

Primitive Rage

Incendiary

All we know is steel and stone
We're worked to the death, we're worked to the bone
Spreading ourselves thin, striping ourselves bare
We turn the screws too beaten to care

Bottle up with spite, lying dead in the fight
Exposing our skin to parasites
The brain rot of the digital age
Leave our bodies stuck in a primitive rage

Getting ahead by bowing down
And we fuck our heads when we're feeling down
Getting ahead by bowing down
And we fuck our heads when we're feeling down

The lives of the desperate are loud
Matched by the noise from the screens
Pretending everything's fine
We save our fears for our dreams

Forcing a fucking reckoning
Forcing a fucking reckoning

Forcing a reckoning set us free
Forcing a reckoning set us free