

## Thought Industry "Third Eye"

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Fear's my love, a lonely habit. Like a rusty needle my  
Touch is everlasting. I've seen your God fall dying from  
The sky. The Eagle's a Vulture sucking at Eden.

Children on a playground one kid's bigger than the  
Rest. The blind stand beside him. The weak wither and  
Die. The big kid stands defiant. Arrogant in his bliss.  
Thinks that sinew and knuckles can make him always  
Right.

I'll run from him. I'd rather hide than be dead. I'll run  
From him. I'd rather die than be in bloody slavery. A  
Follower. Without destiny I'll be done.

Someone lied about God and Country but I have a third  
Eye politically. What will it take to tear it all down?  
What does it take to see the U.S. draft's a lie.

A child in the classroom. The bastard's meaner than  
The rest. The meek are crushed below him. The poor  
are  
Forced to crime. The big kid stands amoral. A loser as  
he  
Wins. Thinks he has a worldly view by looking through a  
Straw.

I'll run from him. I'd rather hide than be dead. I'll run  
From him. I'd rather die than be in bloody slavery. A  
Follower. Without destiny I'll be.

Brokers and athletes with rich self-denial. I'll choose  
my  
Winners by who wear the smiles.  
... (more info)

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