

# Babyland, Suitable For Framing

Once upon a time  
Sunk and surrounded  
A comparison began  
And the be-all and end-all  
Well it never happened  
The routine of questioning procedure  
Was pushing me in the one way  
I pretended to choose  
I pretended to choose  
So we experiment  
And give things a chance  
We find ourselves a rut slightly less obvious  
By taking command  
And the package states  
There's no such thing as destiny  
Pick the flavor you want  
The hanger-on will emulate it to a T  
Becoming more than the idol ever was  
It's no experiment  
Everything is a calculation  
We're silly echoes  
Who don't make sense  
Caught up tight  
In the dumb things we do  
We feel the need to release  
The results of reactions  
That take place within our heads  
All the stupid shit  
You counterfeit and fabricate  
Show me anything that's never been done  
One in a million  
One of a million  
The echo's confused  
Each reflection of the past  
Takes a life of its own  
Once upon a time  
We knew it was coming  
We hoped it was coming  
Go build big lies, go build big lies  
It's compensation for the nothings we are inside  
We fuck ourselves just to see what it feels like  
Retch perfection  
It's self-importance all the way  
A chip on my shoulder  
And it's almost as big as yours  
Go build big lies, go build big lies  
It's compensation for the void that we have inside  
Let's pretend we tried to see  
What it feels like  
Shit fulfillment  
It's self-importance all the way  
I've got a chip on my shoulder  
And it's almost as big as yours  
(We're number one)