

Catalepsy "Statistic"

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You think you've got it all figure out
And you live to play the game
But as long as you are doing as you're told
You're just a number with no name

Swallow your pride
And wake up from this coma
Our time is ticking away
So get off your hands and knees

You watch them bleed us dry
And you never stop to question why

In your head
You may find the answers aren't so clear
In the end
You're just a statistic

Rise up and take a stand
They cannot stop us all

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