

Machinery

Deathrow

I am walking through the streets
Of my old town
Looking back on the days
Of my youth
There are factories in the fields
Where we used to play
Clouds of smoke hang in the sky
And block out the sun
God bless this house, the car and the TV
Show us our idols in magazines
They build us prisons without any walls
Money rules we can't resist
Sankes of commercial TV
Decoy with their apples
False priests spit out their lies
Because God sells
If we don't pull ourselves
Out of this mud
Our children will have to pay
For our sins
God bless this house, the car and the TV
Show us our idols in magazines
They build us prisons without any walls
Money rules we can't resist
We're just wheels in a great
We're just wheels in a great
MACHINERY
Encircled and trapped by ourselves
We're enslaved to mass productions
Self-deception from a better life
Our behaviour brings corruption
We buy a pig in a poke
And we drown ourselves in the garbage
Supermarkets sell
Us their shit
We can't free ourselves
From this world of abuse
We're just wheels in a great
We're just wheels in a great
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