

Euphoreador "Where Art Thou"

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On the horizon
The fields burned with in-tents-city
What have we learned

Just how much more easy it is to kill then to love
How much more easy it is to take then to give
So tell me why do we live

For a little piece of what is mine
As supplicant twisted tine
Times we bought ourselves with ease
The mimes we paid to appease

Play your part in this cog-stifled wild
Opinions ravaged our hands full
And hog-piled

I brought a lamp of illusion
Let's cover ourselves in it's light
In it's coarse then we bully ourselves bright

Left up to us
We call it, don't remind me
Something that leaves the taste sweet
And in the mouth pockmark lined

Love, ho, tell me how we know
If you don't stop and
Look down when your feats go too slow
And tell me what we got now
Or now
Or even then

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