Thieves Don't Knock

Figure Four

Where have we gone? What have we created ourselves. Indecision plagues our mind. Indecision. This is our world. And when a stance is taken, it's always written offf. No one wants to listen. Its always written off. I don't have all the answers, but I have a few. Still I'm in constant battle. Honestly I can't just write this off.
Lost and cold. A generation lost and cold. Indecision. This is our world.
I know I'll see the day. The hour is in question. I wait for it to come, and there will be no question. The answers will be clear. I know I'll see the day.

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