Section 8

Pierre Boulez

We are nothing
Fuck your lives
I hate everyone
Look through the eyes of a madman.
The skeletons in your closet,
have rotted to the bone.
They're your families, your loved ones,
they're never coming home.
This world will rot from the inside out.
We all have created the evil that worships our souls
I am no exception
We all have hidden agendas we claim don't exist.
You are no exception
How many times will it take
to open your eyes to reality's flaws.

How many minds will it take to rot away
and shut the system down.
Now society's future cries can be heard in present day.
And your ancestors are turning in their fucking graves.
We are nothing, we are worthless.
Medicate your brain to eliminate all the hate you create.
We are nothing, we are worthless.
This will be the day we all meet our fate and forever decay.
(I am already dead, I am already forgotten.
Until the day comes that I am proven wrong,
I will wither away with the rest of you.
We have made us this way.
We have become worthless.)
We are nothing
You're all worthless

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