowed truth never tries to hide  
An inconvenient pride  
Builds abundant supplies  
As the Puritan dies  
The attrition machine  
Builds a new guillotine  
And in the place of its birth  
Breeds a new Nazarene

Grind down the iron gears  
Plunge the pike, work, work

With extinct human skills  
Nevermore can you choose  
Now oppressor resistor  
You've got nothing to lose  
With a noble existence  
Forged through heart and through hand  
This machine has burned down  
The ever providing man

Grind down the iron gears  
Plunge the pike, work, work

A distant wind breeds fire  
Burning tall  
Preaching to the choir  
The lost retain control  
Oh, burn 'em down

Now hungry for oblivion  
What have the powerful become  
Piles of flesh, greed and sin  
Devoured by the teeth of angry laymen  
Plunging the knife  
In this black industry  
A humbled rebirth  
The green Earth now remains free

Grind down the iron gears  
Plunge the pike, work, work

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Plunge the pike, work, work

A distant wind breeds fire  
Burning tall  
Preaching to the choir  
The lost retain control

Collective reason by riot  
The oppressor cannot deny it  
Technology burns  
When the Luddite returns