

Dynahead

"Unripe One"

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There's a time for everything
And no strain can stop the rust
The kingdom will come and take
Away our stupid thoughts

A green fruit is a cocoon
Cursed by fate to gorge or to bloom
Childish believers
Will lose their faith and drop from bough

Imagination paints you as butterfly
But a sketch is what we'll ever be
Emerging from thin lies
A coal world meets the dye

We're made as peers
But we divide as enemies
In faked tears
We cry and cry for others begging please

Every living thing
Generations gone before this
Asked the same questions
The enigma remains deep rooted here

Undeveloped fools, a speck
Unreclaimed offspring
Unborn nature tools to prick
A life long of playing sick

Unripe fruit
Raging with the element ninety two
Aiming for the sky
From a treetop damned to putrefy

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