

## Tools of Separation

Anacrusis

Where once was childlike simplicity  
Now only remnants of blind ideals  
This quality of innocence  
Once tarnished, is forever lost  
It's lost...  
It's lost...  
Never to return  
It's lost...  
It's lost...

We turn our heads  
And show our backs  
Burn bridges of communication  
Throw away and cast aside  
Shed these tools of separation

The complexities of maturity  
Entangled in prejudice  
I'm longing for this purity  
Through envy and emptiness  
It's lost...  
It's lost...  
And nothing remains of this childhood bliss  
It's lost...  
It's lost...

We turn our heads  
And show our backs  
Burn bridges of communication  
Throw away and cast aside  
Shed these tools of separation

Where once was childlike simplicity  
Now only remnants of blind ideals  
This egocentric, foolish pride  
Never knowing happiness  
It's lost...  
It's lost...  
Never to return  
It's lost...  
It's lost...

We turn our heads  
And show our backs  
Burn bridges of communication  
Throw away and cast aside  
Shed these tools of separation