

How are we supposed to know what's real?
The dirt, the bread, the snow, the rusty steel
Something in the neighborhood's not right
They'll stay indoors until the break of light
The clones, they've always said to stay in line
But I'd rather die than piss away my time
Our food's diseased by altered seeds and dies
So we take a pill and trust the doctor's lie

You want the hours back
Every night, a 12 pack
Stoned, they're all stoned
We want the hours back
Television soundtrack
Drones, no I won't
No I won't, no I won't
No I won't, no I won't
No I won't, no I won't
No I won't, no I won't

Here's my box enveloped in a giant force field
Down on my knees, filthy, I made a mistake
You were the drug that I couldn't shake
You were the habit that I couldn't break
Lying awake for 8 hours straight
Human, I am a rotten human

On your way, on your way
On your way, on your way
On your way, on your way
On your way

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