Room Without a Window

Operation Ivy

The position being taken is not to be mistaken
For attempted education or righteous accusation.
Only a desription, just an observation of the pitiful condition of our degeneration.
Walls made of opinions, through which we speak and never listen.
Ceiling made of pride, vicious and self satisfied.
Door that's made of rage, hard and slowly aged.
Always closing tighter with every war that's waged.
Room without a window can't see out...
Floor is made of lives, we'd gladly end to stay inside.
Corner's made of borders, borders made of law and order,
Painted with the words of politicians and religion,
Plastered with the wreckage of our cultural division.
Room without a window...
(Toast break)

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