

# I, The Creator

Oceans Ate Alaska

This is our battle cry!

Make them run for the hills.

Men plagued with selfish minds, around every  
corner.

Reduced to rats, living life without wings.

What do you have to say?

A Mothers torment as her child leaves home.  
Soon turns to lies on her husbands throne.

What do you have to say...for yourself!?  
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

I, the creator, hold the key to life.  
(Hold the key to strife)  
Burning cities to the floor,  
Growing forests strong and tall.  
I, the creator, and so much more!

Children living spoilt lives, taking all for granted.  
With turned up noses, treated like royalty.

What do you have to say?  
They strayed from the path,  
Never was what we were,  
Never will be what we wish.  
How can I lay waste to my own creations?

They broke all expectations.  
Exceeded all my dreams...  
But the seeds I planted so long ago still have yet to  
show.  
They grew minds of their own, tried to overthrow  
their creators.

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