

Training For Utopia

"The Art Of Killing A Copy Machine"

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You could never do this
Remember who gave this to you

I was there when you held the notepad
When you committed it all to memory
Only to reproduce at a fraction of the heart

Stop singing my song
Stop cheapening my words

You haven't raised a naive foot from your cage
Your lack of everything speaks volume in no words
And now you point every finger at me
That I haven't done my job
Your working overtime with no results
So now I am pointing the fingers

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