

The End of Us

Prozak

How many times must you try, must you fail?
Freedom is a state of mind, transcended through hell
Give it up, walk away
You must conform to the norm
You been a slave to the grind from before you was born
Product of enviroment, must obey 'till retirement
You see the shackling chains hang from the monument
A hundred lives for every question you ask
You spent in animations like it's contradicts from the past

Extortion
Distortion
The words that they believe
My friend this is the end of us
Abortion
Emotion
To force upon the weak
So great this is the end of us

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The brother then is sent strange through the hourglass
You're in a spirit filled with rage as the hours pass
You can't describe how contrived is the final math
And your salvation all relies on financial class
Right now is the rise and the fall
Clenching up your fists with your back against the wall
You must fight for your lives with your eyes on the ball
If it trade through the gates and repel down the walls

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Alright, stop, listen
What's that sound?

Just think for a minute
And discover what is going down
You farm bred to become consumers
But who consumes who in this land of maneuvers?
The crafty ways in this maze
End of days, a perfect match for the empty graves
It's about time we think for ourselves
It's the right time to put the lies on the shelves
What!

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