

Vision Of Disorder, D.T.O.

Get up, look around
And you will see the lies
That I see each and every day
I deal with them in my own way
I try to breed myself right
I try to breed my thoughts right
All you people stand against me
Your talk behind my back
The threat of your hostility
Induces my attack
What the fuck should I do?
To make myself a man
What the fuck should I do
I'm doing the best that I can
I'll never give up my pride
And I'll never surrender my hate
You on the opposite side
You're the one who made me this way
Suppressed anger for all these years now
Disgusting people, you stand and point at me
They are all but the pathetic
Embarking on a crusade that is so damn addictive
Therefore their prosperity
It will never ever be granted
What's up with this world?
What the fuck, I can't breathe
Pray for the forgiveness as you're stripped of your rights
White collared people always seem to decide
Ask yourself a question, do you need to conform?
With the brain-washing games that are engaged to restrain now
The power to cure the power to kill
The power is ours we'll use it at will
Worthless
Complexed is society, waging pressure upon our backs
And punishing our methods with their profits
These lashes killing and it pushes down, breaking our knees deep into the ground
And faulting, on the preside, once again I just can't decide
What's up with this world, what the fuck I can't breathe
Books of knowledge showing their glint forms of torture
Dropping the oppressor is our only solution
Psychanalytical ways will never ever succeed
In finding a way into our brains and motives
Our lives are neglected our thoughts are invaded
But we had fought for conformity?
Get up and step to conformity
This is not the end
Worthless