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 atAfter 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.

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