

Truth, Be Told

Architects

Raging waters flood the valleys of your mind.
The torrent washed away the warning signs.

Swim through the one's and zero's,
So hard to tell the villains from heroes.
What if they say isn't true?
What if they want isn't best for you?

Washed up, face down on digital shores.
Lungs contract, now dive back in for more.
Are you sitting on the edge of your seat?
"We'll be right back, don't move an inch"
Don't move an inch"

Swim through the one's and zero's,
So hard to tell the villains from heroes.

Static mirror, life isn't black and white.
I understand it's hard to chose what's right.
Whiteout swallows us all.
Once snow-blind, we won't care at all.

What if they say isn't true?
What if they want isn't best for you?

Tunnel vision,
Hearts beats in time.
Rhythmic contractions
Drowning in a flood of distractions.

I want to wake up and find a world in remission,
Free from the grasp of the human condition.

But we're all trapped inside static screens,
Trained from birth just to nod and agree.
I don't want to believe,
That we'll be forever, fast asleep.

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So hard to tell the villains from heroes.

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