

# The Shape of Things to Come

Pro-Pain

Open your eyes and close the door  
We've had enough and we won't be taking no more  
Don't turn around until you're home  
And leave us to ourselves to be with your own  
We built this house for us to share with those we trust  
At times too much we give the world in which we live

Brainwash with a Mega dose of TV  
The bleeding hearts convince us to be PC  
Their sentiment just don't mean shit to me  
So lock me up and throw away the key

Beneath we're all the same  
Don't be so fucking lame  
Our minds are duly raped just to change the shape of things to  
come  
Get lost - there's another town to taint an another will to bre  
ak  
But worst of all it's all our fault