

Eleventy Seven, Retail Value

We're not out just to offend the world
But somebody needs to make this known
All of us are full of insincerity
And none of us can admit we're wrong

I've been searching everywhere to find
An explanation as to why
I can't believe in me anymore

So sell your soul, trade in your innocence
There's such a high demand for minds that live in ignorance

We all gave in somewhere along the road
To buying all the mediocrity that we were sold

Everyone is so afraid to die
'Cause everyone believes in truth
But nobody ever really thinks
That what is right for them is right for you

And I just want an answer as to why
No one can look me in the eye
And say what they believe anymore