

Stereotype

Diorama

The scent of the wide world
In concrete and glass
Compels your amazement
Until you're numb
How long will you marvel
Before you sign in?
The gates are wide open
And here you come

You give yourself away
For nothing
You give yourself away
For a stereotype
There's no call for help I won't come running
Too late to recognize you

They get you connected
To dreams off the rack
The choice between leader
And copycat
You may bask in rivers
Of wine to blank out
The tick of the time bomb
Placed in your head

You give yourself away
For nothing
You give yourself away
For a stereotype
There's no call for help I won't come running
Too late to recognize you

You think this is the path to freedom
A chance to leave
A path to freedom
It's not!
It's not!

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A path to freedom
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Some go to take part
Others just to witness how hard
You try
You try
You try
You try