Sophomore

Sophomore, so different that you're just the same Sophomore, address your parents by their first name Sophomore, such an ugly caricature Sophomore, keep up the good effort Your father says to put your shoulder to the wheel And you reply that his proverbs sound archaic A skeptic, a cynic, with jurisdiction of good art Boasting you're a stoic is such a paradox

You turn all rooms into gymnasiums Be careful, your ego floods a stadium I don't intend to become an obstacle For every victory in this fresh struggle Everyone tells you to put your shoulder to the wheel And you reply that they sound like your father A skeptic, a cynic, with jurisdiction of good art Boasting you're a stoic, you've led us all lost

A skeptic, a cynic, with jurisdiction of good art Sophomore, your ego floods a stadium

Lemuria