

Parables

Kae Tempest

This is called Parables

At last we watch these cities tumble
I swear this beast will eat itself
It feasts itself into digestion and it's shitting us out in a mess of rejected intestines
But we weekly willed will cry tears when hear that the beast is killed
Because each has spilled themselves before it and begged that the beast should eat its fill
And yes people still believe that their rewards are gonna come
That's why they keeping still
Heeding the shrill pitch of it's persuasion
And living each day for the next temptation
Because they extended the invitation
We coax the beast down from the hills
We said "Come, come wreck our hearts,
Come fill our hands our wealth and don't show no mercy"

Ah but the beast it fooled us
It told us it loved us when really it ruled us
It subtly screwed us all down into place while we wept in it's name and we begged for a taste

See when it's all easy to grab we get complacent
Our senses defenseless against the invasion of hostile forces parading as friendly
It feels like we've got so much that it left us empty
So then we got more in a frenzy to fill up the void but the void is increasing
It seems we're all speaking so much we've lost meaning
It seems we're all deep in the guts of this demon

But this ain't no overblown theory
I ain't saying this is the work or no secret pact
What I'm saying is this is the outcome of consumer identity
And that is the beast at our back
And it has the support of the courts and the law
So now we can't trust justice because she just feeds the beast jaws
With the bodies that arrive in a heap on the floor
And now the jails are all flooded with the blood of the poor
We must be like the water and head back to the source
Instead we're grinning away while the rocks watch our core
But what for?
Our smiles are locked doors and our hearts are not sure that we even want more
The meaning of mine is not mine anymore
It's not yours but you lot here you are not a lost cause

Still these are the times of the parables
These are the times of the freeborn mind self manacled
Time prophesied by the ancients
When the days are so full they've made us vacant

But just love be filled with love and have strength enough to be still when shoved
See the filth and the rust can't corrupt the goodness that fills your blood
And all truth is built on trust

And it's up to us to move right because moves must get made
So be bare faced in this masquerade
See too many hearts have grade in a dullness of days
But our hearts are displayed as we charge on like it's the last parade
We don't believe that we can't be saved
We believe in change and we believe in it transpires when we need it
But the ships that we stand are not see fit
It's these vessels filled with the chaos of commerce that are leading us into the wreckage but I swear we're at the helm
We've got the tillers in hand
And the truth that was lost we can still understand
We need to build bridges over this splintered land
Before the hour glass cracks and spills it's sand