

Rage, A Spider's Web

This world's so materialistic,
our life just makes sense when we buy.
You're just a part of the statistics
when there's a red line on your bank account, you cash runs out.

Half the population blinds their eyes.
They pretend a credit gives them wealthiness, consume contest

Just like a spider's web
Just like a spider's web
you try to get out but it holds you tighter
Just like a spider's web
Just like a spider's web
you try to get out but it holds you tight like

all of this borrowed existences,
how can they sleep in the night.
They are afraid when the bell rings.
They're working half their lives to bay it back, 'til heart attack

Half the population blinds their eyes.
They believe a credit gives them wealthiness, consume contest

Just like a spider's web...
you try to get out but it gets you tight like death...