The Artificial

Miss May I

Who are you to think you can imitate foolishness for the world when you're handed the crown, dishing out lies to an open crowd.
With every word you speak, they follow with altered conception, pursuing you as a power of some sort.
From within you have no direction.
Masses choke on the scripts you have been force feeding them.
When there's nothing left to lay them to rest, they're driven to the end.
The artificial backed by an army of apathy, basking in glory.
Stories they're forcing down the throats of those who believe, with lies they're preaching.
You have no face in my eyes, no true light to show anyone.
I hope they see what I see, just a dark and empty fake.
Constructing empires of lies that will crumble in time.
Fate will come to bury you whole once you lose control.
The artificial backed by an army of apathy, basking in glory.
Stories they're forcing down the throats of those who believe, with lies they're preaching.
When they find the key that will unlock your identity, no one will follow or live in your shadow now.
I hope they see what I see, just a dark and empty fake.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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