

Listen
Silence as an echo
The rhythm of the mist
Laying the seed
Progressed from need like a part from a dream
Deeper into reality higher is the equality

And what is justice?
Nobody knew
Nobody wanted to
And what is love?
They all knew
Some didn't want to

Reasons to be
Carved into basics
Are we free
Are we in-deed

Listen
The eye of the storm
Not even an echo
When buried too deep
It's hard to receive the truly unseed
Silence as far as the eye can see

And what is real?
Nobody knew
Yet some wanted to