

The Philosopher

Death

Do you feel what I feel, see what I see, hear what I hear?

There is a line you must draw

Between your dream world and reality

Do you live my life or share the breath I breathe? Lies feed your judgment of others behold

How the blind lead each other?

The philosopher

You know so much about nothin' at all Ideas that fall under shadows of theories that stand tall

Thoughts that grow narrow, upon bein' verbally released Your mind is not your own what sounds more mentally

Stimulating is how you make your choice

So you preach about how I'm supposed to be

Yet you don't know your own sexuality Lies feed your judgment of others behold

How the blind lead each other?

The philosopher

You know so much about nothin' at

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