

Jos, Abram

Abram, either wake up or go to bed
You're sleepwalking with a delirious head
You were programmed a long, long, long time ago
Your stories are old, old and your acclimation is slow
Oh, go to sleep
Not much of what you say makes any sense
Cook up some myths then ask for obedience
Even though you mean well, well most of the time
You've aided delusions and created bias in our minds
Oh, go to sleep