

Perfectly Imperfect

Pyramaze

This is serious
You don't seem to understand
All the things we do
To raise the bar and expand
Will leave the weaker men behind
Guess we're heading for a fall
Bigger, better, blowing our minds

There's no space in our ideal world
For the strange and charming diversity

It's the end of what we know
As the world of imperfection
We all stand trial
Every colour has its glow
'cause we're masters of correction
And self-denial

Whatever you dream about
We design and materialize
Down to the last detail
Our lives in custom sizes
And if you do not make the grade
You're excluded from the club
We have no tolerance for the common made!

There's no room for cracks in the surface
We will never settle for anything less

(2x) The beginning of the end
It's so perfectly imperfect
We all stand trial
Every person has to mend
There's no tolerance for defect
It's self-denial