

The American Culture EXperiments, Control Of T

You believe? Man what a joke
There is nothing I can't see
My reality is my own creation
And standing in the center is me
Backup! Lookout! Step aside
The decision maker is coming through
On my road to pleasure and self
I'll crush your bones, I'll step on you

We are not in control of this world!

I stand or fall, I live and breathe
By the choices I have made
I stand on the shoulders of no man
And stand on everyone just the same
My heroes are all smart men
They say control is not our own
Evolutionary Biology, what a genius
Truth cannot be known!

You must submit! You must submit!
There are creatures watching you
You lie and say they don't exist
But when you fall they pull you through
There's no dead carcass in the grave
But there's rivers of blood on my hands
Feel like I have lost control
But by the throne He still stands

I cannot see it
Possess it
Own it
Control it