

The Predicament Song

George Dlouhy

We live in dimensions, three and the time,
We measure our success by mountains of gold.
We segregate ourselves into who's strong or frail,
Who's young and beautiful and who's ugly and old.

We became servile, content and weak,
Our freedom is dying by thousands of cuts.
We have no spine to hold our head high,
We have no courage, we have no guts.

We look for the features, so easy to see.
We don't see beauty, hidden in the soul.
We value only the obvious traits,
We wrongly judge people, simply as all.

We introduced music, with no melodies,
We introduced art, for those who can't paint.
We regard artists as demigods,
We proclaimed a sinner being a saint.

To sustain our living we fabricate life,
We muster poor creatures through the devil's farm gate.
They never see sunshine, they never feel rain,
What they all live for, is a meal on our plate.

We're heading to our destruction, like a runaway train,
Without reverse and without brakes.
No moral restraints, we don't look back,
Just always forward, whatever it takes.

Our future is written all around us,
As ancient worlds, all turned to dust.
We live like culture producing poison,
But we don't believe it, in lies we trust!