

Project Pitchfork, Self-Knowledge

Father
Why are the children crying here?
Mother
Why do they have so much fear?
Well my son let me explain
We live our lifes different
Nothing is the same

But mom
I think it's the same
I'm a child too
Difference's just the name

They have nothing
I have a lot
They feel the pain
I see their blood!

A child is a child
You have to take care
We are so small and innocent
Like an angels hair

It also could happen to me
Have you ever thought
About your life
In this society?

Father
There is still so much to do
We need your trust
And your helping hand too!

Who is guilty?
Who is not?
Could it be me?
Or could it be god?

Who can change things?
Could it be me?
I'm just a small part
Of this society

But if it's me
Who can change a lot
Is it wrong to say
That I am god?