

# Fate, Conformism

(&quot;Deux routes s'offraient r moi, et lr j'ai suivi celle ou on n'allait pas... Et j'ai compris toue la dif  
(Robert Frost (1874-1963))

Obsessed by what they see on TV  
Drugged up with the f\*\*king magazines  
Idealism of beauty, imposed perfection  
All this shit trusted by a retarded generation  
&quot;Be like that or be nothing !&quot;

Can you feel the fatal destiny ?  
The shame of being yourself  
The fright of being rejected  
The dry taste of exclusion  
Its cold breath in your flesh

Being different is often a hard price to pay  
The despair of staying unloved forever  
Chained by a thick loneliness  
Unkown and nameless creatures  
Lost in the dark marches of the nothingness

Despised by the fashion fanatics  
You don't exist on that rotten earth  
Nobody wnats to know you  
Your world is too ugly  
For this lobotomized herd

The stupidity is out of limit  
For whom the eye is the first judge  
Of what they see  
For those who don't know how  
To hink by themselves

F\*\*k you !!!