

Cat On Form

"I Broke A Nail"

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We're all raised with crippled hands and crippled
minds
A society that offers us everything that is nothing
Every year the intake increases, no output until anger
Raised to buy and not create
They teach us fucked up shit
Like how to move and tick
And there's no warning signs
For old respected minds
School's a fucking joke
Of sick structure and fear
Increase your keyboard speed!
Forget the soil and seeds
Ideas inside our heads - this is what's sold
But they all want us dead - this is what's sold
I can't sow
I can't build
I can't believe we take this shit every day
I want more for us
But they all want us dead
I'm tired of life meaning nothing

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