

What We Become

Horse Feathers

It's not what we became
But what we become
It's not all of the parts
Or their sum
The cruel they can be kind
The true can lie
Is it not how much you love
But how much you try?

Ashamed of being wrong
But righteously wild
Afraid of wasting a lifetime
Being a child
When I'm out of my mind
I do as I please
I won't get down on my luck
Or down on my knees

It's not what we became
But what we become
It's right under our nose
And under our thumbs
The words they can be clear
As much as they can be cold
Is it not all that you heard
But all that you're told?

Ashamed of being wrong
But righteously wild
Afraid of wasting a lifetime
Being a child
When I'm out of my mind
I do as I please
I won't be down on my luck
Or down on my knees