

The Vision Bleak

"Brain"

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Peering through the window
Some one shut the door
The panes are painted black
Gray matter on the floor
Don't dare to break the glass
They'll put a bullet in my head
If I open up the window
They'll slam it down again

Kill thought

They show pictures of the outside
Teach what they think it looks like
Movies made with blue screen
Made to read their doctrine
Build up a facade
Looks like a mirage
Think you know a lot?
Only what's been taught

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