

## Crionics

### "I"

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Now that we don't pay much attention  
To what goes up or must come down  
We decided not to follow  
Apart from that we just don't care

From a decent crowded journey  
Into a private desert land  
Up-to-the-minute reviewed autonomy  
Proof of independent anonymity

When the highest point of individuality  
Culminates in loneliness  
We reject our identity  
And declare all reflections to be wrong

We, as a team of soloists  
Are so unlike that we are desolate  
Do we get a kick out of it?  
This is just organised limitation

[Bridge:]  
Are we strong enough for our egos?  
Is there room to give us space?

[Chorus:]  
I am on my own  
Because I sent everybody else away  
No one knows how to take me  
Without being told

You are on your own  
Because you sent everybody else away  
No one knows how to take you  
Without being told

We can no longer differ from the mainstream  
'Cause we're insisting on a distinct minority  
When finally everybody's different  
Will we be the same again?

With emancipation-labelled foreheads

We proudly present our disintegrity  
No box seems shapeless enough  
For us to fit in

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