

Pills Of Conformity

Vulture Industries

No no! This face must go!
It will not do, we require another you!
It will not fit,
The place for which,
You are intended,
It must be mended.
That frown won't do,
But we have a cure for you.
A certain remedy,
For all those grave abnormalities.
We'll make you smile,
As you walk the mile.
The cogwheels turn,
The bridges burn,
This cure will stick.

There are no ills,
These pills won't fix.
When ill mouths speak,
These pills will educate the weak.

Life has its price,
And yours aren't right.
Deviance will disintegrate,
Conformity facilitate,
The clockwork of a healthy kind.
Paint on a smile,
Step into line,
You'd better learn,
If not you'll burn.

There are no ills,
These pills won't fix.
When ill mouths speak,
These pills will educate the weak.

Never stray,
From the proper way.
Nod and obey
Obedient souls survive the day.

Behold your only true messiah
An entity of which you're a part.
A vast and cold indifferent being.
A grey clad mass without a heart.

Take your pills!
Cure your unmutual soul.
Purge your ills.
Accept your given role.
Take your pills!
Cure your unmutual soul.
Find your place and....
Hush.....

One for your brothers,
And one for yourself.

Two for slight deviance,
For rejection awaits seventeen grams of lead.