

Slave Labor

F-Minus

Machines 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 distain
Sleeping 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
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me 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 I sold my soul
(I sold my soul
(I sold my soul)
I sold my soul
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(I sold my soul)
(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 (God)
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
(Ohh God)
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
(Ohh God)
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me
(Ohh God)
God help me pour this gas on me
God help me pour this gas on me

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