

Eating Bullets Of Acceptance

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Our outlook is bleak but the moment is grand
To be told we're independent is not enough.
We should strive for autonomous thoughts
And your pride in you conformity is sickening

This useless praise
But this desire for focus triggers abuse
Of an endless sense of insecurity.
We grasp at endless questions for a sense of hope

It's not so simple to sit and wait
We cannot embrace our roles blindly
They're assigned
They are assigned, based on the fact that we will accept

Minds are in suspended animation
Due to an attachment to this established lifestyle
My existence will not be dictated like a reading from a book
I will not be predetermined.

Our outlook is bleak.
When approval is all we crave and the moment is grand.
Your pride is sickening.
In your conformity.

But this moment is grand.
We should strive for autonomous thoughts.
Approval is all we crave!