

Reaching for the end, I wouldn't hold my breath  
Smothered thoughts, all alike, machine-like beings walk on by  
...through smoulderning remains...  
Scorched by flames, from the burning cold  
Mental ice-age, reality postponed  
When all is said and done, what will be left of you?

All signs point toward regression  
None show the width of their obsession  
...the undeniable truth...  
So weak, so forgotten and so forfeit  
Without conscience and without faith  
No beliefs to call your own, their origin remains unknown

No equality in present day  
There's been no progress made  
You're still here to produce and to consume

No equality in present state  
There's been no progress made  
And we're all still their slaves

Shocking truth, deliverer of pain  
Better start to move, don't just sit down and drown in shame  
...of not doing anything...  
When the seas calm down  
But only then will our fury finally sleep  
Until then this whip will deal out its lashes constantly

No equality in present state  
There's been no progress made  
And we're all still their slaves  
And we're all still their slaves