

Perfection

Fifteen

The brain tends to divide between what's yours and what is mine
And what it believes to be wrong and right
The brain does not seem to know that we all share the same home
And existence is a fact it's not a right
The land is the land, the sky is the sky, the water belongs to
all of us
And I can find no reason to mutilate our mother with fences and
borders
And obsessive thinking, of proving our individuality
Yeah, so what can you do when your fellow man, criminalizes your
plan
For getting by, and the presence of your body means you've acted
Irresponsibly, and you've failed to be born before all the world
was taken
Yeah, and you got nowhere to call home, on a globe, 22,000 miles
around
And gravity breeds illegality cause it'll always bring you down
On someone else's piece of ground
The brain seems to think with enough manipulation
The brain could be master of the sea, the land, the sky
The poor little brain could not seem to realize
That no measure of intelligence could ever improve upon
The land is the land, the sky is the sky, the water belongs to
all of us
And I can find no reason to mutilate our mother with fences and
borders
And obsessive thinking, of proving our individuality
Yeah, we can put a man on the moon, but that won't help us
When the ground's too poisoned and there ain't water enough
Left to grow our food
And rhinoplasty and transplanted hair will keep us sexy
As we slowly die from poisons in the air we breathe
Yeah, we can build a town in half a day, blow each other all away
Go home later on that day, watch it all on the evening news
Despite our age of information, It won't help us without wisdom
And all our ingenuity, has only brought us to the brink of Annihilation
Technology cannot replace responsibility
And 55(m.p.h.) don't justify our own poisoning
And progress seems like backwards lies, cause we all started off
with paradise
So leave your mark on our world by leaving no mark at all(moreno)
Maybe it's security Maybe it's simple ambition
Maybe it's insanity Maybe it's just good old tradition