

Clear

Cire

One thing should be coming across as abundantly clear:
there's more than one valid way to live.
But you clutch to your absolutes, preaching with confidence,
breeding intolerance, and setting limits on me.
You're a piece of a piece of an accidental moment,
a self concerned weak machine, a slave to yourself.
'Got your head in the sand, got your nest built on fear,
your mind frozen and fixed upon a hopeless idea. How can I help you appreciate freedom
when you would be happy controlled, blind, and pacified?
Pacified... There's no love in demands.
No pretense of concern will color your repulsive intentions. (background)
Come to see yourself as a passing cell.

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