

Periphery, Zagreus

The prosthetic limbs of social norms are beating us today
The burdens we all must hide, or pay for it
Transgressions aside
Be a martyr for life and everything will be fucking fine
Transgressions aside
Having the time of our lives
Now pay for it and you'll savor every last drop

Two as one
Fodder for the slaughterhouse
Quartered on the killing floor
You and I are searching for something beyond this social condition
Fill the ballot and give our permission
Over and over
Again and again
Sort your condition
Get down with submission

Sort your condition
For submission
Sort your condition
Baby
Get down with submission
Searching for something beyond this social condition
Cast your vote and then move aside

Tradition of submission starting from the womb
You better watch what you say
They always know what's best though
Conditioned by their vision
Sinking in our tombs
The pressure is always there
We know... they want what's best though
Of course they do

I think it's time to stop pointing fingers and start looking inward
Measure the cases 'cause it's not right just to generalize
Start staring down your life and maybe you'll see things much clearer
Imploring what's down in your mind to make an appearance

Sort your condition
Sort your condition
Throw it in remission
Throw it aside

Tradition of submission starting from the womb
You better watch what you say
They always know what's best though
Conditioned by their vision
Sinking in our tombs
The pressure is always there
We know... they want what's best though

Will it ever be?
Will we ever live in honesty?
'Cause we're falling apart, falling apart, you and I
Will it ever be?
Will we ever live another day in honesty?
'Cause we're falling apart, right from the start, you and I

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Will we ever live another day in honesty?
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So paint that picture to sleep at night
No regard for another's life
We'll be just fine

So paint that picture to sleep at night
No regard for another's life
We'll be just fine, you and I