

Chambles "Tower Blocks"

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Questions we ask are just time to waste, without finding
the answers.

Written on faded walls and torn pages in tower blocks
On high
But they tumble to the ground

The heavens we seek, inside the skies
Where irony is dealt; we'll only find out when we die
We carve our names on mountain sides
From the changes we have made, what are the rules
that we abide?

I wish I could stop the black crow, who sits across from
you and taunts:
"this world is merely, a game of crosses and noughts"
And your eyes they close and they cease to see the
wonder
When six feet under is the place you long to be.

And I'd love to change your mind,
But it's hard to find the light when you're blinded by the
night
Although you see, you clad your senses all in green
While you drown the rest to grey.

The heavens we seek, inside the skies
Where effort's only made; you'll only find out if you try
You'll carve me down, until there's no more heart to
find
From the creation you have made, have you a right to
call me 'mine'?

What's the use of being told?
When you shut yourself from space and time as they
unfold
But I still hold faith, although I'll never pray
To live your life away.

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