

## Canaille

We are the weight and the useless,  
We count hours instead of days  
Lucid dreaming is the only path, only serene path  
We were not built to be useless  
We were not made to be others' trash  
Participation is given, not to be, not to be forced

We scream out our lungs, a desirable wish,  
These are the words, the words, trembling hands

Dirty water flumes down our faces  
These are the words, words, trembling hands

Electric minds are a fusion  
Assume characters will last  
Humanoid perception, pills are, pills are stacked  
Not just collateral damage  
No, we are here, standing tall  
Let the stories be changed, not all are, not all are the same

We scream out our lungs, a desirable, desirable wish,  
These are the words, the words trembling hands

Dirty water flumes down our faces  
These are the words, the words trembling hands

We, we were meant to control the self

Dirty water flumes down our faces

These are the words, the words trembling hands