

Death, The Philosopher

Do you feel what I feel, see what I see, hear what I hear
There is a line you must draw between your dream world and Reality
Do you live my life or share the breath I breathe
Lies feed your judgement of others
Behold how the blind lead each other
The philosopher
You know so much about nothing at all

Ideas that fall under shadows of theories that stand tall
Thoughts that grow narrow upon being verbally released
Your mind is not your own
What sounds more mentally stimulating is how you make your Choice
So you preach about how I'm supposed to be, Yet you don't You know your own
Sexuality
Lies feed your judgement of others
Behold how the blind lead each other
The philosopher
You know so much about nothing at all