

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

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