

Progress, 587

Marching forth in slavery
Self imposed weights are keeping us in check.
It's chocolat covered slavery.
Media makes us think we need that crap.
Buy until we die.

(Chorus)

This economy lacks reality
But now the time has come to shout fuck you.
This society thrives on poverty
And now the times is finally there to stand up instead of stare.

Government is what we lack.
Like a machine that just keeps rolling on.
40 hours until we crack.
Souls just keep on working until they're all but gone

(Chorus)

Leaving us to face to 587 curse they provide.

(Chorus)

And now I see there's no choice for me
The things I see are so heartwrenching
It's time to act on our feelings
And work for a free society