Breed 77, Individuo

How much do you think you know? The truth hides behind all these walls I want to get away from here Can't escape what is not clear

You can't curse the things you know If you hide them, let them go You will be there on your own In the end reality Will let you be who you can be Another member of society

Now you know you live a lie And all of your skin's shed to white I am the one behind the door Soy un individuo

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