

# Dogma, Junk

A collection of memories, is that all you are?  
Words flow in and out of your ears  
Enough to come out of your mouth  
Are the thoughts in your head really your own?  
Did your mom and dad really care  
Or did they leave you all alone

Coming down, looking for something to believe  
Sometimes the truth is exposed and it shatters the world you hold real  
Look around, try to stare long enough to see  
When it's much too late for dreams

Everything that you have to say has been said before  
When you get the things that you want  
Oh, you'll still need some more  
Do the thoughts in your head leave you alone?  
Are they keeping you up late at night? Are you losing your control?

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Sometimes the truth is exposed and it shatters the world you hold real  
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