

## Divisions

Kublai Khan

I scream, a cord and a mic, crucial extensions of myself  
Swings and motions, carried through, to portray my emotion  
From my heart, through my lungs, up my neck and out my mouth  
Are the things that I truly seem to give a shit about

But then I realize nobody even cares  
In one ear and out the other  
In one ear and out the other

All the fucking kids  
Oh they don't even know  
What it means  
That they're chanting about

I remember the day when I first felt proud  
More than words, more than scribbles etched in my mind  
Well Andy, I hope you were right  
Do think they're listening?

To what we're about  
I'm young and I'm pissed off  
And I feel that I've got shit to say