

# Overkill, New Machine

Nailed to the cross by just words,  
Crucifixion complete.  
Close enough to the fire...  
To feel temptation's heat.  
It's gone away to taste the ground,  
Replaced by the incessant sound of fear.

There's a ring in my ears,  
I'm bleeding from my heart.  
Far away from love...  
The execution starts.  
Made us what we are today,  
A lonely pile of disarray.

We are the children of a new regime  
We are the children of a new machine.

Mass production, thought controlled.  
No I never knew my heart.  
No. Never knew the love...  
That made them fall apart.  
It's gone away to taste the ground,  
Replaced by the incessant sound we hear.

We are the children  
Ya, the children  
What of the children?  
We are the children of the new machine.  
What of the children?  
We are the children of the new machine.  
The new machine.