

The Philosopher

Death

Do you feel what I feel
see what I see, hear what I
hear, there is a line you must
draw between your dream
world and reality.

Do you live my life or share
the breath I breathe.

Lies feed your judgement of
others.

Behold how the blind lead
each other.

The philosopher.

You know so much about
nothing at all.

Ideas that fall under shadows
of theories that stand tall.

Thoughts that grow narrow
upon being verbally released.

Your mind is not your own,
what sounds more mentally
stimulating is how you make
your choice.

So you preach about how I'm
supposed to be, yet you don't
know your own sexuality.

Lies feed your judgement of
others.

Behold how the blind lead
each other.

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You know so much about
nothing at all.