Make my decisions, carry my flame
Reading my lines for the camera's stare
Sentenced to follow
Mental incision easy to trace
Recycled all of my daily rhymes
Force me to read them the same
Minds that were not made for dreaming
Raise a functional
Hand that was not made for seeing
What we have become
There are no uncensored programs
We must refrain
Clear your minds
Run to be free

Waking in circles, man or machine
What are these programs we enter now
Are they not really the same
Minds that were not made for dreaming
Raise a functional
Hand that was not made for seeing
What we have become
There are no uncensored programs
We must refrain
Clear your minds
Run to be free
I'm reading your life line
There is no time all systems go

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