

Moody Blues, The

"How Is It"

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How is it we are here, on this path we walk,
In this world of pointless fear, filled with empty talk,
Descending from the apes as scientist-priests all think,
Will they save us in the end, we're trembling on the
brink.

Men's mighty mine-machines digging in the ground,
Stealing rare minerals where they can be found.
Concrete caves with iron doors, bury it again,
While a starving frightened world fills the sea with
grain.

Her love is like a fire burning inside,
Her love is so much higher it can't be denied,
She sends us her glory, it's always been there,
Her love's all around us, it's there for you and me to
share.

Men's mighty mine-machines digging in the ground,
Stealing rare minerals where they can be found.
Concrete caves with iron doors, bury it again,
While a starving frightened world fills the sea with
grain.

How is it we are here
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