

# Lens

[Mike Wexler](#)

you and I are in the same room  
we both think we're fair  
we both live for truths  
but then how are we to define something so subjective  
living under the same roof  
so here these battles of wills  
they beg for some proof  
of right versus wrong  
your approach seems better than mine  
though it's working for you all I feel is disconnection  
so now it's your (your) religion 'gainst my (my) religion  
my humble opinion 'gainst yours

this does not feel like love  
it's your (your) conviction 'gainst my (my) conviction  
and I'd like to know what we've seen  
through the lens of love... love... love... love  
and so now your grand assessment is that I'm not in your group that I'm not your kind  
and so we're locked in a stalemate with you in your corner and me dismayed in mine  
repeat chorus  
and this stance keeps us locked in biophilias  
and this lie remains about us being separate  
repeat chorus

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>