

Parallels

Tom Morello

Well she spoke to me with no warning
Silencing me with a wave of her hand
I could sense a new habit forming
Where I obeyed her every command
She said: climb to the highest mountain
Soar to the top of the tree
There you'll see all the visions forming
Brought forth the same way as you and me

And in my face she screamed that we were born
In the parallels between freak and norm
In the parallels between young and old
In the parallels between love and gold
In the parallels between black and white
In the raw grey matter no wrong or right
In the parallels all living life
In the parallels all living life

And the color green like money thrown
Into the wind of a raging storm
With an iron fist we are often told
Of the parallels between war and gold
In the parallels between black and white
In the raw grey matter no wrong or right
In the parallels all living life
In the parallels just living life

To the parallels of the modern world
And the parallels between war and gold
And the color green like money poured
Into the face of a raging storm
Where the thief runs free and the hero dies
And all because they would spin the lies
In the parallels all living life
Spin the lies
In the parallels all living life