

## Human Era

Horrorshow

Here we go, on the arc of the high and the low  
The tipping point of the to and the fro  
Though the seed blossoms slow  
It is now as it was long ago  
You reap what you sow  
And the wind still blows, the fire still burns  
And the water still flows  
Buried in the earth where the life still grows  
The heart still knows, and it tell you where to go  
So I crossed over mountains and I sat above the plains  
Couldn't shake the feeling that I'm part of something strange  
Off white glazed eyes under my shades  
Gotta embrace the chaos and just leave it up to fate  
Whether buildings suffocate the sky and hide it from me  
Or the land stretches flat for as far as the eye can see  
Lines run deep, from the ancient dust of the red centre  
To the grey pavement of the inner city trendsetters

The newest era of the human error  
The water still flows  
The wind still blows  
The life still grows  
The heart still knows and on and on it goes

While the world conspires we try to read the omens  
See the form take shape as power changes hands  
It's the human era made of fleeting moments  
As the rock breaks down and slowly turns to sand

So we figure-eight just going through the motions  
Snap shots coming in and out of focus  
The Mayans, Aztecs and the Romans  
Each seized their moment to bear the onus  
What's spanned across time and places  
Gets left behind in faint traces  
Throughout the ages, the sands of time shift  
As we drift just looking for that oasis, chasing

The rise and fall of all things big and small  
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