

# Subhumans, Where's The Freedom?

We're going backwards  
Into the sin of self-neglect  
What do we stand for?  
It's very easy to forget  
The protest marches  
Is it the done thing to object?  
So where's the freedom?  
Your conscience hangs around your neck  
Where's the freedom?  
We're going crazy  
With paranoia, fear, and greed  
Accepting standards  
Believing what we hear and read  
And when we think we've sussed out a new reality  
But is this freedom just another hand from which we feed?  
Where's the freedom?  
We're going nowhere  
In vicious circles we gyrate  
The new sub-culture  
With cliches painted on their face  
We cannot see past  
The elitest barriers we create  
We reject the system  
But put another in it's place  
Where's the freedom?