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 Conformity is the secret Conformity saves us all

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