

Profit Margins

Intro5pect

Presented like a product,
Placed in a black box
The promise of salvation,
Is enough to make us watch
There is no thought,
And there is no concern
We can't retrace our steps
Across the bridges that we burn
But were content to be
Getting what we're getting for free
So we lock our chains
And we throw away the key
But the free comes at a price
That we'd rather not think about
The free comes at a price
We'd rather not think about.
Well we don't think much
About much these days
So the chance of that happening
Quickly fades away
Into another haze of emotion,
Another blur of product
Far from any pretense
And removed from any context
But nothing really seems
To be in context anymore
We sold our integrity
And now we are the whores
With our blue plastic checking cards
And silicone implants
Our pre-constructed world
That has all us trapped

[Chorus]

(and) All we are...

Is a tool to be used to pay
For someone else's rent
A profit gain of 23%

(and) All we are...

Pieces of paper to be torn into shreds
A small piece of capital to be worked until our death

Salvation in consumption
Is an absurd way to live
Products as religion
Is too much to give
So we fill our lives with useless items
To make up for ourselves
And we fill our heads with excuses
To justify our wealth
But the greed that fuels our consumption
Seems to be accepted
And not just as a fault,
But as a trait to be respected
How we got to this point
Is a question without answer

We can blame it on TV,
But we set the standard
All of this hypocrisy
Just leaves me more confused
Expecting something more
When i should just be amuzed
At the pettiness, the irony,
The ignorance, and abuse
The individual twines we braid
Into one collective noose
Cause at the age of 24
You can't expect me to accept
That the standards of humanity
Coul possibly be less
All we ever wanted
Was to be something more than this
All we ever wanted
Was to be something more than this!

[Chorus]