

# Survivalism

## Microchip

I should have listened to her  
So hard to keep control  
We kept on eating but  
Our bloated belly's still not full  
She gave us all she had but  
We went and took some more  
Can't seem to shut her legs  
Our mother nature is a whore  
I got my propaganda  
I got revisionism  
I got my violence  
In hi-def ultra-realism  
All a part of this great nation  
I got my fist  
I got my plan  
I got survivalism  
Hypnotic sound of sirens  
Echoing through the street  
The cocking of the rifles  
The marching of the feet  
You see your world on fire  
Don't try to act surprised  
We did just what you told us  
Lost our faith along the way

And found ourselves believing your lies  
I got my propaganda  
I got revisionism  
I got my violence  
In hi-def ultra-realism  
All a part of this great nation  
I got my fist  
I got my plan  
I got survivalism  
All bruised and broken, bleeding  
She asked to take my hand  
I turned, just keep on walking  
But you'd do the same thing  
In the circumstance

I'm sure you'll understand  
I got my propaganda  
I got revisionism  
I got my violence  
In hi-def ultra-realism  
All a part of this great nation  
I got my fist  
I got my plan  
I got survivalism

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