

Lamb Of God, Gears

Your suffer from a manufactured sickenss and envy by design
Pre-calculated status and patterns of desire
Accumulation and adoration
Built to feed your ostentation
Prepetually unsatisfied
But you question wjy

So hang it on the wall of your golden cage
Tell yourself that it means something

Empty actions to fill the time
Commercial gods keep you in line
Industry and empire thrive
While you're dying for alwys more

Your endless hunger automated
Industry defined
A systematic impulse
Parametric lines
Subjugation and degradation the blueprint to your annihilation
You're assets personified
A product of thhe Times

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