

Cales, Self-Made

I'll love this world today
And I'll hate it tomorrow
There's nothing sacred to me
There's nothing to make me stoop
No one wiped my ass
And I don't turn the other cheek
I love daydreaming
But it's my policy
to make my dreams come true
No more if's
Zeros try to determine our fate
But their jaws will drop sooner or later
All this carousel of absurd lies
Is nothing but paddling in shit
And the next thing they know
I'm wallowing in cash
I hear it's never as bad as it can get
Right, status quo suits me fine
This is the very end
Of all the meaningless platitudes
just a required accessory anyway
Stay where you are my friend
Don't even want to know the reality
And stay true to your illusion