Bad Dreams

SP:MC

The cats are in the flower bed
A red hawk rides the sky
I guess I should be happy
Just to be alive
But we have poisoned everything
And oblivious to it all
The cell phone zombies babble
Through the shopping malls
While condors fall from Indian skies
Whales beach and die in sand
Bad dreams are good
In the great plan
You cannot be trusted
Do you even know you're lying
It's dangerous to kid yourself
You go deaf and dumb and blind
You take with such entitlement
You give bad attitude
You have no grace
No empathy, no gratitude
You have no sense of consequence
Oh, my head is in my hands
Bad dreams are good
In the great plan
Before that altering apple
We were one with everything
No sense of self and other
No self-consciousness
But now we have to grapple
With our man-made world backfiring
Keeping one eye on our brother's
Deadly selfishness
Everyone's a victim
Nobody's hands are clean
There's so very little left of wild Eden Earth
So near the jaws of our machines
We live in these electric scabs
These lesions once were lakes
No one knows how to shoulder the blame

Or learn from past mistakes
So who will come to save the day
Mighty Mouse, Superman?
Bad dreams are good
In the great plan

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