

# Kilgore, Die Cast Mold

All of your opinions will be scrutinized  
You see your morals and beliefs  
Are not your own  
You've got to  
Follow the flock, catch up and stay in line  
Or they'll take away the keys  
To your own damn mind  
Your soul is not your own  
Your contributions will be recognized  
Only if they help to oil the machine  
In retribution you've got to realize  
You got to pick up a gun to be seen  
All of your ambitions will be demoralized  
You see you're only playing with half a deck  
Once again do you have to be told  
About the way you live your life  
In your die cast mold  
Shut up and only obey me  
Your contributions will be recognized  
Only if they help to oil the machine  
In retribution you've got to realize  
You got to pick up a gun to be seen  
All your applications will be denied  
You see you don't look and act like us  
My words hit hard as fist listen to what I say  
Or you will live a sheltered life til your dying day  
There ain't no way out  
Your own ambitions  
Your applications  
Your own opinions don't mean shit  
Your contributions  
In retribution  
You will find that there ain't no way  
Out!