

They say there's a sky above
Can you see it from the holes they've dug
Gotta have a soul first to sell it
Everyone's got a story and they're dying to tell it
In the land of blame, new cells with new strings
Division and doubt is what they crave
So fucking lost in a web of shit
There's almost no one left that won't get caught in it

Slaves to the screen
Disciples of greed
They want our end and they have the means
Slaves to the screen
Injustice machines

Slaves to the screen
Fanatics and fiends
Disarmed by powers that be
When there's no one left to trust
It's us against us

Leaders crown with false patriotic wreaths
Spewing promises of opportunity
Disillusions, we imprison those
Who numb their hearts and minds just to cope
It's plain to see they don't even care
Erasing equality, dismissing what's fair
History forgotten conveniently
Is destined to happen again repeatedly

Slaves to the screen
Disciples of greed
They want our end and they have the means
Slaves to the screen
Injustice machines

Slaves to the screen
Fanatics and fiends
Disarmed by powers that be
When there's no one left to trust
It's us against us

We are all just caught in the injustice machine