

Utopia

S.P.O.C.K

There was a time
When the seas were yet to be crossed
And mountainsides
Yet to be touched by manAnd words still written
By a human hand
The simplicity of eternity
Filled our souls
Visions of a world
Enchanting my emotional tensions
Guidance to embrace
Providing my terminal conscienceUtopia - a home
An imaginary state
Caught on a Super-8
But colors once so bright
Darkens over the yearsWe're the sons and the daughters
Of pioneers
The simplicity of eternity
Made our souls
Visions of a world
Enchanting my emotional tensions
Guidance to embrace
Providing my terminal conscience

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