

# Oklahoma

## Darkest Hour

Within a mechanical pose  
And a heart pumping a need for control  
Forced to fit inside a mold  
Living to dehumanize is gonna take it's toll  
Take it in and let it saturate  
Under the skin until you can't even  
Remember when you first felt the sinking  
Feeling that something's missing you  
Traded for a gun  
Did we inflate your sense of pride?  
And did it feed your lust for power  
When you threw us to the ground  
You took what's ours and sold it back  
Another day another dollar for this town  
Your uniform made a perfect burial suit

Lyrics provided by

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