

tommy lee jones

tell us who you could be
instead of who you are
no one cares about our dreams
stop singing out shut the fuck up
we'll have to work for less
to keep this system running
you know it's not our fault
as you keep on counting

bodies without names no identity
throwaway part within this machinery
conducted by mathematical accuracy
component parts of this modern slavery
took my time to realize
there's no time
there's no choice

does it take a war to make you realize
humanity is more than a word?
does it take your blood to make you recognize
one feeds on a surge?
tell me do you want me to blame you?
tell me do you want my spite?
tell me do you want me to fight you?
tell me do you want my life?

state within a state
mob rules won't count for you
your bills have all been payed
taxes have been changed for you
you'd like to define yourself
by your beloved work
helps you to ignore that you've become
such a heartless jerk

bodies without names no identity
throwaway part within this machinery
conducted by mathematical accuracy
component parts of this modern slavery
took my time to realize
you own my time
but not my voice

does it take a war to make you realize
humanity is more than a word?
does it take your blood to make you recognize
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landscapes within a working kit
ghosts in the machine

images we're growing with
lead to the unseen
follow footsteps never made
before you roamed this path
set an end to this charade
and face the aftermath.