

Broken Will

Corrosion of Conformity

Your mind is controlled
You're a puppet on a string
Their flag you'll wave
Their anthem you'll sing
Your will is broken
Where it once was strong
You've got no choice
But to go along

So come along quietly
We'd like to hear your views
If they're not ours
We'll just turn some screws

There's no use resisting
So don't you try
You'll be a good citizen
Or you'll die
We've got big plans
For someone like you
So come along we'll brainwash you

No voice. No choice. Obey or die.
No voice. No choice. Obey or die.