

Liberate the Illiterate/A Mong Among Mingers

Biffy Clyro

Don't be sad, keep smiling, leave this open to communicate
Lying there on the desk you left a letter,
when I touched it, it shivered in my hand
I rub the surface to see your face in the mirror,
translation lost me in a crowded room
Leave exposed the wounded,
look down kids it starts to decompose
Looking for some meaning or recognition
and your eyes are as blank as my hidden heart
I rub the surface to see your trace in the mirror,
translation lost me in a crowded room
If you want to believe everything you say,
it keeps you high and in control
What I can't understand is why you would
want to give the impression of a young lost soul
In the end you lack a stance on important subjects
that you've lost, it's like you're out of control
Then you turn round, my head cracks like
it's for the millionth time again (Liberate the illiterate)
And you wanted to jump half a canyon,
I'm at least a companion to it all (Liberate the illiterate)