

Submission

Dust to Dust

There's a shotgun resting against your head
Pull the trigger and you're one amongst a billion walking dead
You're a puppet and we're gonna pull your strings
Corporate Gods and Manufacturers of all your
Kings, Queens and Jesters are tools for molesters
Who rape with persistence your will and resistance Your submission
Something you shouldn't allow
Your decision
I am your God right now
And before me you bow You're a lab rat locked up in a cage
We're always watching, taking notes and setting up the stage
And when the rodent is hungry for some cheese
We will give you what you want but first you have to Please us, appease us, your designer Jesus
Says do what I tell you and buy what I sell you

Lyrics provided by

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