

# March To This Destiny

## A Broken Silence

(What are we waiting for) It's only slipping away.  
What can be done at all, my god life is so wonderful.  
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Some claiming it's insane to be driven for a change, should redirect aim  
(Everything stays the same)  
Living is great, f\*\*k switching up lanes, perfect picture in my frame (so  
Sic and so vein) got many trying to cope, we ain't throwing no ropes, spent  
Our pennies on dope (got plenty but we broke) so soles choked in confusion,  
Overdosed in potent illusions.  
Got people trying to climb that be teaching to the blind, the defeated in  
The mind, reasons to shine. Time to be wise, drama as the seas rise, Obama  
Has that peace prize (so believe what you like) middle east cries, feasting  
On their pipe lines I can see it's high time, that we need to define why  
People dying over resource exports, human pawns, this world be a chess  
Board.

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Can we be blamed for our love of the benefits?  
For how our brains stay drugged off the rhetoric.  
We well trained, don't touch any evidence.  
Despite relevance, where we headed is classified intelligence.

March to this destiny, waltz with your memories.  
You don't see nothing, I don't see anything.  
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You don't see nothing, I don't see anything.  
March to this destiny, waltz with your memories.  
You don't see nothing, I don't see anything.  
March to this destiny, waltz with your memories. You don't see nothing, you  
Don't see, you don't see.

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What we.  
Will be.  
If we.

Picture this dream.

What we, gonna obtain by shifting the blame

Will be, living estranged as victims of change

If we, dig deep by lifting our sleeves. Then we all... Picture this dream