

Latching onto the crowd
They never ever did it that way
Guided by a brainwave
Follow the light shunned by the herd
All the postures being played
So many proud do it that way
Coppin' on the new rave
After the fact a bit too late

They want to fit in so fucking bad
On all fours kissing so much ass
But the true will stick it through

Not fit in So be it

You can call some insane
But some use choice and do it their way
With a message to prey
Unity power within their range
Wounded in a fight
Better off dead and save your face
Too many on a straight wave
On a sick path, a clueless trace

Not fit in So be it