

Notarthomas Jamie, Mastery Of Content

Look at Dionysis, controlled by the T.V.
He's worked all day, he's worn, he's beaten
And he doesn't notice me
He'll sleep another night
Leave the money for the rent
Then take another lesson in the
Mastery of Content
You can tell Athena is lost,
By that blank stare in her eye
The smallest things are mountains
And the largest things will die
She's over forty but she whines like ten
Her body is worn, her back is bent
From years of education in the
Mastery of Content
Your sister, she's immune for a couple years at best
Then she'll sit in her room
And wonder why she can't be happy like the rest
Then she'll open up the magazine
To find out where it went
And she'll believe there is such a thing as
Mastery of Content