

Nickelback, Feed The Machine

Addressing those beneath from high above.
Convincing his belief for what you love.
Baiting every hook with filthy lies.
Another charlatan to idolize.

Is this suppression just in my mind?
No more questions get back in line!

Pay with your life, the duller the knife, the longer it takes.
But now it's your turn, the ashes will burn, and wither away.
Leaving your bones, out on the stones, picking them clean.
Carving the truth, while harvesting you, to feed the machine.

The gears forever turn to grind the mice.
Will you become the fuel for sacrifice.
Power absolutely all for show.
The piper blows his flute and off you go.

Is this obsession behind your eyes?
No more questions get back in line!

Why must the blind always lead the blind?
(get back in line, get back in line)
Why do I feel like the fault is mine?
(get back in line, get back in line)
Why must the weakest be sacrificed?
No more questions, get back in line!
(just get back in line).