

Population Control

Strung Out

i kneel to you when you preach to me / you're my god you're my
tv you control what i say you control what i hear you control w
hat i see my whole existence revolves around this cable to my m
ind. it's thought parole, population control / it's slavery of
mankind. under their control! and you're loving their control!
don't question the forces that govern your miserable life. don'
t seek out the answers that void your empty life. 'cause this m
elancholy vision is just a brief episode in this game called re
ality. it's somethin' i've been trying so hard to figure out.