Slave To The Machine

Killswitch Engage

Back from the dead, this is the final calling
Hands grip the throat of the system
Against the grain
No more waiting for a change
Refuse to kneel
Wallowing and choking on this force fed sanity
This is the final calling, feeding us apathy
Bow down and serve your master - the new machine
Fall into illusion
Lost in this false reality
White noise and confusion
Enslaved to the new machine
Beneath the haze, a spirit we should not contain

This life, the blood that flows within our veins
Change
Arise from your slumber
Refuse to kneel
Wallowing and choking on this force fed sanity
This is the final calling, feeding us apathy
Bow down and serve your master - the new machine
I refuse to bow down
I refuse to bow down to this system
The new machine's conquering, fused into our blood stream
I refuse
This is the final calling, feeding us apathy
Bow down and serve your master - the new machine

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