

# 2 11

## From First to Last

There's something eating at the man,  
He's a slave to the sound,  
The puppeteers fly high above the ground,  
No heart,  
The beast took it's toll,  
The corporation pumping black in his soul,  
Their eyes gouged by the lack of information,  
But sooner or later you'll see. Fuck You,  
What did we do?  
We're the machine in our own mess,  
Oh no, where did we go?  
Running the fortress,  
I say we set this top ablaze and star it over.  
I'd like to tear this temple down,  
And i watch the crumbling stone smash skulls,  
I'll turn this bloody mess into my home,  
No heart,  
The beast took its toll,  
The corporation pumping black in his soul,  
Their eyes gouged by the lack of information. Fuck You,  
What did we do?  
We're the machine in our own mess,  
Oh no, where did we go?  
Running the fortress,  
I say we set this top ablaze and star it over. There's something living in the man,  
And he fights for the sound,  
Your corporate bullshit lies beneath the cemetery ground.  
Fuck You,  
What did we do?  
We're the machine in our own mess,  
Oh no, where did we go?  
Running the fortress,  
I say we set this top ablaze and star it over.

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