

Spring Standards

"Mi Mundo Está Muerto"

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Untangle my thinking set myself straight
Do you see something different than my eyes do?
Or is it the way we perceive
What is it we saw the last time I looked
My curiosity it compels me to ask a simple question of
you
Are we not of the same?
Are we not of the same?
Are we not?
My curiosity still compels me to demand now an answer
from you
Are we not of the same?
Are we not of the same?
'Cause I look I see I access but still remain confused
Not sure what I saw when I looked
Then to access the inexplicable
I'm still confused
I'm confused
We take from it
Not putting back
Next time we take might be the last
Endangered species on the verge of extinction
No I can't see no I can't see it
Stain it further 'cause mother blue is turning back
Kill her
Kill you
You're killing me
Stain it further 'cause mother blue is turning back
Kill her
'Cause mother blue is turning black
And there's no hope of ever turning back
'Cause man's machines
Efficiency
Convenience do we need it?
Man's machines they've taken our hearts
No I can't see it no I can't see it
Listen up man you've gotta change your way of
thinking
Been going on too long now and shit ain't getting
better
I said listen up man you've gotta change your way of

thinking
Kill her 'Cause mother blue is turning black
And there's no hope of ever turning back
So superior we are in our thinking
Why is it that we can't learn to exist?
Why is it that
With all these emotions of love and kindness
Why is it that we just harbor the bleak?
Why is that
Look mother fucker look and think goddammit think
Realize to criticize it don't wash away our cries
It doesn't even change a fuckin' thing
No it doesn't even change a fuckin' thing
No it doesn't
'Cause you all know we only care enough to talk about it
Is our mind such a beautiful thing?
Oh yes it could be it should be why is it not?
With all our emotions of beauty
Why is it we harbor the bleak?
Why is that?
Look upon the flower that stands so proud you can
almost feel the message
That she's trying to send
Time and time again I see her struggle for existence
In a world that's always crashing down upon her fragile
life
Amidst this world of greed and human exploitation
I ask why, why, why?
She dies

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