

Bad Machine

Slaves

You're a bad machine
You never do as you're told
So now they'll switch you off and let you turn cold
Inside the factory
The walls talk to me
They tell stories of money, power, lust, and greed

In the factory (In the factory)
The walls talk to me (What you doing, What you saying?)
They tell me I'm a bad machine (Yeah you're a bad machine)
I'm a bad machine

I'm a bad machine

I've been hungry
For a thousand days
My feet mark the cold floor where my body lays
and it rots and decays

You should
Wash your hands of your religion
Hungry little organism
Wash your hands of your religion
Hungry little organism

In the factory (In the factory)
The walls talk to me (What you doing, What you saying?)
They tell me I'm a bad machine (Yeah you're a bad machine)
I'm a bad machine

Bad Machine
You're a bad machine
Yes, you are

You're a bad machine
You never do what you're told
So now they'll switch you off and let you turn cold
With the rest of us