

Appleseed Cast, Strings

in and out of phase.
the clock winds up the nations hands.
falling on disgrace.
watching pragmatists have plans.
to bringing down the face.
the woman hides the strings of death.
stepping down the maze.
a broken life will bind a broken man.
a second hand can sell.
to a fading sense of self.
the wares and tools to break and make another hell.
the blindness we hide inside.
will make us carry more.
empty cans and useless monuments of wealth.
and we could hold hands.
bring back the sea.
and we could stand up.
we could believe