

Conditions, The Machinist

Were made up with a balance so delicate
Rarely ever calm and serene
When everything of use is irrelevant
Were all just self-destructing machines
And when it seems to be letting up
It's time to begin
Don't be afraid you were born to fit this mold
This wheel is generations old
It'll be better when you see
This is the way it has to be
It's all you have...
With the frantic pace the clocks all throw us in
We've fought and made a villain of time
The presence of a few model citizens
Comply or be left behind
Instead of taking action, why don't you begin routine?
And instead of being tired, why don't you become machine?
There's no breaking formation
It's permanent, don't even try
History's bound to repeat itself
You sold your soul, and so did I