

# Bricks

## Crimpshrine

Try to sell me a paper  
Praising your own kind  
It's not your own words  
It's not your own mind  
That place is better than this  
And this place is better than that  
Think you make a difference  
But you're just someone to laugh at  
After seventeen years of fighting  
Everything I came across  
Now I realize that I always lost  
It's come time to end  
The tranquilization of my mind  
Now I've got a brick in my hand  
Now I know what I must find  
So take a good look around  
Tell me what you see  
Always on your ass  
You complain of my apathy  
Bricks are put together  
As the trees fall  
I got my own brick  
And I ain't gonna build no wall  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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