

Voivod, Technocratic Manipulators

I've passed the entry of the system
They taught me with an anthem
It seems like I'm one of them
A kind of people I can't describe
They got a number between their eyes
Identity has been commanded
Subconscious has recorded
The orders from the big head
I'm now a part of this machine
Supervised by the telescreen
That's not for me, too much for me
That's all for me
And they're going nowhere
To find better somewhere
But can't get out of there
During the night my soul is hearing
Usual advertising
Message that I'm still learning
One thousand times it's a routine
Should be enough to fall asleep
That's not for me, too much for me
That's all for me
And they're going nowhere
To find better somewhere
But can't get out of there
Is it the same message
For the preconceived children ?
Let me know, before I go...
Death of their liberty
Feeds the supremacy
Under hypnosis I take a walk
Controlled people have to stop
Robotic voice starts to talk
Why we must be listening
I think we all had the same dreams
And they're going nowhere
To find better somewhere
But can't get out of there
I'd rather think
But there's something strong
I'd rather think
But there's something wrong
I'd rather think (6)
I'd rather think
Coz my mind despairs
I'd rather think
Coz I can't live there
I'd rather think...think !