Suitable for Framing

Babyland

Once upon a time
Sunk and surrounded
A comparison began
And the be-all and end-all
Well it never happened
The routine of questioning procedure
Was pushing me in the one way
I pretended to choose
I pretended to choose
So we experiment
And give things a chance
We find ourselves a rut slightly less obvious
By taking command
And the package states
There's no such thing as destiny
Pick the flavor you want
The hanger-on will emulate it to a T
Becoming more than the idol ever was
It's no experiment
Everything is a calculation
We're silly echoes
Who don't make sense
Caught up tight
In the dumb things we do
We feel the need to release
The results of reactions
That take place within our heads
All the stupid shit
You counterfeit and fabricate
Show me anything that's never been done
One in a million
One of a million
The echo's confused
Each reflection of the past
Takes a life of its own
Once upon a time
We knew it was coming
We hoped it was coming
Go build big lies, go build big lies

It's compensation for the nothings we are inside
We fuck ourselves just to see what it feels like
Retch perfection
It's self-importance all the way
A chip on my shoulder
And it's almost as big as yours
Go build big lies, go build big lies
It's compensation for the void that we have inside
Let's pretend we tried to see
What it feels like
Shit fulfillment
It's self-importance all the way
I've got a chip on my shoulder
And it's almost as big as yours
(We're number one)

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