

I come to class, but I do not listen.  
I want to, but I somehow feel incapable of  
understanding why  
I am here.  
I want to be here to learn.  
But how can I learn about the world?  
I am stuck within a prison  
Of my own making.  
Other people must feel it too  
The feeling of restlessness which pervades  
the atmosphere  
Mingling with the carbon monoxide, the strontium 90,  
And the irrelevant talking.  
If I am here to learn about the world  
Why am I kept away from it?  
Or are there some things my teachers do not want  
me to see.

Does the world consist of well-dressed kids groovin'  
to a prof.  
Giving the same lectures to different people  
Treating all the same.  
Are we all the same?  
No.  
We are all different, but together.  
We are all lost within the jungle.  
Which exit will you take?  
Will you become a drop-out,  
Unable to cope with your present situation.  
Will you leave this institution in a box  
Ready to be used by the little mechanical men  
To turn out other look-alikes?  
Will you stay and grab what precious few nuggets  
of knowledge are  
Available?

The choice is yours.  
Make it.  
Fast.  
Your time will not last forever.  
If you do not make a decision  
The institution will.  
And it will be too late.

