

# Uniforms

## Vayden

Trained to follow, our lives are hollow  
Straight and narrow, confined and shallow  
Stop and take a look in the mirror that's you my friend the uniform displays your fears  
When you don't even agree with half the shit they say, will you be a fucking sheep and follow suit anyway?  
We hid behind our frames, why am I so strange  
To wear our hearts on our sleeves  
Try to undress your formalities and rip your souls from the silence within yourself Acknowledge we're living in  
some seperate reality because the poison was implanted under your skin  
Stop this is wrong, I have eyes, I can see, the image is burning me  
Don't trust the system that has raised you, from infant souls to the pinnacles of society  
We're so proud of our tastes but the waste is what's bringing me down  
Stop this is wrong, I have eyes, I can see, the end in front of me  
Cause there's always something that manages to explain  
There's always something so let's redirect the blame  
When the words mean nothing they're only getting in the way  
I'm ashamed  
And afraid to use our minds, paid to hide our eyes  
Stop and take a look in the mirror, that's you my friend the uniform confirms my fears  
When you don't even agree with half the shit they say will you be a fucking sheep and follow suit anyway?

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