

Orchid

Strung Out

I am the future
I am metaphor for war
I take my medicine as I'm praying on all fours
We sit in fields of rust, Corinthian and time
I'm synthesis in motion, I am freedom and decline

Raise me to shine like an orchid from the cracks
Wash me aside when the levees finally break
In opposition we are never free
When our cause becomes our slavery

The poet and the warrior
The future or the way we were
Stand down rise up, we all know?
The secret to the life we chose
So we are

I am law to save me from who I am
I am love spent then reborn again
We are orchid torn away
All is forgiven when we pray

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The future or the way we were
Stand down rise up, we all know?
The secret to the life we chose

Stand down? Rise up? We all know
Stand down? Rise up? We all know