

Absynthe Minded, History Makes Science Fiction

All you know is
Worthless in the end
Because what you learn
Is what you teach
And its all made up anyway

All you know is
Nothing for someone else
Another time
Another space
History does not repeat itself

When you think in
Millions
One billion
And one makes two
There aint no clue no there aint no clue

I feel so satisfied right now
cause all my garanties are gone
Im mighty in
My nothingness
Im humble in
My intelligence

All my garanties are gone

All my garanties are gone
cause what you learn
Is what you teach
And its all made up anyway