

# Merry-Go-Round-to-Hell

## Project Pitchfork

We're the children of the first-world  
A livestock for consume and fuel for a machine  
We think in circles directed by TV  
We obey to numbers they tell us how to beRound and round we go  
To get a distance from what we know  
We are the waste of this earth  
Damned since our birth  
This is a merry-go-round to hell  
The keys got lost  
It screams in our cell  
More and more we seal  
To get a distance from how we feel  
We're locked into rooms  
We burn for a machine  
It feeds us but keeps us apart  
Perception fixed into the past  
We don't see a trap although it's vastRound and round we go  
To get a distance from what we know  
We are the waste of this earth  
Damned since our birth  
This is a merry-go-round to hell  
The keys got lost  
It screams in our cell  
More and more we seal  
To get a distance from how we feel  
This is a merry-go-round to hell  
The keys got lost  
It screams in our cell  
More and more we seal  
To get a distance from how we feel  
We move backwards into the future  
Driven by needs we follow the order  
If there is a free will still  
We accidently kill  
With all this distance  
We see ourselves  
Disconnected from any feeling  
We are like the flies on the ceilingRound and round we go  
To get a distance from what we know  
We are the waste of this earth  
Damned since our birth  
This is a merry-go-round to hell

The keys got lost  
It screams in our cell  
More and more we seal  
To get a distance from how we feel  
This is a merry-go-round to hell  
[8x]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>