

# Stereotype

## Diorama

The scent of the wide world  
In concrete and glass  
Compels your amazement  
Until you're numb  
How long will you marvel  
Before you sign in?  
The gates are wide open  
And here you come

You give yourself away  
For nothing  
You give yourself away  
For a stereotype  
There's no call for help I won't come running  
Too late to recognize you

They get you connected  
To dreams off the rack  
The choice between leader  
And copycat  
You may bask in rivers  
Of wine to blank out  
The tick of the time bomb  
Placed in your head

You give yourself away  
For nothing  
You give yourself away  
For a stereotype  
There's no call for help I won't come running  
Too late to recognize you

You think this is the path to freedom  
A chance to leave  
A path to freedom  
It's not!  
It's not!

You think this is the path to freedom  
A chance to leave  
A path to freedom  
It's not!  
It's not!

Some go to take part  
Others just to witness how hard  
You try  
You try  
You try  
You try