

Quintessence

Benjamin Clementine

Somewhere beyond the iron fence
Lives the good heart of all men
But due to nature's bothering heights
A man must show no glimpse of gain nor fright

They say you must become an animal
Or the animal to protect us
The good animal and so we go to war

I do agree, adhere
Of men are purely evil
For whereas I was born with a spoon in me mouth
Others are nurtured with a bullet in their hands

They say you must become an animal
Or the animal to protect us
The good good animal and so we go to war

But I believe in the little bit of my young years
Of tasting fruits of fear in the depths of my own sorrows
Love is all I need to give
Although it clearly hasn't been dear to me