

# Fear Factory, Slave Labor

Machines are paper thin, and they're welded with ink  
Sealed inside a legal trap, so tight with a leak  
A contract with the devil for a life of disdain  
Sleeping in the limelight at attention, slave!

I blame myself

God, help me pour this gas on me  
I need to drown in flames to be free  
Help me pour this gas on me  
Help me pour this gas on me

God help me pour this gas on me [x4]

Chocking on the product for the mass to consume  
The flocks of mindless sheep that have been corporately groomed  
Ignorance through apathy like drones in the hive  
A slave on the trail, a willing conformed disguise

I blame myself

God, help me pour this gas on me  
I need to drown in flames to be free  
Help me pour this gas on me  
Help me pour this gas on me

I sold my soul [x11]

God, help me pour this gas on me  
I need to drown in flames to be free  
Help me pour this gas on me  
Help me pour, this gas on me

God help me pour this gas on me [x4]