

Room Without A Window

Operation Ivy

The position being taken is not to be mistaken
For attempted education or righteous accusation
Only a description just an observation of the pitiful
Condition of our degeneration
Walls made of opinions thru which we speak and never listen
Ceiling made of pride vicious and self satisfied
Door thats made of rage hard and slowly aged
Always closing tighter with every war that's waged
Room without a window cant see out...
Floor is made of lives wed gladly end to stay inside
Corners made of borders, borders made of law and order
Painted with the words of politicians and religion
Plastered with the wreckage of our cultural division
Room without a window cant see out...