

Staple, Rise Of The Robots

Here they come. They're marching my way again.
I can see my reflection in their metallic skin
Here they come. They're calling my name again.
Conformity is their staple and status, their weapon
Oh my precious sold out reputation!
It means so much more than my beliefs!
Will I face full attack from you?
Will I break again like I've been known to?
Falling face first on my conscience today,
But it's so much more comfortable this way.
Come to me, my little sweet!
I've got scores of processed friends for you to meet.
You've always been my favorite dish.
You're number 85 on my list.
Come to me, my little baby!
Please say yes, not no or maybe.
Come to me my little treat!
The system's hungry and it wants to eat.
I already know that you don't love me so if I do not change,
you'll just walk away