

411

"The Simple Road Less Traveled"

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What's in the wake of humanity? What's in the way?
Walking acrobats completely blind, all walking the
same way. All the roads are all alike. They're dark but
wide and always seem so bright. They're held down,
completely, there's so much more to see. Held down,
completely, blindfolds of pride are in the way. it's just
another day in simplesville, everyone's the same,
watching the way they stumble around, what's in their
way? All the roads are all alike. They're dark but wide
and always seem so bright. They're held down,
completely, there's so much more to see. Held down,
completely, blindfolds of pride are in the way. But one
man walks through the streets everyday, his song
could take all the blindfolds away, he sings just one
song, it's just most won't sing along. Truth sings just
one song, but most won't stop to listen. And it's hard to
tell someone, who can't see what you see, what they
cannot see, most just aren't inclined to see.

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