

Formulate our species' hopes cut the twine in little ropes  
If all the angels cannot sleep lull into a decorative peace  
The information we contain pulls us down in a muddy lake  
And now we trek restlessly grafting onto anything

That we will never find ourselves alone  
Where have our fathers' hopes and feathers gone

Slip it in the humans' tea  
Our dna on a boat in the Euphrates  
Want to bathe in this gene pool  
Want to drain out this gene pool

And we will never find ourselves alone  
Where have our fathers' hopes and feathers gone

Formulate our species' hopes cut the twine in little ropes  
If all the angels cannot sleep fall into a decorative peace  
The information we contain pulls us down in a muddy lake  
And now we trek endlessly grafting onto everything

That we will never find ourselves alone again  
Where have our fathers' hopes and feathers blown away