

And under the sun, the ignorant ones  
Between the earth and clouds they lay  
Awaiting a sign, a movement deciding  
How to think and what to say

Turn to the same page, skip to the same frame  
Oh how it feels to feel the same  
Oh mirror of lies, come forge a disguise  
Copy and paste, copy and paste

Is that all there is?  
Conform and display

And the answers drift through the air  
Illuminating those who hear  
It's all illusion-weaving but still  
Comfort the masses unfulfilled

What's a dream to the dreamer, real?  
Like it never was tainted by the earth  
You may not be the best that you can  
But you're safe and sound in the end

Hide in the whores