

Portal "The Simple Things"

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Given the lives that have come before us,
Given their years of sacrifice,
And given the feats that have spawned from failures
It's hard to believe the cold device
A system as old as is our nature
A symbol so desperate to hide
Consider the sum of all past efforts
Then suck the heathens dry

Maybe we're just dreaming, or maybe we're just wrong
Or maybe all that's missing is the want

We'll keep fighting to turn the page
It's sad that some things will never change
It's the simple things that'll save us.

Sick of your narrow aspirations
For status, or worse yet status quo
Short of even humble expectations
You're holding their helpless heads below
We've been hoarding the key to life forever
Refusing to share on grounds we're blessed
When family reached out for compassion
We sold them out for less

When the light pushed it's edicts through
And we swore regression ends
Where were your hands

We'll keep fighting to turn the page
Knowing that some things will never change
It's the simple things that'll save us.
How can we hope to win
Against the primal red tape within
It's the simple things that'll save us.
Yeah, the simple things will save us.

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