

Progress?

Amebix

Progress? That's just regression
Technology? That's nothing new
"Advance!" you scream insanely
"Advance"? From this to what?

And every time you smile I smell decay, killer!
Your empty eyes stare, cold and grey, look at that face!

Machinery (master?), we're all expendable
It's just so obvious, it's more dependable
This progress will mean a number
Branded to your skin

They lead you to your slaughter
Like they lead a horse to water
They can't force you to drink
But you do!