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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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