

Syndical Proletariate

Hit The Switch

Waste your life!

Blood and sweat forged in flesh,

Just a lust fuck in vein,

Born and bred raised and pledged,

In allegiance ordained,

From just a child you'll soon learn your place,

Live in fear or in pain,

Make your choice.

The privileged have interest invested,

Disgraced and exploited by our own kind,

The purpose to live without question,

To keep you in line.

Through mass abatement by way of control,

The pacifier disables dissent,

Consumer lives,

Our culture flaws,

The workhorse fills with malcontent.

The cultivation of bodies for labor,

Preconditioned to think and behave like clones,

Are we to die without purpose?

Or shall we rise in defiant hell?

I'd rather die on my feet than to serve them on my knees.