

Mi6

"The Way"

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I've been looking for a way out
Of this crazy situation now--
The world in crisis; seems like paradise
Was lost and won't be found
And all of life is endangered
And on the verge of breaking down.

I wake up all fear and dread-locked
By all the things I cannot talk about.
We built our house of cards on ignorance,
A landfill of deceit. The walls are hollow
And we listen, worry what they will secrete.

Woe woe woe woe is we.

We all know they've got it fixed
In politico-economics.
We're junking bonds; we're dropping
Bombs we've made by guzzling gasoline.
Public confidence is shaken
Like the apple from the tree.

Namu Amida Butsu, gomen.
Forgive me for my trespasses.
I do my best to exist east of Eden,
West of garbagetown, over-accumulated
Karma. Armageddon, full meltdown.

Woe woe woe woe is me.

I've been looking for a way out
Of this crazy situation now--
Our world in crisis; seems like paradise
Was lost and won't be found
And both our lives are endangered
And on the verge of breaking down.

Woe woe woe woe is we.

Then the garden gates swing wide,
And we enter paradise.

We are angels; we are good.
We open our wings; we've understood
How time and change are fine,
They're the way. They're the way.

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