

The Seeds

Shakra

Nine billion humans on this earth
Nine billion dreams
So many live in poverty
There's no balance it seems

You're craving for something you won't be possessing

We sowed the seeds along our way
Just those for our needs
The harvest will be hate and fear
The crop of all bad seeds

Our roles are fictive to subdue
They're just shows of strength
It can't be that having no clue
Means you've no right to be

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