

Tankard, Grave New World

Melt to the beat of the drum
Melt to be one, to be one

What thou wer'st, what thou be
Creature of the hatchery
Not a man reeling free
Bear this mark of destiny

Alpha, Beta, Gamma and Delta
Is the song that society sings
Soma coma, fucking by numbers
And consume as much as you can

Free from love, free from hate
Sterile and stable
Urge and instinct channeling
Feeling disabled

Pour the genes into the mould
Of what is needed
Engineer conformity
The pool is weeded

[Chorus:]
No more devils, no more heaven
Grave new world
Free and killing or bound and willing
Slave or savage

Dear the calm weighed in souls
But the matter goes untold
What was one man's alone
Multiplies in wretched clones

Endless columns,
mother of sameness
Breeding life in a clinical way
Fear of flowers, learning and playing
For the ones
that are meant to be slaves

Factoried, standardized
Humans conditioned
Play the part
that they're ascribed
No free decision

No More doubt, no more quest
Nothing but answers
Whispered twenty million times
Til all believe them

[Chorus]

We are clay in the hands
Of those who make us
In a vision not our own
Blindfolded robots

God is dead, man is god
Above his fellow
Nothing here's an accident
But you will not know

[Chorus]