

Machines Have Control

Chorus:

The machines have control

Whatcha gonna do?

Subjugating perpetrating violence onto you

Look around because they're everywhere

Slowly closing in

Soon they'll be a part of you like living flesh and skin

Factories of human babies kept in green tinted aquariums

Control groups hypothesize glass walled terrariums

The trick is to allow humans the illusion of self-control

But some of us are free with the knowledge that we stole

White wall delirium like laboratory psyche ward

One out of every five people here is a cyborg

Machines lie to you, feed you and send you to war

Help you kill other humans, tell you what you're fighting for

There are places where they breed us for scientific purpose

In space stations not far from the earth's surface

Barcode babies scanned right into the database

A series of sequential numbers without a name without a face

Catalogued and carefully stored inside of boxes

They poisoned all the air and made the oceans fucking toxic

They control the rhythm of your day-to-day existence

Masquerading in the guise of mechanized assistance

Chorus

Computerized spreadsheets standardized assessments
Humans used as instruments in long-term investments
Manipulate the masses with race hate and classes
Create common enemies and scapegoat their asses
Pollution in the air
Progress in their pockets
Machines make machines smart bombs guns and rockets
Thermal grade optics we watch as the clock ticks
Straight backwards with toc tics
The time left to stop this
Slipping away as the night turns to day
The battlefield in your mind and there is no time to play
Machines comfort you so you don't try to think
And if you cause too much trouble then you'll end up in the clink
Critical thinking banned for the threat that it poses
Your name wiped from books like Egyptians did to Moses
They control the apathy that stops participation
Camouflaged in carnivals of group assimilation

Chorus

Antihero Underground organic machine destroyers
Existing in a constant state of war and paranoia
Media saturation, government denial
Slated for extermination with our names kept of file
Sabotage syndicate fighting to survive

Cold concrete, machines keep you alive
They occupy your consciousness to keep your soul distracted
With a multitude of useless thoughts and penetrating tactics
You cannot escape because they have already found you
Closer than you can imagine, take a moment look around you
Because they're everywhere, slowly closing in
And the line between man and machine is wearing thin
Cyborgs are among you
Living and taking from you
Some of them carry badges with electric guns to stun you
They patrol the border of your thoughtful contemplation
Pretending to be partisans of equal limitation.