

Black Seeds

"Make A Move"

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Well, is it one step forward or two steps back
Who really wants to know
As we dance with the mysteries of the machines
Driving us through history maybe to dust
Now we are placed to embrace we got to keep
searching
How long will the fires burn
With the stories that we're told who gets to tell them
Trying to shock us to change our view

Think they caught us in the middle
Time to make our move

In each day projections to make us numb to what we
really want
As we slave to the rhythm seems like our only defense
As they are slaves to the gun
Now we are placed to embrace we got to keep
searching
How long will the fires burn
With the lies that we are told who gets to tell them
Trying to shock us to change our view

Think they caught us in the middle
Time to make a move
Between the lines in the riddle trying to see some truth

Time to make our move
(Repeat x3)

[Instrumental]

Between the lines in the riddle trying to see some truth
Think they caught us in the middle
Time to make our move
(Repeat)

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