

## Strange Deception

Holy Moses

He's got blood shot eyes, skin like wax  
He's malding them like clay, twisting their souls  
Aimed and giting deep, voracious  
Fragile minds, he rips them apart

He faints their conscience  
(We are more than just conditiened apes)  
He breakes the proud one's will  
(Now we've got the chance to break our chains)  
He stools their purpose  
(We are more so face the fucking truth)  
You're just machines

He's in service of something strange  
Something untomed, that won't be denied  
Reaping health, he stirs the crowd  
Making them believe, his prophecy

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That's folic you've machines  
Nothing but fucking machines  
You can't be anything, but what you are  
And that's a goddamned machines  
You are a goddamned machines

You are machines  
You've done, if you don't get into it