

Save Their Aim

Cataract

We pretend to care in the stuffy air we breath all day
We find ourself oppressing life that'll never know
Save their aim from the ashes

Too scared to lose our worthful power of blind control
Where's the right to rise with own force to built their
system

Save their aim from the ashes

Delightful cultures that'll never grow with our apparent
sens of relief
Our sweat ain't more than false deception and
Our helping hands are full of blood and dirt

Save their aim from the ashes

We set the frame in the genuine rain of a lost generation
Our sweat ain't more than false deception and
Our helping hands are full of blood and dirt

Save their aim from the ashes

All our norms have been stamped in innocent flesh
All our past has been burying their unborn hope
All our ignorance has unleashed all their misery

Save their aim... from the ashes