

Stolen Babies, Push Button

The world is a ploy...
The world is a ploy
To train you and shame you
A leash of employ
The rake sweeps and servers, dry leaves are the weak
A breakthrough could break you the day that you see
Hanging by a thread to the miniature things
Our loved ones are leaning on something they cant see
If you want to take, if you want to give
When you find a meaning, youll find it short-lived
The gifts and opportunities that come or go or stay
The buttons there for you to push are only in the way
Buttons so vivid, your soul could seem gray
The world all around you entices you to play
Come on! Come out!
You have a choice to make
The push button glows in wait.
The more you believe, the less that you think
The less that you think, the more that you speak
The more that you speak, the less that you see
The less that you see, the more you believe
The world is a ploy, the world is a ploy
A break-through will break you, a break-through will break you
The less they are thinking, the more they believe
My loved ones are leaning on something they cant see
Come on! Come out!
Come on! Come out!