

Human Ground "Wars Won't"

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Too soon you rejoiced, says the drunken voice.
The bliss was too premature.
Come down from cloud nine, no reason to fly high
The waters that flow are not pure
We dwell with the mindless
But we two are there just to hide
Groping around in these darkened halls
I must soon find a match and a match-box
My lighter is empty, I used up all the gas
And must stumble blind among the rocks
Now I've regained my belief
I have also buried frustration
And my will to fulfill my soul
Throbs anew in my being's foundation
Wars won't crumble
The world won't divide
The continents still collide
In the train-car of crises
We dwell with the mindless
But we two are there just to hide
Bored stiff from the waist down
I finally find my fire
And lighting it up for you all to see
True bliss at last I acquire

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