

Sunna "Preoccupation"

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I'd laugh if it weren't for my tears
Please cry 'till the water is clear
Cry, your so hard done by
In fright you leave them to cry

I laugh to hide from your fear and grasp at the light of
your peer
You might if the water were to dry
In spite you leave them to die

You earn your preoccupation and burn the wrong
sensation
Then stop learning there
You earn your preoccupation and burn the wrong
sensation
Then stop learning there

Maybe in 4 or 5 hundred years, will say be a single
culture here
A critical mass will appear
Your journey like water so clear

You earn your preoccupation and burn the wrong
sensation
Then stop learning there
You earn your preoccupation and burn the wrong
sensation
Then stop learning there

You, me, me and you are lost in all we do
Moving on from where we are evolves from where and
who
Written in the ruins, written in the ruins

You earn your preoccupation and burn the wrong
sensation
You earn your preoccupation and burn the wrong
sensation

You earn your preoccupation and burn the wrong
sensation
Then stop learning there

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