

Why Is It

Møme

And once I was dreaming of rolls of water
When the cracks in my skin were just stories of the sea
And when all of my thoughts were diving into melted pools of golden ivory
Golden ivory

As time grows older will you be the change
That you bring to their hopes, that they believe in?
Why is it that we can't exist in peace?
Until our worlds collide and colors flood the sky

Thinking about the future even though we're still young
And we're fearing the future although it's already begun
We're scared of the hands holding power in days to come
And your eyes see fields of green, plastic fish and bodies in flee

As time grows older will you be the change
That you bring to their hopes, that they believe in?
Why is it that we can't exist in peace?
Until our worlds collide and colors flood the sky

Is this the way the world is gonna turn?
Is this the way the water will burn?