

An uncomfortable change is near

If we ever see the construction of the resent past
Telling us we have to change
Cus´ the norm was written to others then us
Compelling us to conform to a size medium in thinking
We would laugh, we would cry
Seeing the insanity of the human kind
And wonder what made us reasonable people and how we could have failed so
Writing the story's no one wants to believe
And caring so on the cognitive thinking of others

I scream expectations on the top of my lungs
Seeing the material culture surrounding us and trusting the compatibility of it all
Without the afterthought issued by the state
Telling us to calm down, they´ve got it covered
But lacking the plan of the universe

Many things is wrong
But talking seems to fail to immediate action
Bombing its way through our hearts and minds
Regardless of the scars left
And we keep writing inaccurate poems
Writing, writing away when we get closer and closer to history