

Angelspit, Home-Machinery

I love my employment, and I love my picket fence
love my little car, and I love the repayments
I pray this every night, give myself as sacrifice
brand me as a liar, don't believe a word I say
where there's a need there'll be greed, prolls are gunna bleed
Blood death don't forget the ivory
company used and abused, puppies on a lead
we are homo-machinery
The machine, we build high
keeps you fed, keeps you dry
the machine, sponsored lie
you're misled, eat shit die
piglet in a suit, tolerate worker abuse
corporate backed research, sponsored facts on news reports
Don't do delegate, union or confederate
money for misery, global market slavery
Fist full of bills buying Pils, got to stay alert
Grey suits as far as the eye can see
mind full of greed he will cheat
lost all sense of self worth
he becomes homo-machinery
The machine, we build high
keeps you fed, keeps you dry
the machine, sponsored lie
you're misled, eat shit die
White collar virgin whores, lubricate with sweat and oil
big green Trojan horse, lures them in and keeps them fake
money is evil's root, so is corporate personhood
evil's temple has a name, calls itself the world bank
cogs grind the land in, demand ‘coz our wants are high
chew up all of the greenery
crush up another white, collar there's a hundred more inline
they're just homo-machinery
The machine, we build high
keeps you fed, keeps you dry
the machine, sponsored lie
you're misled, eat shit die
red hands burn the Reichstag again
choice of the new European centurian
ease the discomfort of a suicidal grind
choice of the new american centurian