

Simpler Days

98 Mute

Growing up at a hundred miles per hour
Relentless pursuit of absolute power
Engines of progress full steam ahead
Ranting and raving while being force fed

Deafening sounds of machines humming
Fury and pace of people running
Endless noise of the blood pumping clock
Flash of the lights pulsating nonstop

Tear down these walls Its progress we can have it all
Infrastructure falls Its progress that's what we call it
Traditions are erased Gone without a trace
Take me back to simpler times and simpler ways
Simpler Days

Round and round spinning our wheels
Into the ground the grinding of the drills
No time for family No time for rest
Got to work quick make the world a mess

Relief is nowhere to be seen
Foreclosure of the American dream
Domino theory takes hold
Our future has been bought and sold

Biding our time
Our chances slip away
Being done in
By devices we create

Twisting-Turning resources burning for our conveniency
Pulling-Ripping out stitching that fuses our families
Fighting-lying we are dying harm that cannot be undone
Breaking-Bending here's the ending were writing our own requiem