

Death, Suicide Machine

Controlling their lives
Deciding when and how they will die
A victim of someone else's choice
The ones who suffer have no voice
Manipulating destiny
When it comes to living, No one seems to care
But when it comes to wanting out
Those with power, Will be there
Prolong the pain
How long will it last?
Suicide machine
A request to die with dignity
Is that too much to ask?
Suicide machine
How easy it is to deny the pain
Of someone else's suffering

Robbed of natural abilities
In death they now seek tranquility
In a confused state of mind
Extending agony, They must be blind
Manipulating destiny

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