

# Say Anything, Certain Type of Genius

there is a certain type of genius  
who is proud to know so much  
he skipped a thousand showers  
cause he doesn't need to touch  
he hides his bastard faces  
behind thick panes of glass  
they're all that seperates him  
from the apish lower class  
and the stench of love keeps sneaking up his nose  
through all the snot his sinuses can hold  
believing all the lies that he's been told  
grows old, so old  
a friday night alone with friends  
he's got but one or two  
they're geniuses like him, you see  
nothing like all of you  
they banter and they languish  
with all ostentatious plea  
they're all so trendy and which  
they're underground machines  
and he wont be there when jesus comes around  
he'll write a book on what his studies found  
and deep inside he'll learn to fear the sound  
of hope, of hope  
he says why should i even try  
i will let the oil soak in my face  
until the pimples shine  
like tiny mountains set in place  
this lonely valley, mine  
between the hills of opulence  
they grow with strength and time  
scarlet clusters spring from skin  
to hide my missing spots  
and he wont be there when jesus comes around  
he'll write a book on what his studies found  
And deep inside he'll want to hear the sound  
of hope, of hope  
when the world stabs you in the back  
the worst thing you could do  
is become indifferent to  
there is no 'they'  
no idiot brigade  
only a thousand yous  
equally as bruised