Between The Buried And Me, Roboturner

Crush us
Over and over again
The years have come to this
An improper art form
Faking our own thoughts and sounds
Robots crush
Death of human-music

Bright lights fill the sky
Track us through our fields of money
The old days seem shit and primitive
Abduction
Control
You write for me
Oh, master

Master of the machines
Take this shit and make it gold
Make my face sparkle with fame
Master of the machines
Fuck them hard and neglect their thoughts
They will never see us coming

No more human voice
No more human actions
Imperfect fucks stand in the dark

Crush us
Over and over again
The years have come to this
An improper art form
Faking our own thoughts and sounds
Robots crush
Death of human-music

Counteract the idea of control
Human emotion can only produce the thoughtful
Finally discovering the idea of perfect harmony
This is the day we finally make beautiful notes again
But will we ever realize
A situation so far dead
Make this a war
Blood fills the sky
Drop the deadly dive-bomb
The end of this outside life

We will find art again