

## Theoretics

### "Coldworld"

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#### CHORUS:

This world is cold and descending  
See we all here trembling  
If we fall the same way  
Why can't we all...  
... same thing  
Why can't we all fight for the same thing!

#### VERSE ONE:

Mark Hoy -  
Why can't we all fight for the main aim  
Cause we're blinded from being defined by the same  
People that would full court crush the word change  
If they had the opportunity to do such a thing  
Now I'll abstain  
From naming the names of the offenders  
Far too many to name, who will defend us?  
There's power in the music and words combined  
together  
The leather-bound science of alliance we tether  
Of the whole picture  
I am but one member  
Faction of a legion  
Likeminded endeavor  
A strong willed soldier for the storm we'll weather  
A leader to those who know that this world is cold

#### CHORUS:

#### VERSE TWO:

Chimaroke Abuachi -  
I travel in a time men fight to arrange  
What they think the planet needs and force it with a  
cane  
Explain what's united, the definitions vague  
War drums still pound bombing and it's sound  
Finally a beacon of hope intervenes, but it takes more  
than one man to operate this thing  
I'm glad to be alive in a time where at least we,  
Can try to manifest the king's grand dream  
We're separated in a storm but there's many ways

To stop and come together but the channels always say  
The opposition always disagree, they want to break  
The beacon though it's message could be what saves  
the day  
It's like fears an octopus with the way in clings  
To these obstacles but even lab mice can feed  
Know that we attract, we can fight the same thing Or be  
powerless and strained

CHORUS:

VERSE THREE:

Mark Hoy -  
Why are their minds all in the same frame  
Because they're slaves to temptation of money and  
'bang bang'  
A shame the insidious ignorance is upholding  
villainous to a status that they want to obtain  
Change only occurs when soul seeks freedom  
Soul seeks freedom and the mind breaks chains  
If not then you are condemned to remain same  
There's only so much a man was made to sustain  
Faithless, aimless  
Devoid of all dreams  
Phases of dangerous  
Crooked eyed schemes  
They're nameless inhabitants of prison yard scenes  
Probably tell you how the ends are justifying the means

BRIDGE:

It's cold...  
Building towards the light  
Shielding us from night  
Leading us  
But who will save our souls?

CHORUS:

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