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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