

# 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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