

## **The Human Abstract**

### **"Complex Terms"**

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Careless, to try to think that we've progressed  
And the consequence of walking quietly  
We only know, what we've been told  
Self's exposed and overloaded

These monuments built by thieves  
These monuments built by thieves  
Keep us contained  
Polished they stand and guide us

I found a four leaf clover  
Hidden within  
Buried beneath my fears

And we fall, kneeling  
Begging for scraps

Hands and arms stretched out  
We reach for what we're given  
So privileged  
I'd imagine it could be the fall of man

We come from control  
A paradigm that leads us through the valley  
Into the mouths of wolves  
We are being eaten alive

And we fall, kneeling  
Begging for what?

Hands and arms stretched out  
We reach for what we're given  
So privileged  
I'd imagine it could be the fall of man

The tailor's shop has closed  
And we don't dress for miracles anymore  
The tailor's shop has closed  
And we don't dress for miracles anymore  
Oh, how we believe in  
All the monuments built by thieves

Oh, how we believe in  
All the monuments built by thieves  
Oh, how we believe in  
All the monuments built by thieves

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