

# 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]