

# 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