

Pacifier / Shihad, Factory

if you want a vision of the future
imagine a boot standing on a human face

speed is our god
speed: 'the new cannon of beauty'

caught in static ecstasy
we climb...
keep moving onward
keep moving forward
keep moving onward
down
ideas left in torment
ideals left to drown

stuck in the factory

growth is our motto
why? the answer's in productivity
gotta give up what's mine
gotta fall into line
confused, pathetic and manic
splinter and entirety
spear-like shard
breaking hard
we should be breaking you

stuck in the factory