

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 wrimp wristed puppets
You and your liberal ideas - what fools -
just a rebel without a clue.