

Love, is what I believe in
And freedom is what I need
But why do I suffer from love
And why am I not free
The might sleeps in our hearts
We should form it with our hands
There won't be help from anyone
Just you and me
Purity and hope

The ability to love
And curiosity
Are our strong sides
Self-hate and greed
Are our weaknesses
Spirit always was there
Or it evolved to the point
Where we are now
But its origin is not of importance
We don't use it anyway

You're wasting time
Following lies
Break the chains of slavery
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A devil does not exist
It's just a metaphor for
Giving free rein to our animal instincts
While a full acceptance of these feelings
Opens a door to another level
In which harming even the freedom
Of another person turns into nonsense

The growth rate of humanity
Could be an indication of our origin
Made to survive - at all costs
This may be a cultural effect
But it's somehow corresponding
To the behavior of bacteria

Unlike other mammals
We are living without the ability
To produce vitamin see
So, should we save the plants ?

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Perhaps we'll evoke the first
Synthetic form of life on our planet

And maybe that's all we are here for
But nature spreads everywhere
Will we bring life to other planets?
Is this the plan of nature?

The freedom of choice
Seems not to be wanted
Because what we can do
We will do
But should we?
This question is not really asked
And even if the answer is no
We will do it

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And if art is a way
To transport feelings and thoughts
From here into the future
Then I hope that future generations
Will judge our electronical middle age
Not only for the things we did and will do
But also for the hopes, dreams and love
We felt within us