

New Machine

Overkill

Nailed to the cross by just words
Crucifixion complete
Close enough to the fire
To feel temptation's heat
It's gone away to taste the ground
Replaced by the incessant sound of fear There's a ring in my ears
I'm bleeding from my heart
Far away from love
The execution starts
Made us what we are today
A lonely pile of disarray We are the children of a new regime
We are the children of a new machine Mass production, thought controlled
No, I never knew my heart
No, never knew the love
That made them fall apart
It's gone away to taste the ground
Replaced by the incessant sound we hear We are the children of a new regime
We are the children of a new machine
We are the children of a new regime
We are the children of a new machine We are the children
Ya, the children
What of the children?
We are the children of a new regime
What of the children?
We are the children of the new machine What children?
The children
What of the children?
The children of the new machine
We are the children of the new machine
What of the children?
We are the children of the new machine
The machine, the machine
The machine, the machine
The machine, the machine
We are
We are

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