

Idiothead, FUCKING ORTHODOX PIECES OF S

We can see it in your eyes
Teachings handed down
channeled through pupils
but we're not hypnotized
The need to speak as you do
Narrow the choices down to none
and become like you

Finding everything unreal
makes any promise worthless to reason
There's nothing you can deliver
You're just lost. Now, there's your demon.

Speak with your eyes closed and finger pointed at the sky
Will you dress me up tonight? Can I mend my ways and die?
It's so gorgeous to become fixated on something that cannot be achieved. You are nothing but you
How can we not be relieved?
The gift of wisdom has been received.

There are templates of behaviour on every screen
and manuals on every book-shelf
We are thankful for the knowledge
because we cannot think for ourselves

Yes... reach for the magazine, the clock, the Bible and then the gun.
Whether it's finding God or not eating meat, you fucking orthodox piece of shit...

Footprints in my home and someone else's scent in my bed
Anchors gift-wrapped, solutions force-fed to me...

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