

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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