

# Accessory, One Man

This glorified dropout  
Is sleeping with a smile  
Is standing out from the crowd  
By changing one detail

He lost his adaptation  
Made some petty noise  
Lost his isolation  
Hit every other voice

Pray for the final paradise  
It's the primal pride  
Preach to end the crisis  
Something to confide

This glorified dropout  
Derides the bored eyes  
The touch that makes him proud  
A brainstorm he denies

A wise guy who profits  
By the wordless yell  
The sermon as a unit  
A stolen promise to sell