

Bueno

"Ours Is A Path"

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All eyes fixed to a permanent setting, a brilliant
blinding display,
The onset of progress, a human betrayal,
The world that we left in our wake.
Find religion, it's every succession, in dead
congregation, assume the position.
And a prayer for the many and shiftless who cower in
corners and make it all possible.
There is a faith so inviting, it turns one away,
A reason to feed upon others, a judgment that maims.
But ours is a path, straight and thin, traveled by few,
Led by the flame, lit within, heavy as stone, as
boulders,
Content to stand, stand on our own, as oceans, a
steady mass,
Ours is a dream, ours is united, by every (wo)man,
Sure as an orbit we forward together without relent, no
end.

All eyes fixed to a permanent setting, fixed like a drug
to the blood,
A permanent course to the end of existence, setting on
us like the sun,
And the world is a stage for the opulent,
A private performance, the rest of us audience,
And a cheer for the many and shiftless who sit in the
darkness and make it all possible,
There is an empty assurance, a wealth that exceeds,
So many dead in direction, to sighted to see,

But ours is a path.... Sure as an orbit we're subject to
nothing but this.

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