Where's the Freedom?

Subhumans

We're going backwards
Into the sin of self-neglect
What do we stand for?
It's very easy to forget
The protest marches
Is it the done thing to object?
So where's the freedom?
Your conscience hangs around your neck
Where's the freedom?
We're going crazy
With paranoia, fear, and greed
Accepting standards
Believing what we hear and read
And when we think we've sussed out a new reality
But is this freedom just another hand from which we feed?
Where's the freedom?
We're going nowhere
In vicious circles we gyrate
The new sub-culture
With cliches painted on their face
We cannot see past
The elitest barriers we create
We reject the system
But put another in it's place
Where's the freedom?

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