

# The Human Nature

Borknagar

As a slave to differential rotation,  
you cannot escape before eons have passed  
As a servant to progression's motivation,  
you won't leave until the future is the past

As a product of what we call inventions,  
we cannot run before we can walk  
As a victim of a myriad of intentions,  
we must learn to think before we talk

Swept in the circles of endless repetition  
Trapped in orbit around microscopic riddles

The answer's echo eliminates the question  
Our unnatural nature keeps rotating between two cradles