

Deconstruction

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Feeling like I'm always going under
Waiting for you to bring back your thunder
Life's elements seem to go as under
Feeling like I'm always going under

A flower's mother, a soldier's father, the farmer's wife
The start and end of life

The sword can't cut it, man can't kill it
Millions pounding on your face
We can't see or touch you, God

If today I die
And cannot deny
The life that I lived for what I say will befit myself in time
The deconstruction of the human mind
Splitting up the world into times

A flower's mother, a soldier's father, the farmer's wife
The start and end of life

The sword can't cut it, man can't kill it
Millions pounding on your face
We can't see or touch you, God

Why am I so cold?
Why am I so frail?
Why am I so cold?
Why am I so frail?
Why am I so frail?

The deconstruction of the human mind
Splitting up the world into times

If today I die
And cannot deny
The life that I lived for what I say will befit myself in time
No time to die nor live
No structures of a pyramid
No trained horses to arise
Surmise my position
My words define

Deconstruction of the human mind
A shifting of polarities to find
Waking dreams embellishing my rhymes
Splitting up the world into times

If today I die
And cannot deny
The life that I lived for what I say now befit myself in time
No time to die nor live
No structures of a pyramid
No trained horses to arise
Surmise my position
My words define