Population Control

Strung Out

I kneel to you when you preach to me
You're my God, you're my TV
You control what I say
You control what I hear
You control what I see
My whole existence revolves around
This cable to my mind
It's thought patrol
Population control
It's slavery of mankind
Under their control
And you're loving their control
Don't question the forces that
Govern your miserable life
Don't seek out the answers
That void your empty life
'Cause this melancholy vision
Is just a brief episode
In this game called reality
It's somethin' I've been trying
So hard to figure out

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