

King Konga, Next Generation

shocked by the real world,
because it was never there before for us to see.
taught one thing to believe another,
we're children of hipocracy.
stepping out of darkness,
we're blinded by the spotlight.
the future is our´s they say it´s up us,
to make it right.
laying the blame on the next generation.

restained by unknown hands.
holding on to helpless hands,

staring down the face of days,
with eyes still unsure of what´s to come.
while time is still precious to many,
it's a worthless charm to some.

ee-yeh-oh
oh-wee-klo

restained by unknown hands.
holding on to endless strands,
of what's to be created.
looking into bloodshot eyes,
longing to see paradise.
the vision is faded.
laying the blame on the next generation.

(repeat)