

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