

# 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