

A View from a Hole

Decapitated

So what do you do for a living?
I dug holes
And what do you put in there?
I bury hopes

Born in the shadow of Babylon
I speak in tongues but don't understand a word
I know how to wield a sword
But never learned how to plough

I know how to build castles mountain high
That are bound to fall
I'm not a coward but I hide behind the words
I play my songs, winds carry them home

I know the science but the science doesn't know me
And every now and then I burn Rome
My children rule this world
But they're raised to fail

World owes you nothing, promised you nothing
And nothingness swallows it all
Don't curse, don't run, don't fight, don't fear
Grow up before you grow old

I really hoped that if I dig long enough
I'd find hell, fire, pain and death
But it's just mud and some plastic bags