

These endless isles of commercial piles
With millions of items for miles and miles
Sometimes I suddenly feel like my own worst enemy
I can't help but wonder
Somewhere in this place are we all just on display

And everywhere I see machines spewing out
Our violated dreams and,
And finally I cannot breathe
I cry out, but who will hear my screams?

I steer clear of my peers
Stampeding humans are everywhere
Sometimes I suddenly feel like my own worst enemy
I can't help but wonder
Somewhere in this place are we all just on display

And everywhere I see machines spewing out
Our violated dreams and,
And finally I cannot breathe
I cry out, but who will hear my screams?
Who will hear me?

And everywhere I see machines spewing out
Our violated dreams and,
And finally I cannot breathe
I cry out, but who will hear my screams?

And everywhere this factory
Just goes on
Into eternity
I know I've fallen in too deep
I cry out, but who will hear my screams?
Who will hear me?