

Project Pitchfork, Merry-Go-Round-To-Hell

We're the children of the first-world
A livestock for consume and fuel for a machine
We think in circles directed by TV
We obey to numbers they tell us how to be

Round and round we go
To get a distance from what we know
We are the waste of this earth
Damned since our birth
This is a merry-go-round to hell
The keys got lost
It screams in our cell
More and more we seal
To get a distance from how we feel

We're locked into rooms
We burn for a machine
It feeds us but keeps us apart
Perception fixed into the past
We don't see a trap although it's vast

We move backwards into the future
Driven by needs we follow the order
If there is a free will still
We accidentally kill
With all this distance
We see ourselves
Disconnected from any feeling
We are like the flies on the ceiling