

Formulate our species' hopes cut the twine in little ropes
If all the angels cannot sleep lull into a decorative peace
The information we contain pulls us down in a muddy lake
And now we trek restlessly grafting onto anything

That we will never find ourselves alone
Where have our fathers' hopes and feathers gone

Slip it in the humans' tea
Our dna on a boat in the Euphrates
Want to bathe in this gene pool
Want to drain out this gene pool

And we will never find ourselves alone
Where have our fathers' hopes and feathers gone

Formulate our species' hopes cut the twine in little ropes
If all the angels cannot sleep fall into a decorative peace
The information we contain pulls us down in a muddy lake
And now we trek endlessly grafting onto everything

That we will never find ourselves alone again
Where have our fathers' hopes and feathers blown away