

Behind the iron curtain secret doors  
lie broken and twisted ideals that litter from my floor.  
It's not that i don't hear you shouting in my head  
it's just a noise that deadens me  
compounding my indifference.

I need you now like I need a hole in my head  
i'd give you my sympathy  
but the space behind these black eyes is dead.

It's not that i don't hear you screaming in my face  
it's just a noise that deadens me  
compounding my indifference.

Lay your head down, lay your beautiful head down.  
Can the worm turn inside me like a wheel  
and shut the door of my sensivity to the way you feel?

I hate your country  
I hate this new religion  
I hate your politics  
I hate your like of kindness  
I hate what you've become  
and so it seems that green has become the new red  
void of human empathy

My head tilts in mock fascination.  
As I pull the legs off this poor squirming creature  
But I will grow and take my filth into an unsuspecting world.

You can't tell me what to do, the school's no longer in control  
The parents twitch like a wimp wristed puppets  
You and your liberal ideas - what fools -  
just a rebel without a clue.