

# Eric Burdon & The Animals, Closer To The Truth

Strong instinct for survival  
Romantically insane  
Moving soft along the edge of time  
Like a panther in the rain

Manipulated rebels  
With a total disregard for the rules  
When pride comes tumbling off the great white stallion  
You move closer to the truth

And the search continues for the meaning  
They build the cathedrals high  
But we keep our weapons ready  
Looming dark against the sky

They're taking down the rain forest  
Changing it to a room without a view  
And the big trees fall like dominoes  
And we move closer  
The eagle watches from the mountain  
As the warriors turn into fools  
And the dice are thrown on sacred ground  
And they move closer to the truth

And who's gonna tell the children  
How the rivers used to flow crystal blue  
And we keep leaving scars on Mother Earth  
And moving closer to the truth