

# Farce

## Mare

She is such a pretty girl,  
Her shape fits well into a mould.  
Her mind removed, her body's sold,  
She does exactly what she's told.  
And he is such a brave young man,  
If his brain can't then violence can.  
His mind was drained since life began  
Of the compassion he once had. Why go on living in the past?  
We just uphold the sexual farce  
Past is past is past is farce  
Why go on living in the past? If air to breathe is hard to find  
In her tight mould she doesn't mind.  
She fits in well, she's one of a kind  
Her processed mind upholds the lies.  
And he in turn plays out the part,  
We tempted him with from the start.  
And she in turn plays out the part  
Dictated to her by the past. Why go on living in the past?  
We just uphold the sexual farce  
Past is past is past is farce  
Why go on living in the past?

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