

Fate Of All Humanity

Serious Black

I woke up the other day
To a world completely changed
Nothing was the same
The weatherman kept calm
Joking 'bout the coming storm
I knew too well

To pictures of the coast
Sunny yet quite cold
His story strayed
To the people still at home
Welcoming the anarchy
And the violence within

They think we don't know about it
We cracked their code

Now the fate of all humanity
Hinges on me
It's a question of humanity
This old world relies on you and me

Finishing my tea
It's tasting honey-sweet
The newsman speaks to me
I'm picking up my coat
Soon I'm walking out that door

He then asks if I'm alone
Asks me for my time
I'm paralyzed
But I tell him that I'm fine
And ask him what is on his mind
And to this he reply

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Somewhere
There's a doorway to secrets
The pathways to wisdom
Of pure understanding

Somehow
We will manage to find this
This talon of power
The wisdom inside

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