

We're all on a grey scale in one open zone,
still you have to be a gender, not to be alone
it's automatic, the things that are expected of you,
little sister can't be a brute
I wanna shut my ears when you're talking to me, 'cause I
can't act in opposition while I'm down on my knees, all these
already brainwashed before their brain-cells set sail

you better read your John Gray in this Kentucky fried sty
you better stand up while you pee and you better know why
it's automatic about which subject you're expected to speak
little brother can't be weak
the little boys already know the football rules and when
they hear I don't they think I'm a fool
the little girls are full-grown princesses,
and those who aren't are spaced-out oddities

think about it, does it really upset you so
did you think about those things when you where younger
it doesn't matter, cause those things are always round to be fo
und

it's all so easy, in your academic little crowd, but when you
get out in the real world,
you're not so proud, of you're opinions
there's no reason to get into debate,
Mr. Revelation came too late

it's getting hard to know what's black or white
it's getting hard to tell my left foot from my right
it's getting hard to say what I'm talking about
but as this angry persona, I have no doubt...