

Machine

Morna

Assimilate and fall in line
Or live your life a stereotype
Swallow your pride just to survive
Fight the standards or lay down and die

This is your life
In the machine
You give it blood
You make it breathe

There's no way out, no end in sight
Embrace your fate or wallow in strife
This depression is real, it is not a disease
You can die on your feet or live on your knees

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Living life in chains you're as good as dead
Accepting these ideas that they crammed in your head
Question everything and question yourself
You can't trust a soul in this manmade hell

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