

Pro-Pain, The Shape of Things to Come

Open your eyes and close the door
We've had enough and we won't be taking no more
Don't turn around until you're home
And leave us to ourselves to be with your own
We built this house for us to share with those we trust
At times too much we give the world in which we live

Brainwash with a Mega dose of TV
The bleeding hearts convince us to be PC
Their sentiment just don't mean shit to me
So lock me up and throw away the key

Beneath we're all the same
Don't be so fucking lame
Our minds are duly raped just to change the shape of things to come
Get lost - there's another town to taint an another will to break
But worst of all it's all our fault