

Jericho

Sonic Boom Six

We dragged ourselves out of the garden and struggled through the cold.

All danger, toil and opposition we conquered and behold!

We built up Jericho and empires with labour, guts and war
then housed our public into buildings and slept inside their doors.

And that's our state of mind, we're stepping over bodies all the time,

rather than to stare at it we'll be blind, suck it up and look away.

We struggle and we strive, we drink and then we drive,
we get on with the show and walk out the door because we all know

they'll be no hell below. Jericho.

And I can't see heaven and even if I could I doubt we'd get in.

If there's an honest man then I've not met him.

We better get a way to start repenting
or better yet a way to start again I swear to you.

We left our cousins in the jungle and triumphed from afar.

Sometimes we put them into cages and laugh how wild they are.

Under the neon lights we passed them, the creatures screamed and brawled.

His head was smashed upon the concrete, I didn't flinch at all.

You seem surprised our race survived.

You'd almost call us civilized.

Our cities thrived on this state of mind.

There's no hell below just Jericho.