

The Wild

"Mudlines"

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Every day when we wake we have a choice that we make between love and fear. So don't spend your life setting up for the next, 'cause Heaven and Hell ain't real. We find god when we close our eyes, rest our heads on our lover's chest; paradise is found in our beating hearts. We rejoice in what they repress. Eat, sleep, and buy; oh they feed you those lies, but don't doubt what's inside. I saw mudlines from a flood and sunlines up above that split the valley up, and I remembered that I knew shadows die when the sun expands. When the flood recedes, there'll be more fertile lands. Our fate is in our hands.

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