

And under the sun, the ignorant ones
Between the earth and clouds they lay
Awaiting a sign, a movement deciding
How to think and what to say

Turn to the same page, skip to the same frame
Oh how it feels to feel the same
Oh mirror of lies, come forge a disguise
Copy and paste, copy and paste

Is that all there is?
Conform and display

And the answers drift through the air
Illuminating those who hear
It's all illusion-weaving but still
Comfort the masses unfulfilled

What's a dream to the dreamer, real?
Like it never was tainted by the earth
You may not be the best that you can
But you're safe and sound in the end

Hide in the whores