

Tryad, Listen

You tell me what you dream
I'll tell you who you are

Sometimes you'll find me wishing
That this whole world would listen

We billions one light beam
Born streams of burning stars

Are we now finally seeing
What we've been always being

People running all around
Highways over and underground
Cities made of steel and stone
Babies call them home

Creatures crawling on the ground
Beehive busy buzzing sound
Ant hills hailing to the queen
Empires towering over trees