

Area 7 "No Logic"

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From finite to infinity...
Please excuse my perniciousity,
It seems wherever I go these days -
there's trouble looking the other way.
Violent times are here on the streets,
humanity for you I weep,
Think about it, it makes no sense.
Using violence doesn't prove you're right.

There's no logic, no meaning,
No thinking, no reason behind it.
Just seems that words can't describe
How it seems if you just think about it.

Try to find a meaning to life,
and if you do it could end in strife.
You won't find it behind the bar,
or our outside where the tempers flare.
Out on the streets, the rule of the fist.
All of these things are Cain's lament.

I hope that someday these things will change.
It seems that life has been good to me,
but I'm still shocked by the things I see.
Think about it, it makes no sense,
solving problems with your fists.
Check the time, the time is now,
not time to go and throw your weight around.
The only thing that does to me - It makes me think...

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