

What the fuck has happened? Cause everything sacred
Has been reduced to shit by the "heavy" hand of trend-
selling pricks.

No more heroes, just human waste. Our idols have been replaced
By hideous faces of frauds who pretend to feel lost.
Disgraces of bands who buy their souls at wholesale cost
And sell them back with no remorse to the walking, walking dead
whores.

So count the numbers and on to the next city.
Preach to the choir of unknowing children
Who will scream back to you
With sterile expressions of passion.
Oh how I pity you who think you've struck gold,
But you're mining for shit in a sea of coal.

You're taking our love and swallowing it whole.
Digesting it into excrement for the suits to mass-produce
In an assembly line force-fed into the mouths of the youth.
This is a sad and bitter truth.

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So what can we do to save
Everything we love that's been made a joke by capitalist fucks?
'Cause one by one, every kid who could have had
A mind of his own is being beaten into submission
By the industrialization of artistic freedom.
Let's end this plague before it ruins everything
Of substance, everything sacred.
Let's end this plague before it ruins everything.

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