

We are not the same in any way, shape or form

You don't have the mind to create anything
I'm blind, I'm blind, I can't see through the idiocy
I can't hardly see at all
I'm blind, I'm blind, I don't even care
There's so much to fear, and nothing to see here
No similarity between you and me
You've bastardized everything that I need
There's no future for you in this town
So keep your head down and focus on the ground
Keep your head down, focus on the ground
You'll never be anything like me
There's so much to hear, there's so much to feel
And you won't ever even know if it's real
An empty casket in a funeral home
That's all you'll ever be to me when you're gone
It's like a sinister plot to pervert everything I love
A disease if you please; something to make you believe that this is real,
When it's simply illogic.
A disease if you please; something to harbor the sleaze
A game of make believe, and people fucking buy it.
There's so much to hear, there's so much to feel
And you won't ever even know if it's real
An empty casket in a funeral home
That's all you'll ever be to me when you're gone
I have seen my world fall apart before my eyes
I won't let it happen again
I am here to destroy...
The aspiration of a nation, to remake the same stuff.
No creation.