

Fools

Eloy

we're walking contradictions
and toothless we try to bite
we live up to our standards
though we know they are not right

we always stand up to fight - yeah
when nothing's left to win
we draw the shades when we're bothered
ignorance is our twin
we've got our fancy empty preconceived life
still somehow we wonder why we're seldom satisfied

only the fools
will applaud this strange self-deception
only the fools
will believe in resurrection of ideals in purest form
we're the first to claim their piece
and then the first to beg for release

why do we sanction their means with a nod
boasting the absolute freedom of thought
we are fools
we hide with pride behind tolerant words
neglecting the fact that we've been lured
we are fools, we are tools

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