

Too Much, Too Little

Cryptic Slaughter

You're advancements in technology
Aren't all they're cracked up to be
Life becomes more complicated
Human knowledge becomes outdated
Is that what you meant to do?
Use the world as your tool
No room for my own beliefs
This nightmare becomes reality
Too much technology
Too little control
Machines replace people
Wires replace their souls
World with little to lose
And even less to gain
Time stands still
As the worms eat into my brain
The worms eat into my brain
I won't be made machine
I'd rather stay myself, human being
Another number in the book of life
Another robot seeing through your eyes
Time slips by as my mind decays
It seems to get worse every fucking day
You see a country on the rise
What I see is a country's decline
I've begun to see new light
My future dreams are in my sight
You can't take my strong resistance
I see beyond your shallow existence
With time you'll control it all
The world awaits on your call
You'll have the power that you need
For your mechanic society