

Turn another turn...

Turn another turn, sp00L...

I think therefore I am, familiar to most?
How long did we eat the seed planted by our host?
4 billion years between our ears
still hatred brings us many tears
Still we judge each other...
Why when we're only looking for the same high?

Grind time for old misconceptions.
Roll out new scenery as per suggestion.
Won't salute you. Won't desert you.
Won't be a prisoner of assumption anymore.

Does language define us? Is reality... words?
How far do we appear to be...
is the measure of... scope. But...
with our junkie soul, we face the need,
of nature's planned dependency.
Don't hold contempt for ecstasy
just... mourn the dead... on the (national) screen,
mourn the dead... on the screen, mourn the dead...
on the screen, mourn the dead... while they scream!!!

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Won't salute you. Won't desert you.

sp00L
Turn another turn!
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Don't need persuading by the status quo.

We can make changes.
If we open up we'll see... the history they sell us
holds the structure firm, reinforce the mold.
We need to strip it all away....
and let the sp00L turn, turn,
another turn,
another turn.
Watch it turn, watch it turn. What we'll learn.

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sp00L
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Push away what they're selling me,
realize what we need to be.
Focus on a strategy to
open up our minds and then,
together... turn another turn.