

Piebald

"They Don't Understand Us at the Academy"

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We're walking past the windows.
Trying to disrupt the classes
Where you're learning nothing.
In a gang of five or more.
They'll discredit us and defile our names
But we know the truth.
I've got a noose around my neck.
I've got a fever.
I've got the stuff I think you'd want.
I've got a noose around my neck.
And I've heard the news,
I've heard the news.
Now we're walking through the campus.
This is the place where minds are turned into robotics.
In our gang of five or more.

They teach us what to think but not to think on our own.
Taking this back to cellophane court.
I can't see what I've learned but know that I've
changed.
My friends they all laugh but what do they know.
The world is unfair, it's set up all the way.
The self made brain is what we want.
Nail what I've learned to the front of my door.
Manufacturing thoughts and selling them too.
The gang of five is not infinite yet.
We may grow up and get lost in it all.

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