

Safety Is Soulless

Hans York

(Hans York/ T. Armstrong) We never walked down the safest path

Which we would feel regret for

Standing on fences with our heads hanging down

With no risk to keep us open

One thing we have asked for

From those who we love

Is to keep asking questions

We'd rather stumble through this reality

Than fake perfect moments Yes, safety is soulless

Freedom is dangerous

I need security

But there's no insurance

Can guarantee We've kept our weapons for keeping the peace

But did they give us protection?

I find it ironic that what the lessons we teach

We don't give deep devotion Yes, safety is soulless

Freedom is dangerous

I need security

But there's no insurance

Can guarantee I remember in those places where life may burn short

It burned so much brighter

Celebration is chaos and oh, my soul may be lost

But when your world falls down

And there ain't no one who can show the way

When there's no one there who can lift you up

Guess what part of you got to say...

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