

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
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?
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...

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