

Shelter, Appreciation

I have been born in the age of thoughtlessness
And I too commit the crime of living in this world
Considering all to be mine
The earth the air the sun the trees
Like a body all work in perfect harmony
Will we fit into the system or create the disease?
Our greatest wealth it has been lost
I'd like to get it back at any cost
We dare live in this world without appreciation
Appreciate it's getting late
We've sealed our fate with all the damage that has been done
So much destruction so a few can have some fun
I contemplate and I dedicate
To getting myself out of this pathetic state
Of living without giving in a world
Where we've forced to become so numb
And despite all say I get carried away
I took for granted it's easier not to think than to appreciate
And my cultures disease has got the best of me
And now I pray that it's not too late