

# Corporate Harvest

## Pathology

Our lives are on auction,  
We are the slaves to a corporate harvest.  
To create a perfect, a flawless world,  
There is nothing pure left.  
The degradation of all our nations,  
The ongoing wave of technology  
Over running life.  
Continuing and determining to  
Finding faster ways to  
Be controlled by material possessions.  
Buying and consuming,  
Ingesting and exploiting,  
Brainwashed by the mindless media,  
No stimulation in our minds.  
We are rapidly running out of time,  
No individuality, no knowledge,  
No hope, no solace.  
The final move has been made,  
The day is drawing near.  
We have hit our peak,  
Our existence is bleak.  
Our lives are on auction,  
We are the slaves to a corporate harvest.