Who are you to run

And make fun of others

Who are you to disrespect your fathers and mothers

Always trying to perfect your singing in the showers

Wishing you had superpowers

Who are you to call others cowards

As you cower behind as nothing more than followers

As we try and blossom as flowers, in these monsoon showers

In lower level spread across longer hours.

Chipping away our work with power tools

As you laze around like fools

We spend days making the a/cs that make you cool

So let’s be honest we rule

We aren’t the fondest of people

Atleast not fond of you.

You who run from the truth

You who live waiting for a queue