Living up to other peoples expectations is the only quality you need to get on You end up a million miles from the place you started from & become mentally a mixture of a million other turds Mouthing regurgitations of other peoples words Born an individual with your own life to live You end up a blank face in a zombie-like crowd Through the sieve & wrapped in a shroud It's a shitty pitiful existence Tamely you observe Drained of any resistance So the status quo stays as it is, perfect bliss Born an individual with your own life to live You end up a blank face in a zombie-like crowd Easy come Easy go Like water in a sieve Our flesh may be lost forever in a red, blue & white A life of sub-servience is all we're allowed Slaves to other peoples expectations of being up to the mark all along Born an individual you end up a million miles from the place you started from Mentally murdered Meant to be murdered