

# Meat Beat Manifesto, Edge Of No Control Pt. 1

"Hello Jack! Hey it's Mark!  
And I'm at the studio!  
And uh, hey man, just wanted to see what's up  
And I wanted to give you some BPM's as long as I got your message machine here  
We got 117  
We got 93  
We got 94.5  
We got 112..."

Rrreeeeauuuuh

Rrreeeeauuuuh

Demonstrated  
Obliterated  
Led by the nose like a bull to the arena  
Of imperfection  
Will you fold under the pressure  
Of will you rise to the pleasure  
Of seeing the end in sight  
The end of conformity in everyday light  
Sterilized  
Dehumanized  
Taken to the edge of no control  
Putting the hamstrings of international agenda  
Will lead to global mass hysteria  
Punching holes in the ozone  
Of everyday reality is a possibility  
Could it be the halcyon days  
Of pre-hole existence are numbered stacked  
Filed and then remembered  
This is a global warning

Man made and rectified  
Disciplined for mass production, my assumption  
Of the way things run  
You're looking down the end of a gun  
Misinformation of the things that we have done  
Concentration of liberation  
Ignorance is the curse of the nation  
Almost everywhere  
A state of disrepair

Stunned at the contradiction on show  
Symptoms analyzed  
Never recognized as the root of the problem  
Once again it's time to let go  
You're letting your feelings show  
Positive thinking to mass extinction  
Maximize capitalize realize  
Do you dreams replay the past, if not  
What do your dreams forecast  
Take the opportunity to assess the structure  
Think with an open mind  
Lead to a fresh dimension of culture  
Communicate it's never too late  
Just realize  
This is a cause and effect for a  
Misguided president's elect  
Never show emotion  
No development, just devotion  
To pie in the sky

Man made and rectified

Disciplined for mass consumption, my assumption  
Of the way things are  
You can't look back  
It's gone too far  
From everything you are  
Concentration of liberation  
Ignorance is the curse of the nation  
Almost everywhere a state of disrepair

Yeah

Man made and rectified  
Disciplined for mass production, no solution  
For the way things are  
You can't look back  
It's gone too far  
From everything you are  
Everything you are  
In every single way  
I'm pushing you too far  
There's nothing you can say  
For everything you are  
In every single way  
I'm pushing you too far  
There's nothing you can say  
For everything you are  
In every single way  
I'm pushing you too far  
There's nothing you can say

(A symbol of soul, governing man)

Man made and rectified  
Disciplined for mass consumption, my assumption  
Of the way things run  
You're looking down the end of a gun  
Misinformation for the things that we have done  
Concentration of liberation  
Ignorance is the curse of the nation  
Almost everywhere  
A total state of disrepair  
Yet still we're unaware  
Man made and rectified  
Disciplined for mass production, no solution  
For the way things are  
You can't look back  
It's gone too far  
From everything you are  
Everything you are  
In every single way  
I'm pushing you too far  
There's nothing you can say  
There's nothing you can say  
There's nothing you can say  
There's nothing you can say