

# Orchid

## Strung Out

I am the future  
I am metaphor for war  
I take my medicine as I'm praying on the floor  
We see the future whats going behind our time  
I'm synthesis in motion I am freedom and decline Raise me to shine I cannot define my cracks  
Wash me aside when my levees finally break  
In opposition we are never free  
When our cause becomes our slavery The poet and the warrior  
The future or the way we were  
Stand down, rise up, we all know  
The secret to the life we chose  
So we are I am not escaping from who I am  
I am less than dead, reborn again  
We all won't get turned away  
All is forgiven when we pray

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