Merry-go-round-to-hell

Project Pitchfork

We're the children of the first-world
A livestock for consume and fuel for a machine
We think in circles directed by TV
We obey to numbers they tell us how to beRound and round we go
To get a distance from what we know
We are the waste of this earth
Damned since our birth
This is a merry-go-round to hell
The keys got lost
It screams in our cell
More and more we seal
To get a distance from how we feelWe're locked into rooms
We burn for a machine
It feeds us but keeps us apart
Perception fixed into the past
We don't see a trap although it's vastRound and round we go
To get a distance from what we know
We are the waste of this earth
Damned since our birth
This is a merry-go-round to hell
The keys got lost
It screams in our cell
More and more we seal
To get a distance from how we feel
This is a merry-go-round to hell
The keys got lost
It screams in our cell
More and more we seal
To get a distance from how we feelWe move backwards into the future
Driven by needs we follow the order
If there is a free will still
We accidently kill
With all this distance
We see ourselves
Disconnected from any feeling
We are like the flies on the ceilingRound and round we go
To get a distance from what we know
We are the waste of this earth
Damned since our birth

This is a merry-go-round to hell
The keys got lost
It screams in our cell
More and more we seal
To get a distance from how we feelThis is a merry-go-round to hell
[8x]

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