

Wax Statues

Hellshock

I hope this culture that we make won't be forgotten
You have to know where you went wrong
or is that thought pre-ordained
An individual is just one who follows the rules

Your soul bought off the rack
Who controls what you'll be today
A new commercial tomorrow
Frozen in place like wax statues

With all that direction you seem distorted
Too many things that you want to be
Manipulation is a cycle
And all your lies are self absorbed

Force down bile to fit the mold
Once you're in it stays that way?
All the power you feel still won't set you free

You still think it's out of your hands
Open up your eyes and see what they've made you
The reflection seems crooked and weak