

Commonplace

Klone

The lies resound through
My manipulated mind
Everything is just
A perfect illusion
Concealing into confusion
The silence is deafening
The memory remains
Just the thought of it makes
My flesh crawl
The obsession to suffer

What about all the freaks?
Kneeling down on the face
Of commonplace
I refuse to be
This despicable beast

The threat has become real
The power has fallen
Into their hands
The demons overrun my soul
What does fate
Have in store for us?

A long and strange emotion
In a dark hole
The perpetual submission

What about all the freaks?
Kneeling down on the face
Of commonplace
I refuse to be
This despicable beast

I feel nothing but hate for him
Big brother has always existed

If you wish a picture of the future
Imagine a boot
Trampling human faces, eternally

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