

Slave To The Machine

Killswitch Engage

Back from the dead, this is the final calling

Hands grip the throat of the system

Against the grain

No more waiting for a change

Refuse to kneel

Wallowing and choking on this force fed sanity This is the final calling, feeding us apathy

Bow down and serve your master - the new machine Fall into illusion

Lost in this false reality

White noise and confusion

Enslaved to the new machine Beneath the haze, a spirit we should not contain

This life, the blood that flows within our veins

Change, arise from your slumber

Refuse to kneel

Wallowing and choking on this force fed sanity This is the final calling, feeding us apathy

Bow down and serve your master - the new machine I refuse to bow down

I refuse to bow down to this system

The new machine's conquering, fused into our blood stream, I refuse This is the final calling, feeding us apathy

Bow down and serve your master - the new machine

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