

# Walking Corpse

## Brutal Truth

Preconditioned, accepting your role  
Robbed of life and stripped of soul  
Fall into the same routine  
Of drab existence, what does it mean? Are you satisfied with the way that you exist?  
Every single day like the one before  
Don't you feel the need to express the way you feel?  
Wake your sleeping brain, there's so much more Just a walking corpse  
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