

Manufacturing Greed (Live from Wers Radio, 2002)

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Commodify the vision and sanctify the rape with moral antidotes wide awake and dead, we consummate the bond, stomach tied in knots, driving class relations, engines working hard, this mechanism breeds contradictions, bury expectations, nothings going to last, the tide is turning back -revocation. They cant control us, theres nothing left, our thirst for vengeance, your dying breath, its a quiet revolution, from the city to the fields, were not forgotten, reject this greed machine. Hope is for the hopeless, dreaming for a life, as opiates replace human passion advertise our weakness, colonize our space, feed the appetite as force fed gluttons, its life in dead time, its self-decay, their so-called heaven, now rots away, its a quiet revolution, from the city to the fields, were not forgotten, reject this greed machine with golden eyes our gods will lead us, as labor-slaves we work away, drunk and baited, packaged, processed, this market-orgy fucks for pay. Cutting through the lies that bind us, fist-fucking the status quo, we loot and burn their paradise.burn. Their planets just a whorehouse, based on greed and avarice, demand your life and take it back, their world is dead and drunk on piss. your a slave if your collars white, a slave if your collars blue, chains locked around your neck, youll work too hard- youll work to death. Tides of human flotsam floating, tired and alone. the ones who want to fight are the ones who have no hope, bury all your trust just like you buried all your dreams, the ends that justify their rule will justify our means.

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