

# Corrosion Of Conformity, Broken Will

Your mind is controlled  
You're a puppet on a string  
Their flag you'll wave  
Their anthem you'll sing  
Your will is broken  
Where it once was strong  
You've got no choice  
But to go along

So come along quietly  
We'd like to hear your views  
If they're not ours  
We'll just turn some screws

There's no use resisting  
So don't you try  
You'll be a good citizen  
Or you'll die  
We've got big plans  
For someone like you  
So come along we'll brainwash you

No voice. No choice. Obey or die.  
No voice. No choice. Obey or die.