

Picture This

J Church

The sound is coming through the trees,
And we stand paralyzed,
The corporate godhead demands a sacrifice,
And it's a present day danger,
We're a human plantation,
More like a human rainforest,
Ghetto deforestation

Picture this,
Picture lines,
Picture lines and poor design,
All the world is defined by temporary borderlines

Keeping eyes on the prize,
But everybody has eyes,
Another dubious goal,
Anaesthetised,
But our eyes stay blind but we can feel it,
And we don't say a word,
But it's no secret

Picture this,
Picture lines,
Picture lines and poor design,
All the world is defined by temporary borderlines

Then I thought that it was no good,
All my dreams they turned to wood,
I froze where I stood just like damaged goods,
I would have run if I could,
I would have run if I could,
So I quit my job, dropped out of school,
At the time it felt like the right thing to do,
Now I know it's true, it's 1992,
I saved my vision from the bottomless blue