Consume

Scars Of Tomorrow

I wish I could erase it all
The history
The memories
Every downfall
Now is the time to draw that line
Fuck the cutthroat man
Fuck the corporate media
And fuck anyone who tries to warp our minds
Fiction as fact
It's just more weight on our backs
Force us to sit down but we will not sit back
Again it all comes down to money...
Fuck the business man
Poisoning my mind with ad campaigns
Warping young minds to judge success
On money and fame
We can't let ourselves fall into this
We can't sit by
And be so complacent
Again it all comes down to money...
FUCK THE BUSINESS MAN

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