

# One Track Mind

## Ninety Pound Wuss

Your substantial credibility  
Isn't much a part of me  
A spreading sickness, poor in taste  
No sense of reality  
Following the newest trend, it's cutting edge  
So you pretend to believe ideals  
And conform to rules of material opinions  
We're all products of a manufactured generation  
Controlled through television, by sex and violence  
Resist  
We accept the obscene as average  
Twisting all that our instincts are fighting for  
Resist it  
Man exploiting women, flesh, sex, skin, flash  
We rape, we destroy all that's holy  
Resist them  
Flesh market society we digress  
We fight to survive while  
Destroying each other with selfishness  
Lies of liberty and freedom  
Hopes in something called democracy  
Masking the reality

Lyrics provided by

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