

## 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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