

# Unconventional

## Exilia

Set me free, set me free  
I need a little room to breath  
They control my thought, my dreams  
My thoughts , my dreams  
I see only mannequins  
No reaction, no disease  
They need to sell me what they want  
and make me conform  
Buy and die.  
Buy and die.  
Buy and die.  
Buy and die.  
This is what

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