

## Convoluted Absolutes

Tourniquet

I feel numb  
And I think we're half asleep  
Our collective sense of outrage  
Has gone the way of dodo birds and Model T's  
We're being trained  
We tell them what they want just to appease  
It's the end of absolutes  
Welcome to the death of meaning  
Mice will run a maze for cheese  
Koko sings her A - B - C's we think she's talking to her kitten  
in the corner  
Pavlov's dogs would drool if they could hear their chiming cue  
Just like them we've been conditioned

We're going dumb  
Have we forgotten how to speak  
Would mute cries fall on deafened ears  
If we could get ourselves to give voice to our pleas  
We're so well trained  
That's the way it is and so we'll let it be  
If there are no absolutes  
Our objections have no meaning  
Birds will learn to talk for treats  
Flipper laughed and danced to please and avoid electrocution  
Pavlov's dogs would drool if they could hear their chiming cue  
Just like them we've been conditioned

Feeling numb  
Half asleep  
Being trained  
We're just like sheep

Going dumb  
We never speak  
So well trained  
The truth we never seek