

New Age

Oxymoron

When I hear.... the sound of concrete and steel
I sense a rythm, that science can't feel
I feel the beat.... of our hearts as one
I hold your colour, when my vision is gone
This power is something but the force is blind
Transmitted through a network, of your own kind
As minutes tick away.... and days become years
I know this old feeling, it's a substance in my tears

And the kids on the street
And the kids everywhere
And all I gotta say is the kids don't care

When i hear.....
I sense a rythm.....
I feel the beat.....
I hold your colour.....
When you've got me running and you stop my machine
You try to tell me something, that has never been
When you stop me running, with my own pack
You know you've got me swearing that I'll get my own back