

You'll bruise their hearts, child.  
You'll live their lives?  
You'll fill their shoes, child?  
You'll still be right?  
You'll speak your words, child.  
You're still naive.  
You'll tell your lies, child.  
They'll still believe.

All you've ever said about them, it was never right.  
Has all you've learned here been forgotten?  
You're the perfect light?

Don't strain your head, child, thinking for them.  
Don't place the blame, child.  
Your time will come.

All you've ever thought about them, it was never right.  
Your "open mind" is sealed and settled, locked and bolted tight  
.  
All you've lived is moments in a fraction of their lives.  
It's sad you never notice when the stick is in your eye.

You'll throw your stones, child.  
You'll never bleed?

All you've ever said about them, it was never right.  
And all you've ever thought about them, it was never right.  
The bleeding hearts and artists painted meanings in their songs  
.  
And all the little children lost their minds and sang along.  
All that you said wasn't true.