

# 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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