

Borknagar, Human Nature

As a slave to differential rotation,
you cannot escape before eons have passed
As a servant to progression's motivation,
you won't leave until the future is the past
As a product of what we call inventions,
we cannot run before we can walk
As a victim of a myriad of intentions,
we must learn to think before we talk
Swept in the circles of endless repetition
Trapped in orbit around microscopic riddles
As a product of what we call inventions,
we cannot run before we can walk
As a victim of a myriad of intentions,
we must learn to think before we talk
The answer's echo eliminates the question
Our unnatural nature keeps rotating between two cradles
Swept in the circles of endless repetition
Trapped in orbit around microscopic riddles