

Our Legacy

Look at us. In another decade's end
some of us, you will never see again.
None of us, can do little more than bend
the hand of time
as it marks our steady climb
toward death.

Here we are, surrounded by our pride and
Fear. We are clinging stubbornly to life so
Dear. We are in a constant state of battle.

We shake the core of our existence
listening for a rattle
in the hope that we can find the flaw
that makes us age and die it's all a game.
And if it has no name,
at least it represents
an organized attempt at preservation.

Paradox, while searching for the key to life we're
forging locks. Humanity held prisoner in a
shrinking box. And on we go upgrading,
constantly invading the order as it stands.
It seems a curse that things get worse
when touched by human hands.
We exercise uncanny talents
for putting nature out of balance.
What a game! And if progress is its name,
perhaps we should examine
what priorities we claim.

Legacy, the universal birthright of
humanity is the inheritance of earth as it was
meant to be. But the cause of greed creates the need
for a justified tradition;
that every birth receives the earth
in slightly worse condition.
Just take whatever you can grab

and let your children pay the tab.
It's such a game.
And if the system is its name
I guess it's always easier
when there's something you can blame.

Here am I. I watch alone and wonder, is it
Worth the try to step into the waves that seem to
Rock the sky. With a roar of good intentions,
eight billion people swept along
by ignorance and pride.
Could one person make a difference if he
stood against the tide?
Shall I make my peace with God and pray
I'm ready when we're blown away?
What shall I earn
when the Master shall return
to find I stood by idly and
watched creation burn?

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some of us you will never see again.

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