

one at a time and they fall into line  
fall enslaved to a box slowly drained of a mind  
and the touch of a dial brings the sale of corruption  
to a nation of people frightened into consumption  
it more than escapes me how we can't escape  
what was only a mind fuck's turning into a rape  
an imagined potential for suffering and pain  
led to preying on fears for a financial gain

now we're safe cause we're locked up  
un-invaded, isolated  
but we're trapped cause we fucked up  
used by news that we felated  
tell me why  
did we put this trust in the sale of entertainment?  
and why  
are we frightened by these ghost stories they've painted?

we're not

have they got you scared of your own shadow?  
has this media hysteria poisoned your mind?  
did they take your freedom? or did you take your own?  
has implanted paranoia taken you for a ride

have they sent you hiding under a rock  
that could crush you just as easy as a terrorist plot?  
did they take your freedom or did you take your own?  
are possessions a concern when you're robbed of your thought?

switch off the box  
turn on your mind