

Sprung Monkey

"Mi Mundo Esta Muerto"

Visit "[Mi Mundo Esta Muerto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Untangle my thinking set myself straight

Do you see something different than my eyes do?

Or is it the way we perceive

What is it we saw the last time I looked

My curiosity it compels me to ask a simple question of
you

Are we not of the same?

Are we not of the same?

Are we not?

My curiosity still compels me to demand now an answer
from you

Are we not of the same?

Are we not of the same?

'Cause I look I see I access but still remain confused

Not sure what I saw when I looked

Then to access the inexplicable

I'm still confused

I'm confused

We take from it

Not putting back

Next time we take might be the last

Endangered species on the verge of extinction

No I can't see no I can't see it

Stain it further 'cause mother blue is turning back

Kill her

Kill you

You're killing me

Stain it further 'cause mother blue is turning back

Kill her

'Cause mother blue is turning black

And there's no hope of ever turning back

'Cause man's machines

Efficiency

Convenience do we need it?

Man's machines they've taken our hearts

No I can't see it no I can't see it

Listen up man you've gotta change your way of
thinking

Been going on too long now and shit ain't getting
better

I said listen up man you've gotta change your way of
thinking

Kill her 'Cause mother blue is turning black

And there's no hope of ever turning back

So superior we are in our thinking

Why is it that we can't learn to exist?

Why is it that

With all these emotions of love and kindness

Why is it that we just harbor the bleak?

Why is that

Look mother fucker look and think goddammit think

Realize to criticize it don't wash away our cries

It doesn't even change a fuckin' thing

No it doesn't even change a fuckin' thing

No it doesn't

'Cause you all know we only care enough to talk about it

Is our mind such a beautiful thing?

Oh yes it could be it should be why is it not?

With all our emotions of beauty

Why is it we harbor the bleak?

Why is that?

Look upon the flower that stands so proud you can
almost feel the message

that she's trying to send

Time and time again I see her struggle for existence

In a world that's always crashing down upon her fragile
life

Amidst this world of greed and human exploitation

I ask why, why, why?

She dies

Visit [Sprung Monkey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.