

Dig up some dirt  
It's not too deep  
And when you find it, it may follow you to sleep  
But that's alright to keep it on your mind  
And let it trickle from your tongue as you decide

Just what you feel is true  
No one can take your voice from you  
And all through the halls my echo calls of how  
The earth is giving in from down below  
But no one seems to care  
Just as long as they don't know

How much longer  
Do we wait around  
For the few that have control  
To finally take it  
How much longer  
Do we wait around  
Do we wait for the fallout

Call out the weak  
Who dock the worker's pay to get the raise  
Oh they forgot to heed  
That Karma never sleeps  
Well I, I refuse to dance for all your puppeteers  
I'm the psycho with the scissors  
Cutting the strings, my echo sings of how  
The earth is giving in from down below  
But no one seems to care  
Just as long as they don't know

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Consciousness is needed for our growth  
So feed your hungry mind  
Let the apprehension go

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