

Speak When Spoken To

Gorefest

You call this life?
This dormant state.
Full control.
You vegetate.
Cast from one mould.
Billions alike,
The right to speak you wave goodbye.

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March at command,
No questions asked.
One straight line
Towards the end.
Cast from one mould,
Lemmings alike.
You've been kept stupid, kept silent.

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The kissing of the flag
Guns locked and loaded.
I've seen this frame before.

Full of shit and righteousness.
High on divine blessings.
I've seen this frame before.

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