

S.P.O.C.K **"Utopia"**

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There was a time
when the seas were yet to be crossed
and mountainsides
yet to be touched by man

and words still written
by a human hand
The simplicity of eternity
filled our souls
Visions of a world
enchancing my emotional tensions
Guidance to embrace
providing my terminal conscience

Utopia - a home
An imaginary state
caught on a Super-8
But colors once so bright
darkens over the years

We're the sons and the daughters
of pioneers
The simplicity of eternity
made our souls
Visions of a world
enchancing my emotional tensions
Guidance to embrace
providing my terminal conscience

Utopia - a home

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