

A Matrix Made of Shit

Fukpig

Do you feel that the fates
Are conspiring against you?
Do you feel like you're in this on your own?

Go through life day to day
And never feel like you fit
We're all trapped inside this construct
A matrix made of shit

Is the weight of the world on your shoulders?
Do you think you'd be better off fucking dead?

No gods, no masters
Just an endless parade of fucking bastards

Don't kid yourself thinking
That you were the one
Forever fucking worthless
Noone cares once you're gone