

Tankard, Mechanical Man

Part of the nameless masses
Part of the big machine
You're nothing but a cogwheel, man
Well died, conform, replaceable
Think - sometimes you wake up
Act - and wonder why
You're free to think that you're free
But somewhere truth is lost
The drudgery you like each day
Is all you know, you don't complain

Do you want to be a mechanical man?
Don't you want to be free?
Do you know your mind is no longer your own?

You will always be a mechanical man
You can never be free
Being unaware of the powers you serve
Your life's a vicious circle
You move but get nowhere
The only way you know to break out
Is dreaming on the video
Think - you've got to shape up
Act - to make a change
But then you're just a chess piece
In someone else's game
He makes the move, you have your place
And destiny is preordained

So many others like you
They're living senseless lives
They will obey and walk their way
With vacant stares and empty minds
Think - sometimes they wake up
Act - and wonder why
But we are much too burned out
To light the flame of hope
The revolution will not come
Our minds are tied behind our backs