You don't decide
What's wrong, what's right
You can't define what's good, what's not
You have to hide all your feelings
Having opinions can be your worst enemy

You will respond without asking You will perform like all of them You will behave as predicted Being a rebel, and it's the purgatory

What about your ego How did it end up so low You have been robotized

It's what you eat, it's what you wear
Look around you, it's everywhere
In every action, in every move
A vague impression, having the right to choose

What about your ego
How did it end up so low
Like a seed, it will grow
In your head, it will glow
You have been robotized

You wear the freedom while a child is working You taste a kingdom while the trees are falling Loud voice and clear messages The demons are so creative

There is a little matrix in everyone