

We believe but we are deceased
Or soon to be.
I act surprised
You've seen the seas,
It's just enough to feed the trees.

We believe but we are not free,
This wasteland is our prison.
I act surprised?
I see the bones through your skin,
This radiation from within.

I grant you this torn land,
I'd rather not live here anymore.
Don't say I didn't try,
But I'd rather not live here anymore.

We believe but we don't see
The coming of the storm.
Why act surprised?
There are warnings from time to time,
Signs of our own decline.

We are the scavengers,
We plunder and rape,
We're the guests here, the new breed,
But act like it's ours to take.

I grant you this torn land,
I'd rather not live here anymore.
Don't say I didn't try,
But I'd rather not live here anymore.

We believe but we don't see.

I grant you this torn land,
I'd rather not live here anymore.
Don't say I didn't try,
But I'd rather not live here anymore.

I grant you this torn land,
I'd rather not,
Don't say I didn't try,
But I'd rather not live here anymore.