Farce

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She is such a pretty girl,
Her shape fits well into a mould.
Her mind removed, her body's sold,
She does exactly what she's told.
And he is such a brave young man,
If his brain can't then violence can.
His mind was drained since life began
Of the compassion he once had.Why go on living in the past?
We just uphold the sexual farce
Past is past is past is farce
Why go on living in the past?If air to breathe is hard to find
In her tight mould she doesn't mind.
She fits in well, she's one of a kind
Her processed mind upholds the lies.
And he in turn plays out the part,
We tempted him with from the start.
And she in turn plays out the part
Dictated to her by the past.Why go on living in the past?
We just uphold the sexual farce
Past is past is past is farce
Why go on living in the past?

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