

## Save Their Aim

Cataract

We pretend to care in the stuffy air we breath all day  
We find ourself oppressing life that'll never know  
Save their aim from the ashes

Too scared to lose our worthful power of blind control  
Where's the right to rise with own force to built their  
system

Save their aim from the ashes

Delightful cultures that'll never grow with our apparent  
sens of relief  
Our sweat ain't more than false deception and  
Our helping hands are full of blood and dirt

Save their aim from the ashes

We set the frame in the genuine rain of a lost generation  
Our sweat ain't more than false deception and  
Our helping hands are full of blood and dirt

Save their aim from the ashes

All our norms have been stamped in innocent flesh  
All our past has been burying their unborn hope  
All our ignorance has unleashed all their misery

Save their aim... from the ashes