Low Tech

Kublai Khan

Build myself in the dirt
Sacred right, sacred curse

Who of us expected dust
Promised gold and
Handed rust in return
For your life and sacrifice
Did your job, now rust and die

To be a man with nowhere to stand (Where to stand)
Old tech with your dick left in your hand
You built the world, but can't share it (Can't share it)
I'm sorry son, we're not the ones to
Inherit

Old souls
Not royalty
I want nothing
Solitude will prove
I won't lose

Forced to move
Forced to choose

Beyond bigons
My legs walk on
Land of the hurt
The world I see but know but I could never be
Defined by
Designed by
But when my eyes shut
I know who I am
Hit the switch

To be a man with nowhere to stand
My plans reduced to what's in my hand

Ground zero
Fists in the dirt
Simply born
Simply die
I was built
And designed
Low tech

Enemies to my kind
Fight the tide, tow the line
But I'm crudely made and refined in mind for this low tech