

# Holy Moses, Strange Deception

[1] He's got blood shot eyes  
Skin like wax  
He's malding them like clay  
Twisting their souls  
Aimed and giting deep  
Voracious  
Fragile minds  
He rips them apart  
He faints their conscience  
We are more than just conditioned apes  
He breakes the proud one's will  
Now we've got the chance to break our chains  
He stools their purpose  
We are more so face the fucking truth  
You're just machines  
He's in service  
Of something strange  
Something untomed  
That won't be denied  
Reaping health  
He stirs the crowd  
Making them believe  
His prophecy  
[2] That's folic you've machines  
Nothing but fucking machines  
You can't be anything, but what you are  
And that's a goddamned machines  
You are a goddamned machines  
He faints their ...  
He's in service  
You are machines  
You've done if you don't get into it