

Primitive Reason

"So You Say"

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I meant what I said that I meant,
Your posture I condemn,
Your conduct towards life I detest,
Taught to be just like the rest,
Abused and oppressed, repressed,
So why do you bow and obey,
Enchained and enslaved,
Is your pride that conveyed,
And as they control your mind
And keep you tied to the lies
That make your life.

I meant what I said that I meant what I said,
Your posture I condemn,
Your conduct towards life I detest,
Taught to be just like the rest.

You've become what I thought you'd become
Where do you come from?
Someplace conquered by guns
Chained to ideals that you were taught
As soon as you could walk
You were taught the words for you to talk
And then you were taught consideration,
Through years of education,
To live and die for your nation
Why should you even listen to what they say
And bow on your knees with no individuality?

I meant what I said that I meant what I said,
Your posture I condemn,
Your conduct towards life I detest,
Taught to be just like the rest.

You know in anyone, you'll find a trace of hipocrisy,
But I'm not one of those hipocrits who chose the ways
Of conformity,
A conformity to the lies, to the lies they call
Democracy,
Or any other politics keeping us chained to this
Society.

Gotta realise that giving up to this society is
Becoming but
Another lie, a prisoner, a he.
A he that's told and controlled, deprived of his
Dignity,
He the prisoner the slave, controlled by the policy.

You're fucked! You signed your name on the dotted
Line,
Leaving what life you might have had behind.
Fuck them! We've got a life of our own,
We don't need their shit, we don't need no more
Bullshit! We do not need to obey,
To do what they want, to do what they say.
Fuck them! I got a life of my own, I got my life,
I'll live it my own way.

Employ, exploit on your excess, express
The dirty money that you make is only good to impress
All the mindless idiots that believe that you're
Working for their best interest.
And now... Now where is your respect for the earth?
For the animals and the people you neglect,
Or infect, with your need to take more than you can
Get,
You thief, you're a murderer. One of them backwards
Greedy bastards,
You were never my friend.
Yeah, I was thinking about myself today,
Had woken up feeling nauseous and
My head spinning away, and yeah,
I do remember when I was little, you see,
How I'd sit thinking about all life and
How I thought that it would be, but now I see
A lot has changed since those days,
Most of the friends with whom I used to play
They're full of shit, they don't mean shit to me.
Nothing is ever what it seems to be,
Nobody's ever what they seem to me.

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