

Oblivion "I.D.W."

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identification wannabe
acting like a robot
manipulated by your idols

when I look at you my soul cries
'cause all I see is a copy of something not real
you do everything to fit into a label
sorry to say, but you are what the world calls a
wannabe

manipulation completed
personality erased

in the search of your ID you're getting blind
fooled by the trends and not questioning what's behind
your brain's turned off and you're in confusion
sorry to say, but you're what the world calls a wannabe

no one knows you better than your creator
your true id, to him you're a pearl
give him your life, get true life in return
believe in his scars, through them you'll be whole

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