

## Alexandria as Our Lens

Socratic

Alexandria drives a school bus  
As she stares back at empty seats  
Reminds her she will never have kids  
She adopted a sickness when she was young  
And neglected her health for so long  
She'll never drive children of her own

This acne on my face keeps me modest  
Plus, I'd kill to grow just two more inches  
I'm last in this line, where I stand and they hand out  
Five drinks a day, just to be social  
And hold up my head high enough to pray  
Up to a sky that's holding me down

She plants all her seeds into concrete  
And she watches all the little roses grow  
With scratches. Nothing could be as perfect as her  
She fed all her friends, to get really fat  
So no one would notice them  
All eyes must be glued on the royal Alexandria

Sexless with my friends keeps me honest  
To how jealous and sorry I really am  
I'm last in this line, where I stand and they hand out  
Five drinks a day, just to be social  
and hold up my head high enough to pray  
Up to a sky that's holding me down

Hey all you screamo. What's the deal  
When any talent that you lack  
Is covered up by the fact that you can scream out  
Really loud?  
Say things that were said before  
Every lyric that you sing, it sounds the same  
I stay honest just enough to hate

I'll have five drinks a day, just to be social  
and hold up my head high enough to pray  
Up to a sky that's holding me down

I'll smoke five joints a day, just to be social  
And hold up my head  
I'm high enough to pray  
Up to a sky that's holding me down  
Down, down, down down down down

I find myself in the worst of slums  
I could use some slack if you could cut me some  
Well, I'll go first, oh no, I insisted  
It's an orchard filled with oranges  
And I'll drink myself to life