

Mccain Edwin

"Darwin's Children"

Visit "[Darwin's Children](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Seven million years of progress handed down on silver wings

Of gossamer and protein still we haven't learned a thing

Are we caught up in our anger, locked up in our rage
In the opera of selection on this our earthly stage

Chorus:

And Charlie's spinning laughing, laughing in his grave

Laughing at the prophecy, the prophecy he gave

Can we spread our wings like angels, can we break out
of the grind

Are we destined to be Darwin's children this time

The ribbons of our cigarettes vanish in the air

In the glow of our great teacher we sit and blankly stare

And the sky could open up and what would we have to
say

Something cute about burning out, better than fading
away

Repeat Chorus

On the wings of invention now we hurdle toward our
fate

As sure as the sunset burns

Collective resignation, evolutionary fate

When will we ever learn

Repeat Chorus

Visit [Mccain Edwin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.