

Tryad, You Are God

Pitched in digital stone
This voice has found a home
Inside your head
What can be said
To our computer grown
Brains wrapped up in bone
Open up your ears
How do you hear

Put away those books
Take a long look
Who grew your hands
Who writes your plans
Who through your eyes
Sees these blue skies
Who made all this
Take a wild guess

You are god
Ah...

You are god

Ages untold
Found us all controlled
Priest president kings are
Told us what we are
This is no more
- broke down their door
No more mind cage
In this now age
In this now age
We are god

Ah...

You are god