

Slave Labor

Fear Factory

My chains are paper thin, and they're welded with ink
Sealed inside a legal trap, so tight with a leak
A contract with the devil for a life of disdain
Seeping in the limelight at attention, slave! I blame myself
God, help me pour this gas on me
I need to drown in flames to be free
Help me pour this gas on me
Help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me [Repeat x4]
Chocking on the product for the mass
to consume
The flocks of mindless sheep that have been corporately groomed
Ignorance through apathy like drones in the hive
A slave on the trail, a willing conformed disguise
I blame myself
God, help me pour this gas on me
I need to drown in flames to be free
Help me pour this gas on me
Help me pour this gas on me [Repeat x11]
I sold my soul
God, help me pour this gas on me
I need to drown in flames to be free
Help me pour this gas on me
Help me pour, this gas on me [Repeat x4]
God help me pour this gas on me

Songwriters

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