Smash The Control Machine

Otep

With the perfect hair and the perfect wife
And the perfect kids and the perfect life
I can finally be somebody
Let's play born-again American, resistance is the game
Two pigs wearing suits brought the news
That I'm wanted by the bank
They say the rent is due, Caesar's onto you
So you better remember your place
Then they outsourced my job and gave a raise to my boss
And bailed out the banks but billed me for the loss
They say we must submit and be one with the machines
'Cause the kingdom of fear needs compliance to succeed
So water board the kids for fun, it's all the rage
And play born-again American, resistance is the game
Smash the control machine, work, buy, consume, die
Smash the control machine, happy little slaves for minimum wage
The revolution will be monetized
And streamed live via renegade Wi-Fi
The clinic said I'm sick, toxic and impure
But there isn't any cure for the poor or uninsured
Do we live our digital lives on multiple screens?
And we forget that the blood of the workers greased the machines
In the psalm of the fiends, love discriminates
While the fat cats feed the rats their daily dose of cake
So water board the kids for fun, it's all the rage
And play born-again American, resistance is the game

Smash the control machine, work, buy, consume, die
Smash the control machine, happy little slaves for minimum wage
Smash the control machine, work, buy, consume, die
Smash the control machine, haters, betrayers, liars and thieves
America, she sold her soul for designer clothes
For the perfect lips and the perfect nose
The winner in the end always owns the most
Reality TV told her so
Money changer, greedy bankers, this is the peoples house
My minister has a sinister plan to save my soul with a credit card scam
Exploitation is contagious for the selfish and self inflated
Start a war, use the poor, watch our profits soar and soar

We've become a nation of wolves ruled by sheep
Owned by swine and overfed and put to sleep
And while the media elite decrees what to think
I am wide awake on the edge and on the brink
So when atlas shrugs and The Fountainhead bleeds
And when Wall Street apostles preach a gospel of greed
I'll renounce the fame of this gluttonous age
And be a born-again American, resistance is to blame
Smash the control machine, work, buy, consume, die
Smash the control machine, haters, betrayers, liars and thieves
Smash the control machine, a nation of wolves ruled by sheep
Exploitation is contagious
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