

We're all on a grey scale in one open zone,  
still you have to be a gender, not to be alone  
it's automatic, the things that are expected of you,  
little sister can't be a brute  
I wanna shut my ears when you're talking to me, 'cause I  
can't act in opposition while I'm down on my knees, all these  
already brainwashed before their brain-cells set sail

you better read your John Gray in this Kentucky fried sty  
you better stand up while you pee and you better know why  
it's automatic about which subject you're expected to speak  
little brother can't be weak  
the little boys already know the football rules and when  
they hear I don't they think I'm a fool  
the little girls are full-grown princesses,  
and those who aren't are spaced-out oddities

think about it, does it really upset you so  
did you think about those things when you where younger  
it doesn't matter, cause those things are always round to be fo  
und

it's all so easy, in your academic little crowd, but when you  
get out in the real world,  
you're not so proud, of you're opinions  
there's no reason to get into debate,  
Mr. Revelation came too late

it's getting hard to know what's black or white  
it's getting hard to tell my left foot from my right  
it's getting hard to say what I'm talking about  
but as this angry persona, I have no doubt...