

Eventide "Plastic"

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We are stuck, no new directions
Creators drained of ideas
In the age of constant replacements
When everything's already made

We expand, every inch must be covered
Nothing will stand in our way
In the age of the greatest delusions
Everyone's thinking the same

So let your conscience fade now
Cause we can never blame ourselves

Adaption - nowhere in reach
Devastation under our feet

Tempting shape and design
Desperation - our wills collide

Plastic excitement
Craving for more, an unstoppable greed
Elastic environment
For how long will you bend the truth?

So let your conscience fade now
Cause we can never blame ourselves

Adaption - nowhere in reach
Devastation under our feet
Tempting shape and design
Desperation - our wills collide

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