

Tabula Rasa, More Words Than Not

A constant mislabel of our spoken generation
When did us children grow to feel so out of touch?
Our sky's been exploding this we're watching on the TV
The only chance of change is when we switch it off

Watched for hours
To find out
We're not all dying
We're lied to until our...

Fear has enabled them to transfer more confusion
The senses need to feed so we just eat it up.
The constant bombardment we so thoughtlessly sit through
We have a chance to change but we can't turn it off

Watched for hours
To find out
We're not all dying
We're lied to until our...

Graves,
And what we've seen has their ratings up one more
Day,
And our attention is craving

We can't find a reason just to think all for ourselves
And question their motives
Your hand controls it

Watched for hours
To find out
We're not all dying
We're lied to until our...

We're so encouraged to find out
So the TV stays on
(When was the last time you thought about what you know)
(And who told you what to believe?)