

[Originally by Rudimentary Peni]

Being honest is no means of survival,
Avoid your inner-feelings like the plague,
This is what it takes to comply with the images
This structure will accommodate,
But things aren't what they seem when they're partially hidden
Behind walls of pretence built for peace of mind.
The barriers between us are forever maintained
By our acceptance of the roles others choose to define.

In a world of competition life's portrayed as a contest
Where we're forced to live by making gains at others expense,
But no-
one's really gaining when perpetual conflict's the result
Of our relationships based on pretence,
We don't need this cultural cosmetic division
It upholds the self-interest on which the system feeds,
A deconditioned consciousness of mutual respect
Is the only way to cure this cosmetic disease.