

## 80 Years

Staple

"Don't look!" They cried, with phoney smiles pasted on their faces.

"Don't look!" They cried.

"We've gone so far with this false confidence in our lives!"

It's the meaning of life that sends people scurrying,

Building, investing, and achieving.

It's the meaning of life that nobody knows,

So we build our distractions to hide ourselves from it's sight.

The meaning of life gives us something to shoot for.

Something to hope for. Something to die for.

It gives us hope that we can outrun a reality where this is all we have to live for.

WE LIVE. WE MOVE. WE BREATHE. WE DIE.

"Don't look!" They cried, with phoney smiles pasted on their faces.

"Don't look!" They cried.

"We've gone so far with this false confidence in our lives!"

On this surreal landscape we paint our dreams, our goals, our ambitions.

On this surreal landscape we bide our time, claiming that there's never enough.

Or is there too much?

For sometimes the motions grow old.

These human inventions designed to create purpose

Don't always do the things I've been told

And the whispers inside ask if this is really why

I LIVE. I MOVE. I BREATHE. I DIE.

I'm hiding lots of questions and I'm sure that it's been done before.

"We don't want them exposed!" - to mask the hopelessness we're living for.

"So force a smile today!" Occupy all of your senses, hurry!

Before questions start to rise.

"Don't get caught wanting answers!"

My friend, these are the days of our lives.

Amassed with silver and gold, wealth will always be dead before it gets old.

I cannot buy what I'm sold: that the fullness of life is what I've been shown.

All that I'm looking for cannot be found inside this game.

All that I'm looking for cannot be found IF THIS IS THE FULLNESS OF WHY

I LIVE. I MOVE. I BREATHE. I DIE.

Where can I flee from your presence?

If I make my bed in hell, you are there.

The truth of life lies inside your hands.

For we are your great pleasure - that's why you hold us here.