

Frameshift, Miseducation

This is it
We can't take it
No more pointing at the problem child
Raise your fist
We'll start a revolution
I think this time you stepped over the line

Come through that threshold
From eight ten to three
A different vision for everyone I see
Doctor, soldier, a teen beauty queen
A garbage-man, can he even read
Thank God for those four up front we can agree
Honest hard work bound to succeed
You're not like them what are you doing here
Just sit in the back, stay out beware
If you aren't on my level then I just don't care
Shut up and stop talking, taking up my air

Can't resist
We're not gonna stand here
Watch you take those down
Who can't put up a fight
Hit by Hit
Time to start the revolution
Time to say what's on our minds

You're incompetent, incapable in every way
I'm the authority you don't make the grade
Take you down, take you out, take the pain away
You don't belong in here
You need a simple place
A little help, a little push, a little of dignity
Three things you'll never get from me
I find your talents and turn them into salt
In the end you'll think
It's all your fault

Do ya feel singled out, do ya feel mistreated
Put the book right down, turn around and leave it
Yeah you ain't on my level then you don't belong
Look around you're the only one
Marching to a different drum

Teach this time I think you stepped over the line
Psycho pit this is it revolution
We're not gonna stand here
No matter what, I refuse to live your lie
Raise your fist time to start a revolution