

## 98 Mute "Simpler Days"

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Growing up at a hundred miles per hour  
Relentless pursuit of absolute power  
Engines of progress full steam ahead  
Ranting and raving while being force fed

Deafening sounds of machines humming  
Fury and pace of people running  
Endless noise of the blood pumping clock  
Flash of the lights pulsating nonstop

Tear down these walls Its progress we can have it all  
Infrastructure falls Its progress that's what we call it  
Traditions are erased Gone without a trace  
Take me back to simpler times and simpler ways  
Simpler Days

Round and round spinning our wheels  
Into the ground the grinding of the drills

No time for family No time for rest  
Got to work quick make the world a mess

Relief is nowhere to be seen  
Foreclosure of the American dream  
Domino theory takes hold  
Our future has been bought and sold

Biding our time  
Our chances slip away  
Being done in  
By devices we create

Twisting-Turning resources burning for our  
conveniency  
Pulling-Ripping out stitching that fuses our families  
Fighting-lying we are dying harm that cannot be  
undone  
Breaking-Bending here's the ending were writing our  
own requiem

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