

Machine Slave

Front Line Assembly

Pretty faces all lined up
Strutting all their corporate stuff
Like taken puppets they dance around
Devouring this valuable sound

Star eyed people wait for a turn
Only to see it's just a burn

Spike the bass in your face
Smell the dust, grind the rust
Spike the bass in your face
Smell the dust, grind the rust

Mega dope
Mega beat

Winding down that tarnished road
Truthful stories never told
The price they pay, the seconds of fame
This game we play, the ultimate way

Man I'm getting some really strange readings in here

Spike the bass
Smell the dust

Mega dope
Mega beat
Mega fake
Mega cheap

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Broken promises, fashionable hope
This big illusion, one big joke
Plastic people living the dream
Sell their soul to make the scene

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Mega slave
Mega brave
Mega fine
Mega slime

God help us