

Old Roger "Being Human"

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Tearing through the sky
leaving trails of searing white
choking on memories
(and they drive our man to fight)
bitter in judgement
bitter tonight
(he thinks he has no sense of pain)
and nothing left to lose

how wrong you are my friend
in your reason
and whenever you self indulge you
take one step away from being human

blinding haze of red
flooding in his vision like
hot clouds of ember
(and they drive our man to fight)
better your judgement
better tonight
(your blanket of)

security won't stop the blinding

how wrong you are my friend
in your reason
and whenever you self indulge you
take one step away from being human

how soon not if
you will fade away
how soon my son
without any reason

how soon not if
you will fade away
how soon my son
without any reason

(solo puder)

