

2 11 (Post-Hardcore.COM)

From First to Last

There's something eating at the man,
He's a slave to the sound,
The puppeteers fly high above the ground,
No heart, the beast took its toll,
The corporation pumping black in his soul,
Their eyes gouged by the lack of information,
But sooner or later you'll see. Their eyes gouged by the lack of information,
But sooner or later you'll see. Fuck you, what did we do?
We're the machine in our own mess,
Oh no, where did we go?
Running the fortress,
I say we set this top ablaze
And star it over. I'd like to tear this temple down,
And I watch the crumbling stone
Smash skulls, I'll turn this bloody mess
Into my home
No heart, the beast took its toll,
The corporation pumping black in his soul,
Their eyes gouged by the lack of information.
Come on! Fuck you, what did we do?
We're the machine in our own mess,
Oh no, where did we go?
Running the fortress,
I say we set this top ablaze
And star it over. There's something living in the man,
And he fights for the sound,
Your corporate bullshit lies beneath
The cemetery ground. Fuck you, what did we do?
We're the machine in our own mess,
Oh no, where did we go?
Running the fortress,
I say we set this top ablaze
And star it over.
[x2]

Songwriters

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