

Crashdog, Degeneration

The future ain't so pretty
When you're looking through
The rearview mirror.
'Cause history seems to repeat itself,
And our sins start to reappear.
We wake up every morning
And things still seem the same,
Resolutions made, the bills are paid,
But the problems still remain.
In the never-ending revelation
Of exactly who we are,
Angels of mud,
Talking of love
While carving out another scar.
I can't choose your destination,
I can't stop degeneration,
But I can ease the dying,
Hold the crying,
Kill the pain.
Unless your heart is frozen,
You're bound to feel some pain.
You decide to survive
Or be crushed by self-pity,
As you lick your wounds,
Don't nurse your bitterness.
You'll neglect everything you love
And be filled with bitterness.
The blind can't lead the blind,
The dead can't raise the dead,
But the crippled can be healed,
And the hungry can be fed.
The ongoing dilemma
Of how to live with one another
Has kept us occupied
Since Cain killed his brother.
As the years go by,
We've left some things behind,
But the prejudices between ourselves,
Are only more defined.
Psychologists go on arguing,
Sociologists will debate,
But the love that's greater
Than our spite
Is the kind we can't create.