

# Profit Margins

Intro5pect

Presented like a product,  
Placed in a black box  
The promise of salvation,  
Is enough to make us watch  
There is no thought,  
And there is no concern  
We can't retrace our steps  
Across the bridges that we burn  
But were content to be  
Getting what we're getting for free  
So we lock our chains  
And we throw away the key  
But the free comes at a price  
That we'd rather not think about  
The free comes at a price  
We'd rather not think about.  
Well we don' think much  
About much these days  
So the chance of that happening  
Quickly fades away  
Into another haze of emotion,  
Another blur of product  
Far from any pretense  
And removed from any context  
But nothing really seems  
To be in context anymore  
We sold our integrity  
And now we are the whores  
With our blue plastic checking cards  
And silicone implants  
Our pre-constructed world  
That has all us trapped

[Chorus]

(and) All we are...

Is a tool to be used to pay  
For someone else's rent  
A profit gain of 23%

(and) All we are...

Pieces of paper to be torn into shreds  
A small piece of capital to be worked until our death

Salvation in consumption  
Is an absurd way to live  
Products as religion  
Is too much to give  
So we fill our lives with useless items  
To make up for ourselves  
And we fill our heads with excuses  
To justify our wealth  
But the greed that fuels our consumption  
Seems to be accepted  
And not just as a fault,  
But as a trait to be respected  
How we got to this point  
Is a question without answer

We can blame it on TV,  
But we set the standard  
All of this hypocrisy  
Just leaves me more confused  
Expecting something more  
When i should just be amuzed  
At the pettiness, the irony,  
The ignorance, and abuse  
The individual twines we braid  
Into one collective noose  
Cause at the age of 24  
You can't expect me to accept  
That the standards of humanity  
Coul possibly be less  
All we ever wanted  
Was to be something more than this  
All we ever wanted  
Was to be something more than this!

[Chorus]