

## Conformity

## Suicide Silence

Disembodied whispers trickle in my ear  
A gift through the shroud  
To me this is disastrous  
In retrospect I am disaster

Waning sounds in forests  
I've grown to appreciate my disease  
This, this is my torture  
In the end we all have to sleep

And all considered nothing's clear  
What did I do to this?

Conformity is the secret  
Conformity saves us all  
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