

## About the Purpose That We Serve

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So we're caught in conversation  
Lost in language I can't understand  
Civility's a foil for all the blood that stains the soil  
We never scratch beneath the surface of the sand

Dialed-in dreams, dissociation  
This type of talk makes me wanna cry  
It took people in the street to make modernity complete  
Don't take a PhD to see it was a lie

Every action driven in the living  
Nourished with some notions close at hand  
Some food for thought, one just might choke on what they're given  
There's so, so many voices, look around and you've got choices

But the angle's always altered for convenience  
Common sense so tailored to the time  
It were ever to conserve that which we think that we deserve  
Perverted and preserved to stay in line

Beware the seduction of those choices  
Especially the easiest to see  
Somewhere in the middle falls a deep dismissal of us all  
And expectation it would endlessly be we

Who cast a vote of no imagination  
Who dive down hook-and-sinker for the line  
A thing called progress is so produced through practiced patience  
But metaphors for forward motion often reel you back in time, I tell you

We two were waxing philosophic  
About the purpose that we serve  
About our fracturing perspectives  
About the trust that we deserve

Some say you've got no way of knowing  
So leave it to the ones who do  
Be it a priest or politician  
Know it's never you

It's just a mode of our oration  
It's just a taking of the truth  
Why would we purpose all our wisdom  
On a standard so loose