

The System

Shakhan

It was like being a pavement stone, together with many others yet on my own.

For we all were in rows. Waiting, waiting, non communicating.

Like waiting in the summer for the snow. Like waiting in the desert for the river to flow.

You know you can beat the water with a fin, with a hammer you can beat that tin.

With Yeshua you can beat sin. But can you beat THE SYSTEM? I remember thinking - I'm starting to decay,
when would be served, and on our way?

Or would we stand all day? Waiting, waiting, anticipating.

Like wanting a coat from a possum. Like wanting an apple from a lovely blossom.

Yes we can replace the bulb that is broken, replace quiet by being outspoken.

Replace money with that special token. But can you replace THE SYSTEM? I felt just like a still standing tree,
because I was there from before seven,

To all the way past eleven. Waiting, waiting, contemplating.

Like waiting for the time to be killed. Like waiting for the desire to be completely -fulfilled.

You know you can change the many for the few, You can change that old lie for what's true.

Change that red for the colour blue, but can you change THE SYSTEM?

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