

Monster, Prostitute Yourself

Just look outside and you'll see
Something that has gone too far
Just feel the pressure and hate in their minds
Contrasting more everyday
Richness and poorness are there
Livin' in a place that they don't want to share
Everyday, anyway, everywhere you look
It's all the same you've got to
Prostitute yourself, do just as they say
Sell your body and soul it doesn't matter anyway
Prostitute yourself, to live a decent life
But how you call it decent
If your living is just a lie
And anywhere that you look
Poverty lies in those souls
They try to tell themselves nothing is wrong
Everyday, anyway, we pretend we're not
The one to blame you've got to
Lie, hate, fakeness, that's just what we are
Pressure, stress, tension, that's what we've got
Political animal, diplomatical hipocrisy
If you can't see the truth
Why don't you take a look at me...