Hate Machine

The Parkinsons

man cannot predict the consefuence
feed us into the hate machine and lead us to our own descent
we're trapped (amidst) conformity
the world is lost among itself its own obscurity
we must revive

fall into a self induced demise
the strong become the powerless and now they struggle to survice
do not reglect authority
the strength to save yourself or change all of humanity
we must unite and strive

Chorus:
as this world becomes our home, it's stripped and taken from our hand's
and then we're slit to the bone
take back these thorns around my neck, you'll wear them after
you will not see until i've been set free

Lyrics submitted by Eero.

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