

Abram

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Abram, either wake up or go to bed
You're sleepwalking with a delirious head
You were programmed a long, long, long time ago
Your stories are old, old and your acclimation is slow

Oh, go to sleep

Not much of what you say makes any sense
Cook up some myths then ask for obedience
Even though you mean well, well most of the time
You've aided delusion and created bias in our minds

Oh, go to sleep