

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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