

Jack Penate, Made Of Codes

The small divides along the sides of rulers always amazed me
Closer you look the more it took your eyes off reality
It's very rare that I don't stare at objects to find beauty
Hope I don't seem to talk pompously, try and look abstractly
If you don't see we're all made of codes
Deciphering is the game we're all in
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The New York sky is cut by lines of metal tubes protruding
When one's within it gets quite dim as you're just one included
Look between the glossy sheen and the shapes emerging
Heaven laughs while breaking past tiny cracks that's serging
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If you don't see we're all made of codes
Deciphering is the game we're all in
The different lands are trapped in hands of rulers making us think
The worlds not ours, these ancient scars do not show anything, but
This is trite, it is our right to do that's all we possess
No one owns what natures grown, this truth they must confess
It's a constant cycle so hurry
Do all you can before you're buried
Powers try to hide and ferry us through time
Ferry us through life
Ferry us through life
If you don't see we're all made of codes
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