

In your time away from the repression
I think geography has died and in its grave a lesson for us.
You want so bad to see, but we wanted so bad to believe.
We want to believe. We want to believe.
The rise and fall of culture waters it down a little bit.

Our teachers are all fired, our artists are all drowned.
The qualities of statues are talking the heroes down.
The city in slow motion quickly crumbles to the ground,
and in the ruins waiting, the answer will be found.

We see patterns (the city without struggle is a cultureless place) where no patterns exist.
The rise and fall of value is written on your face.
We see patterns (we'll value the constant when variables have no place) where no patterns exist
There are patterns in the street, there are patterns out in space

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