

The American Dream

"Dumb Question"

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I write a letter to a man thatâ€™s inside my brain
Donâ€™t even know his name
Connecting pieces like a game
If the topic at hand had never existed
It likely would not respond
But thereâ€™s not much to say when it answers you
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What I see, what I know, what I want
Is not the absolute
What I feel, what I know, what I love
Is only just a taste
What I need, what I have, what I lost
Has only conscious roots
What I feel, what I know, what I want
Is only here because itâ€™s not

Itâ€™s like youâ€™re saying that words should not
have sound
And pens should not write down
What the world forgot
When it sat down on a giant bulbous cock

What I see, what I know, what I want
Is not the absolute
What I feel, what I know, what I love
Is only just a taste
What I need, what I have, what I lost
Has only conscious roots
What I feel, what I know, what I want
Is only here because itâ€™s not

A sphere with shapes and wings and multi
Multi-thousand eyes
Flew into your mind
I stick my hand into the darkness of the shadows
Just to extract the fly
You know that cartoons donâ€™t tell lies

What I see, what I know, what I want
Is not the absolute

What I feel, what I know, what I love
Is only just a taste
What I need, what I have, what I lost
Has only conscious roots
What I feel, what I know, what I want
Is only here because itâ€™s not

Typos in line with time
Switching your words with mine
Fuck everything you die
And I mean to make you cry
(Connect these pieces like a game)

Typos in line with time
(Itâ€™s about the words and what youâ€™re saying)
Switching your words with mine
(That stupid fly inside your brain)
Fuck everything you die
(Exactly why this son was named)
And I mean to make you cry
You ask a dumb question, why ask, why ask, why ask
You ask a dumb question, why ask, why ask, why ask
You ask a dumb question, why ask, why ask, why ask
You ask a dumb question, why ask, why ask, why ask

Why ask, why ask, why ask
Why ask, why ask, why ask
Why ask, why ask, why ask
Why ask, why ask, why ask
Why ask, why ask, why ask
Why ask, why ask, why ask
Why ask, why ask, why ask

Your hearts beat riddles through this maze
Youâ€™ve got this urge you cannot tame
You walk the earth and have a name
Because youâ€™ve got a fucking brain

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