

My Surface, Machinereggae

Teacher told me my function well.
I shouldn't see the prison cell
"Just don't ask why, don't look inside.
Believe the lie and you are right."
But I say:

You've got to get free of the machinery.

Well, so I tried, oh what a bore.
I knew they lied and wanted more.
There had to be another way.
I felt unfree every day.

Lord give freedom of these.
And let us live in peace.
Lord give freedom of these.
And let us live in peace.
We have to fight the who disagree
Our natural right to make us free.
Don't listen to the words they spread
Or they'll make you a livin' dead.