

Sophomore

Lemuria

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