

## Wax Statues

Hellshock

I hope this culture that we make won't be forgotten  
You have to know where you went wrong  
or is that thought pre-ordained  
An individual is just one who follows the rules

Your soul bought off the rack  
Who controls what you'll be today  
A new commercial tomorrow  
Frozen in place like wax statues

With all that direction you seem distorted  
Too many things that you want to be  
Manipulation is a cycle  
And all your lies are self absorbed

Force down bile to fit the mold  
Once you're in it stays that way?  
All the power you feel still won't set you free

You still think it's out of your hands  
Open up your eyes and see what they've made you  
The reflection seems crooked and weak