

Camouflage, Bondage People

Survivors of a wasted land,
fed with an unknown brand.
You watch the forests fall -
the stars collide,
and you soylent green tonight.
Your dreams are fake and
you're always waiting,
just to get your soylent green tonight.
Oh, we're the bondage people,
Oh, we're the bondage people tonight.
You slowly lose your understanding,
no one knows what happens when.
You die tonight.
Your body's changing,
nothing's wasted and you're slashed and hacked to,
soylent green tonight.
(M:Maile / Meyn, T:Meyn)