Absynthe Minded, History Makes Science Fiction

All you know is Worthless in the end Because what you learn Is what you teach And its all made up anyway

All you know is Nothing for someone else Another time Another space History does not repeat itself

When you think in Millions
One billion
And one makes two
There aint no clue no there aint no clue

I feel so satisfied right now cause all my garanties are gone Im mighty in My nothingness Im humble in My intelligence

All my garanties are gone

All my garanties are gone cause what you learn Is what you teach And its all made up anyway