

Front Line Assembly, Barcode

This mark of impalement burned
On my skin is immoral.
The shackle of frailness confines one
To crawl with one self.

A smell of corrosion force
Fully clashes within
Sensorial conditions
Human emissions grown thin

It's burned on your head
It's burned on your skin
It's burned on your eyes
A barcode never lies

A symbol of power
As dark as the night
No measure for intolerance
We'll keep up the fight

This structure of violence
Now becomes. Silence is hurtful
Beginning our obsession we now
Learned our lesson. Despite

A world of dominance
Will now pervade
Clouds cover the sun
The light begins to fade

This toilsome aggression is
Now getting harder to fight
Solutions of leverage
Internal combustion is tight