

In the Chains of (Practical Constraint)

Deine Lakaien

We are living in the cosmic machine
Of his holy majesty
And we are working in the slave colony
Of his holy economy
Driven forward by the drums of Dawin
On and on and no complaints
And I wonder why we're starving
In the chains of practical constraint

In the chains of practical constraint
In the chains....

Godfather with a glass of champagne
Cheering from the back seat
And the devil at the throttle
Straight into the furnace heat
And Jesus Christ spreads two fingers:
"Love and peace to everyone
You're all great humdingers
Good luck, we leave you alone"

In the chains of...

And your eyes are the boreholes
Where they fill in the money rolls
And your arms on meat hooks
Of some busy banker crooks
At your ears barking nazi dogs
Telling: "You must be the leading hog"
And your brain dressed to kick at
The inferior to the fittest
And your brain dressed to kick at...

In the chains of...