

Inside Out

Mortal Sin

So fucking easy to believe it
Too hard to comprehend
How you sleaze with perfect ease
To the constant changing tides of trend
Breathing carbon copy
From the pages of a glossy magazine
Prototype to prototype, addicted to the norm
In a crazy world of mad machines

It's not easy staring at a T.V.
To prove to me that money's got no soul
Hoping for a blind spot, gotta fill a time slot
Collecting cash wrapped in a bullshit role
Have to laugh when I'm watching
Those perfect families shining on the screen
Prototype to prototype, distorted in its form
In this unreal world of dreams

Inside, outside, inside out
Who knows where they're going
If they don't know what they're doing
If they don't know what they're about
Inside, outside, inside out
Is someone gonna sell me what I'm about ?

Never claimed to be the one and only
An original non emulated style
Prototype to prototype, can't differ anyway
When there's passion and fame all the while
Never easy to be original
The evil of an influence can often sway the mind
Of what you feel, and what you see
In this world of identity

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Stylistic addiction, so set in its way
Prototype people won't differ, can't change
Taught how to lie, act and to breathe, that's not me

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Inside, outside, inside out
Outside, inside, inside out

Inside, outside, inside out
Does someone wanna sell me what I'm about ?