

Social Siberia, Eat The Meek

Why must we stay where we don't belong
Why must we stay where we don't belong

Because there's never gonna be enough space
So eat the meek, savor the taste
It's always gonna be a delicacy
So lick your chops and eat the meek

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The factory mass producing fear, bottled,
capped, distributed near and far
Sold for a reasonable price
And the people, they love it, they feed it
Brush with it, bathe with it, breathe it
Inject it direct to the blood
It seems to be replacing love

Why must we stay where we don't belong
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Because there's always gonna be token truth
Forgotten code discarded youth
You know there's always gonna be pedigree
One own the air one pay to breathe

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