

Michael George, Patience

It's like a conversation, where no-one stops to breathe
Is it my imagination, or did God already leave the table?
Such destruction, and pure white castles in the sand
No time for introduction
With all that money changing hands

And the satellite says, "Take a look at all we have"
But the old man says,
"You want my family, for your liberty, I can't do that."

Look into the eyes of any patient man
Whether they be amber, green or blue,
There's a piece of God staring back at you
But they see our children, and the old folk fend for themselves
They see our broken women
On imaginary shelves

But the satellite says, "Won't you people look at all we have?
Don't you want it? Can't you see the things that you lack?"

Children in his arms, he turns his back.