

Boysetsfire, Voiceover

They don't even have to kick down our doors
We let them in with a smile and a thank you
Media ingrained police state
Our fears create the cycle of reliance
And if you think for one fucking second
That they're not bleeding you for all their worth
Dig your grave now and save them the trouble
Tie yourself down to the fairy tales
The Holocaust will not be televised
That is unless it becomes marketable
In the market of fear
In the market of flesh and blood
Sold to you by the new improved
Jack booted thugs
We've lost direction
Senses rot away
Kneel and beg for safety
Just forget the whip marks on your back