

Old-Timer

Never Shout Never

Old timer,
You're preachin' at me,
You seem to think

That we are so damn different,
But we're not.
We're both stuck somewhere between life and death.

Old TIMER,
You won't listen to me,
You're still preachin' to me,
You still seem to think
That we are so damn different,
But we're not.
We're both stuck somewhere between right and wrong.
Mhm.

You don't know the difference between social identity,
And the truth.
You've been conditioned your whole existence,
But you just haven't understood.
Call me a sinner,
Call me a saint,
Take what you know of me,
Burn it all the same.
I'm here to change.
With each subtlety
And I can't blame nothing
but the fear embedded deep inside of me,
By society.

Old timer,
You're preachin' at me,
You seem to think
That we are so damn different,
But we're not.
We're both stuck somewhere between yes and no.

Old TIMER,
You won't listen to me,
And you're still preachin' at me,
And you still seem to think
That we are so damn different,
But we're not.
We're both stuck somewhere between up and down.
Mhm.

You don't know the difference between social identity,
And the truth.
You've been conditioned your whole existence,
But you just haven't understood.
Call me a sinner,
Call me a saint,
Take what you know of me,
Burn it all the same.
I'm here to change.
With each subtlety

And I can't blame nothing
but the fear embedded deep inside of me,
By society.