

As if We Existed

Solillaquists of Sound

Verse 1 (Alexandrah)

I wish you'd listen more, just a minute previous to killing genius killing vision in its grip and placing blame
upon the soul-full unafraid we knew the trade, danger of elite game
Technologically advanced, but now insane with power

Spirit pained and left by way makes lost-in-past syntax we have today that we have to deal with, what's the
problem with my genius? Too attached to ever leave it silent for the new achievement but what I long to witness
is the equal shift

Of lifted gadgetry to intuition by genius giving up its selfish tact, and bringing praise of spirit back pay respect
upon the debt incurred by non-belief when soul was speaking, Called simplistic by a name familiar to those
regulars who think intelligence a competition. Missing opportunity to be a real show embarrassment, The care is
not, The care is NOT spewing tools to axe the problem, Rather asking haver how they aptly solve them Selves.

HOOK:

Love.. Where's it at? It's not just clich

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