

Figure Four

"Thieves Don't Knock"

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Where have we gone? What have we created
ourselves. Indecision plagues our mind. Indecision.
This is our world. And when a stance is taken, it's
always written off. No one wants to listen. Its always
written off. I don't have all the answers, but I have a
few. Still I'm in constant battle. Honestly I can't just
write this off.

Lost and cold. A generation lost and cold. Indecision.
This is our world.

I know I'll see the day. The hour is in question. I wait for
it to come, and there will be no question. The answers
will be clear. I know I'll see the day.

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