

"Winston Churchill said that "The destiny of man is not measured by material computations
When great forces are on the move in the world
We learn we are spirits, not animals"
And he said "There's something going on in time and space, and beyond time and space
Which, whether we like it or not, spells duty"
You and I have a rendezvous with destiny
We will preserve for our children this
The last best hope of man on earth
Or we will sentence them to take the last step into a thousand years of darkness"

Sometimes I don't know what to say
This is genuine miracle, I woke up today, so I got up to pray
But my BBM was pinging when my Android started singing
Then, I missed all of the glory for technological luxuries
And just like that I forgot all of the trees
And the flowers and the breeze carryin' seeds across the seas
Extra honey in my tea but pay no to homage to the bee
Whatever happened to us?
And will we ever let the magic come and tap into us?
We preach apocalypse written by John the Revelator
But won't even speak to a stranger ridin' on the elevator
Or step to the side when we standin' still on the escalator
The planet earth is a hospital, we on the respirator
I don't regret the haters

Sometimes that's what you need to see yourself
Break through and free yourself
Accept your own and be yourself
It's magic
The story of life is too tragic
It's magic

This is the turn, they ain't ready for prestige yet
The flow is too collegiate, the show is too prestigious
Pretty like a flower, refreshin' like a shower
Depression makes me sour, but it's still a feelin'
My human heart and all my senses say, "It's still appealin'"
I could be dead and gone, a brass band
The second line, I could be headin' home
And passersby may shed a tear after she read the stone
This is luxury
The story of life is not tragic
It's magic

Sometimes that's what you need to see yourself
Break through and free yourself
Accept your own and be yourself
It's magic
The story of life is not tragic
It's a luxury