

Organization & Classification

Willow

Classification and organization is ruining the minds of our generation

I said it

That's why they're always staying up in the sky

They add a new design to it

But they're on their phone and I'm on a roll

And I do not care cause I am the oldest one

Up in my mind, but not in real time

I'm just a... teenager

But I feel angrier than a swarm of hornets

They call us whores but it's just because

We do what we want and don't look back once

Is that what it's come to? No, no

My parents are 1 and 2, and I am their child

I am 3, I am the wild

I am free

We are the children that sing the ancient song

And we can sing it very well

But there's still so much to learn

There's still so much to earn

But I yearn

Who am I scared

Who cut us open Classification and organization is ruining the hearts of our generation

I said it

But actually true told me that

True made the map

True took us to the forest to the top of the mountain It's true, it's true, it's true

He told me to get on the mic and spit what's in my lung

I tried to say, I tried to tell him

Boy I don't do that, I don't do the things that you do

But then he looked at me and said, "You do, you do"

[?] face too, went into my room at night

They tried to talk about who

And I'm like, "Let me sleep"

But they just wake me up

They just try to tell me the things I know already

In my cerebral capacity

But it's locked, why can't I get in?

Maybe I should ask him, maybe I should ask Jake

Maybe we go to a lake that I found

Maybe we go right now
And it's snowing but it's warm outside
Write a letter on the beach at night
Go to bed and then I see those lights
I see those lights, I see their eyes
Staring back at me, telling me about the symmetry
Telling me about atomic structure
The way she loves her, the way
The ocean rolls around and 'round and 'round
And 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round
And the tourist goes around and down
And down and down and down and down, it never stops
Never rock
I call it crystal, now you call it rock
I'm in the spot
You don't want to walk around on the hot coals of self acceptance
Man I get you, MSFTS here to rep yah
We'll do this together
Organization and classification is ruining the souls of our generation
We said it
And the kids know very well
And the kids will dig the well
Deep inside of their third eye and get all the messages inside
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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