

False Idxls

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So in this idea that everybody is fundamentally, the, ultimate reality. Not God in a politically-kingly sense. But God in the sense of being the self. That deep-down, basic, whatever-there-is, and you're all that. Only you're pretending you're not

Show me to your leader and I'll spit right in his face, eugh
(Fuck, fuck, why?)

You've run this planet right into the ground
Your system is sickening
The machine's clearly broken (Die)
They fill your mind up with suffering
Control your thoughts
You little piece of shit, eugh
Their smiles are so bitter
We see through them clearly, eugh
There's blood in the rivers (Fuck)
But we still drink from them freely (No)
I won't conform
The machine's clearly broken (Break, fuck)
I won't conform
Your entire life's a fucking lie, geugh
Show me your pain
They fill your mind up with suffering
I won't conform (No)

Show me your pain (No)
Show me your pain (No)
Show me your pain (No)
Show me