

These endless isles of commercial piles  
With millions of items for miles and miles  
Sometimes I suddenly feel like my own worst enemy  
I can't help but wonder  
Somewhere in this place are we all just on display

And everywhere I see machines spewing out  
Our violated dreams and,  
And finally I cannot breathe  
I cry out, but who will hear my screams?

I steer clear of my peers  
Stampeding humans are everywhere  
Sometimes I suddenly feel like my own worst enemy  
I can't help but wonder  
Somewhere in this place are we all just on display

And everywhere I see machines spewing out  
Our violated dreams and,  
And finally I cannot breathe  
I cry out, but who will hear my screams?  
Who will hear me?

And everywhere I see machines spewing out  
Our violated dreams and,  
And finally I cannot breathe  
I cry out, but who will hear my screams?

And everywhere this factory  
Just goes on  
Into eternity  
I know I've fallen in too deep  
I cry out, but who will hear my screams?  
Who will hear me?