Sense Of Henry

I Mother Earth

I suppose in your mind you believe you were right
The matter doesn't rest heavy on your shoulders
But be careful of the ones you wish to indict
Blame is merely in the eye of the beholder
Perhaps the time is right to look yourself in the eye
Take inventory of the world you see around you
Look at the allegations you were quick to deny
And ask yourself if they could possibly be true
Distorted maps of reality are tearing us apart
Fan the flames of fallacy and watch the truth depart
Belief is what you make of it, a creation of your own
If the outcome is unfit, let your conscience take the blow
It's everybody else's fault besides your own
But perhaps the finger's pointing in the wrong direction
Consider that the root of all that you bemoan
Is pictured in the visage of your own reflection
I don't expect your view to change, my God, why should it?
You have yourself convinced that you can do no wrong
There's not a chance at all that you will ever admit
The cause of this is you and has been all along
Distorted maps of reality are tearing us apart
Fan the flames of fallacy and watch the truth depart
Belief is what you make of it, a creation of your own
If the outcome is unfit, let your conscience take the blow
Distorted lines become an arc become a circle
The words entwined until the very meaning is gone
The truth is something for which you can find no purpose
It's just a starting point to drape more lies upon
I wish you luck, I really do, because you'll need it
You can't avoid reality for too long
And everything collapses into waves of regret
When you finally understand that it was you who was wrong
Distorted maps of reality are tearing us apart
Fan the flames of fallacy and watch the truth depart
Belief is what you make of it, a creation of your own
If the outcome is unfit, let your conscience take the blow

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