

Fiction Plane

"Bongo"

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I am lonely myself
And you, you are everything else

Oath, swarmed by the beast
Winning you nothing
Prepare for the feast
When we know nothing
It's simply a child
Just like it's mother
It's simply a child
Save it all

That's not quite what we meant
It's happy accident
But it doesn't make us failures
That our old ideas had came and when
Cause when we're happening, we're nothing

Don't tell me that you fight for principles
When you fight for yourself
You fight for yourself

It seems that denial
Can make seek a change of style
Underneath a pretty face
Is a murderer who needs his space
So he tried to find the ground
Blinded, light and darkness now
And you tell us why we're deaf
Cause we can't see the freedom yet

When it happens to our friends
We change no means to suit the end
I said 'The devil's in the sky
Shoot down anything that flies'
And the eagle might mutate
And we realize it far too late
But in this green and peaceful land
The evil comes from our own hands

