

# 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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