

Faded Grey, A Quiet Time Of Desperation

A quiet time of desperation.
Where everyone's under suspicion.
We live in fear of people we don't even know.
Walking the streets alone
keeping to ourselves.
Living in secrecy.
Paranoid that everyone we meet
could be a wolf in sheep's clothing.
Trust is a rare commodity in this futile age we've made
filled with greed and manipulation.
The news says we can't trust our neighbors.
While our parents warn us about strangers.
So we sit locked away like hermits in our homes.
We've thrown away the key to humanity's last hope.
Living in secrecy.
Paranoid that everyone we meet
could be a wolf in sheep's clothing.
Trust is a rare commodity in this futile age we've made
filled with greed and manipulation.
Our lives are intertwined
in the web of life,
yet we forsake our human connection.
The cages we create
in this world of hate
serve as our insulation.
Against imaginary foes
and self-inflicted woes.
No one wants to be a victim.
These days to trust is to regret,
but did we all forget that our fate lies in our hands.
our fate lies in our hands.