Doom

The Hidden Cameras

We can't escape
No, we can't attempt to cool
We've given chips
We don't feed to the rich
With iron hips we deplore our own depths
It's our own mistake
And we hold to please the man
We change our names
We don't know bleeding far
Our own mistakes
We are caught by what's that stench
Dealer's met
What it means to be afraid
So far we are
With love with us
That pan upholds
The peek for water and the treesWe fool ourselves
In thinking this is happiness
We hold the nerve
To our breast
Malicious words
Become the only tone on our skin
The sky is blue
But the blindfold gives us black
Green grace
Because we know we are doomed
We have bills to pay
And parties to attend
But all we do
Is hold the dirt
And if art we are
We learn where's the bar
That tech off sends you in the dark
This spawn of a job
That is the problem for tomorrow
Our patience is who we are

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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