

Mordred

"In This Life"

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The faces of the figureheads
Are there to fear them but
The money bells are ringing
For those who hear them and
The seeds of your future
Await for you to sow them and
The sound of your voices
Will ultimately show them all
The ways you will matter and
Perpetuate society
The days you will shatter to
Bring you notoriety
The rules you'll be breaking will be rules for fools and
The pains you'll be taking will be your tools and

Make your own way
In this life
Have to find a way to rise above
The pain and strife
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Piles of bodies and bodies
We see them and
Some that didn't make it
Didn't choose to be them cause
It's hard to make a mark
With a plague of illiteracy
But sitting on our asses is a
Form of complacency that
We can't sit by and tolerate
We have problems to alleviate

Bad education and suppression
The homeless in the street
Are a few of the nightmares that we should
Wake up and greet to

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In this life, and there's only
One of them
There's a means to an end but
Unfortunately some of them
Destroy the things that we need
Like the creatures in the water and the air we breathe
and
Then we wonder whose fault it all was
Well maybe not yours but that's not it cause
We take for granted the things that make our life
complete
So open wide your eyes and
Get the fuck out on the streets

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