

The Weight

Ghost of the Robot

You see it going down...
It happens to all of your friends,
They start to look exactly like their parents,
While giving you only the presence,
Of nothing more than a digital acquaintance.
For all their years they seem to have glory,
Which just becomes the same old boring story.
While living other's lives gossiping,
Just listen to this birdsong songbird sing...

Forget regretting, the sequel to upsetting,
The path straight to the darkest shadows of night.
Fear set in kidding the system that does our bidding.
Though we know that nothing's as heavy as light...

And when the cynics grow sick of sin,
They will attempt to tie up their loose ends,
And find it hard to stand where they've been,
As the hypocrites noose begins to descend.
No matter what you think they may think,
Life to sea, you must swim or sink.
You're at every turn right or left wrong.
Just sing along to this songbird birdsong...

Life will try and take you, break and make a fake you,
Then it will forsake you, the wait is to awake you...
You can only break through, a place where you can take to,
Being of a select few, who shed the things once known new...

The gravity of our situation, depravity of our indignation.
If the past presents to weigh down... Flip the future scale aro
und.
Behold your fate you'll be the holder,
The world or chip you choose to shoulder.
This great exchange is not to frighten,
The Weight is always to enlighten...
Jump!