

Biohazard, Control

On your knees before the mighty them, receive communion once again,
Obey and follow strict laws to the letter,
Do as you're told and life will be better,
Go with the flow, avoid the strife, let unknown powers rule your life,
A box of glass dictates your death stolen minds innocence last breath.

On your knees pray to the one you appease.

Whatever happened to the good old days no mental smokescreen subliminal haze,
Corporate society prints out your thoughts spirituality sold and bought.
Now your life is all dictated, all you stood for, all you hated,
Establishment prevails again on your knees before the mighty them.

Look in my eyes and you will find,
Another way to get through your life,
Stare at my face, make up your mind,
And you will find love at first sight,
Connect your soul now get online,
Mind control taking your life.

Try not to look 'cause you might turn to stone,
How much time do you really think on your own?
Just trying to be yourself don't wanna be like no one else,
It was something that was once pure and the truth was meant to endure,
Gotta find out who's to blame gotta end this mind control game.