

Liberate the Illiterate / A Mong Among Mingers

[Biffy Clyro](#)

Don't be sad, keep smiling, leave this open to communicate
Lying there on the desk you left a letter, when I touched it, it shivered in my hand
I rub the surface to see your face in the mirror, translation lost me in a crowded room
Leave exposed the wounded, look down kids it starts to decompose
Looking for some meaning or recognition and your eyes are as blank as my hidden heart
I rub the surface to see your trace in the mirror, translation lost me in a crowded room
If you want to believe everything you say, it keeps you high and in control
What I can't understand is why you would want to give the impression of a young lost soul
In the end you lack a stance on important subjects that you've lost, it's like you're out of control
Then you turn round, my head cracks like it's for the millionth time again (Liberate the illiterate)
And you wanted to jump half a canyon, I'm at least a companion to it all (Liberate the illiterate)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
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