

Fear Factory, Slave Labour

My chains are paper thin, and they're welded with ink
Sealed inside a legal trap, so tight blood don't leave
A contract with a devil, for a life of disdain
See me in the limelight, an indentured slave
I blame myself.

God! Help me pour this gas on me!
I need to drown in flames to be free!
Help me pour this gas on me! (x4)

Choke another product for the mass to consume
The flocks of mindless sheep that have been corporately groomed
Ignorance through apathy like drones in the hive
A slave on the prayer wheel in conformed disguise
I blame myself

God! Help me pour this gas on me!
I need to drown in flames to be free!
Help me pour this gas on me!

I sold my soul, I sold my soul... (x11)

God! Help me pour this gas on me!
I need to drown in flames to be free!
Help me pour this gas on me! (x4)