

Convoluted Absolutes

Tourniquet

I feel numb
And I think we're half asleep
Our collective sense of outrage
Has gone the way of dodo birds and Model T's
We're being trained
We tell them what they want just to appease
It's the end of absolutes
Welcome to the death of meaning
Mice will run a maze for cheese
Koko sings her A - B - C's we think she's talking to her kitten
in the corner
Pavlov's dogs would drool if they could hear their chiming cue
Just like them we've been conditioned

We're going dumb
Have we forgotten how to speak
Would mute cries fall on deafened ears
If we could get ourselves to give voice to our pleas
We're so well trained
That's the way it is and so we'll let it be
If there are no absolutes
Our objections have no meaning
Birds will learn to talk for treats
Flipper laughed and danced to please and avoid electrocution
Pavlov's dogs would drool if they could hear their chiming cue
Just like them we've been conditioned

Feeling numb
Half asleep
Being trained
We're just like sheep

Going dumb
We never speak
So well trained
The truth we never seek