

Cire "Clear"

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One thing should be coming across as abundantly
clear:
there's more than one valid way to live.
But you clutch to your absolutes, preaching with
confidence,
breeding intolerance, and setting limits on me.
You're a piece of a piece of an accidental moment,
a self concerned weak machine, a slave to yourself.
'Got your head in the sand, got your nest built on fear,
your mind frozen and fixed upon a hopeless idea.

How can I help you appreciate freedom
when you would be happy controlled, blind, and
pacified?
Pacified...

There's no love in demands.
No pretense of concern will color your repulsive
intentions.

(background)
Come to see yourself as a passing cell.

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