

Never Heard Of It, Follower

The words that you use
The clothes that you wear
The drugs you abuse
And the bleach in your hair.
Your lame attitude
You're better than me
You're cooler than me
And that sets you free.
The views that you have
Are shared by every body else
I'd hate to see what'd happen
If you'd think for yourself
Why don't you pull your
Head out of your ass?
So why don't you think
About decisions you make
Cuz you shape your future
You choose your fate
Because in the end
It's you by yourself
The way you came in
Is the way you go out.