

# 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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