Queensryche, Man the Machine

Don't think, don't speak,
watch out, don't blink,
dissent is a cry for the dead.

Chin up, back straight,
don't ask, just hate!
The serpent's alive,
you are all crucified.

Tear down the walls again,
and all that remains.

He'll see your good deeds
and raise you two rights,
he'll lose it all just
to stay in the fight.

And if you're still blind
sing praise from your knees,
his heel in your back from
once where you stood free.

Building your walls again,
and all that remains.

Broken, broken,
leave the lies,
no use in defending.
Shattered and fragile
to the core.

So hail to Deathmocracy,
Hell for your thoughtcrimes,
hail to your piety.

Oh the irony the
antidote is the disease,
the balancing of
ignorance and atrophy.

Tear down the walls again,
it's more of the same.

Broken, broken,
leave the lies,
no use in defending.
Shattered and fragile
to the core.