

To Be Tolerated

Destrage

We don't belong
To a comfortable place that many call a Scene
Feels so safe
To gather in clusters and cuddle
Where the ceiling's low

My question is why
To fear whom you're alike?
Why resonating with vibrant clichès is required?
The bands oblige
The secret to be tolerated is to not shine

Say again what was spoken and said
Here's the line, memorize
Now make yours what was spoken and said
Not your words? Just pretend

Got a flower in one hand
And the shears in the other
Shiny smiles and clenched fists
Speak with someone else's voice

What is not inside
Can't be put outside
You're so full of yourself
Full of things you don't have