

They Don't Understand Us At The Academy

Piebald

We're walking past the windows
Trying to disrupt the classes
Where you're learning nothing
In a gang of five or more
They'll discredit us
And defile our names
But we know the truth

I've got a noose around my neck
I've got a fever
I've got the stuff I think you'd want
I've got a noose around my neck
And I've heard the news
I've heard the news

Now we're walking through the campus
This is the place where minds
Are turned into robotics
In our gang of five or more
They teach us what to think
But not to think on our own
Taking this back to cellophane court

I can't see what I've learned
But know that I've changed
My friends they all laugh
But what do they know
The world is unfair
It's set up all the way
The self made brain is what we want

Nail what I've learned
To the front of my door
Manufacturing thoughts
And selling them too
The gang of five
Is not infinite yet
We may grow up and get lost in it all