

Who Died And Made Us King?

If Hope Dies

through pure arrogance
mankind has staked its claim
it's left its mark upon
all that surrounds us
there is a darkness rising overhead
shadows that are converging and closing in
we've set forth to conquer
every last inch of land
burning down and plowing over
everything in our path

our numbers explode
six billion lives
that this world can't hold

like a plague of locusts we spread
from one side of this earth, to the next
heedless, of the destruction
wrought by our hands
we continue to subjugate
the land

in the name of selfishness
in the name of greed
we have ignored our impact
on this planet's longevity

we look to the heavens
for the drawing of our paths
forsaking all that's present
for empty promises
never once have we stopped
to question the assumption
that we have the knowledge
to dictate what lives and dies

what lives and dies

never have we
stopped to question
the assumption
of man's dominion

there is a darkness rising overhead
enshrouding us
shadows that are closing in
bearing down
the long ignored prices
of progress

for love ,
of this world
for the future,
of mankind
we've got to turn
back this tide

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