

Cog In The Wheel

Jaya the Cat

Like a dead planet circling a dying star,
passing the time in factories and bars
blue lights flicker
up and down the blocks
harvested minds,
no independent thoughts and the
cold rain falls on the
land of the free, you know the
gate swings open but
the beast won't leave and it's
plugged in so long
you're addicted to the current,
plugged in so long
you're addicted

Cog in the wheel,
perpetuate the system
signal is lost,
but no one's left to listen
seems like your soul is missing

Well the tank is empty
but the cage refilled
airwave static
looking for a signal as the
drugs kick in,
one moment of silence
before the pain fades one
final reminder:
that's better off
just left alone
so we push the amp until the
speakers blow
and a voice comes in across
this shortwave radio
just calling out

What are we doing here,
what are we doing here,
what are we doing here,
what are we doing here

Sheep in the flock,
but the shepherd's missing
signal is lost,
but no one's left to listen
this is my last transmission

What are we doing here,
what are we doing here,
what are we doing here,
what are we doing here,
what are we doing here,
what are we doing here,
what are we doing here,
what are we doing here?
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