Digitally Transmitted Disease

King Conquer

Fallen I'll to a sickness that is incurable
Spreading throw all ages, from young to old.
It rots from inside out, making us brain dead,
To think for our self's.
Electorally motivated as human subjects,
Becoming more like robots everyday
More like them,
Everyday
More like robots everyday
Don't you lie to my fucking face,
I'm not going to be like the rest of them,
Chained down, restricted from Life,
Forced into, a clay modeled existence.
Microchips implant underneath the surface of the skin...
We are the face of tomorrow!
Caught up in our own, worldly desires,
Not thinking if there is going to be a tomorrow,
What I see is our own Inquisition of man,
Betrayed by the people who we trusted the most,
Have turned to greed and pushed away.
We have been pushed away.

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!