Epoch in Our Time

Mumma, it is now time to go, so that I can find the meaning.

Do I really want to know?

Well, there's just one thing that troubles me but it's a path that I must take.

A part of me I know I'll lose, no matter what we say.

Stop meaning to delay, forsaken martyr.

When there's a struggle for need, it's not the end if the world can't agree.

Never can we foresee, while we are living in fear of what the world can decree.

Who’d want to be embroiled, since there will be trouble when the melting pot boils.

Lifetimes behind a wall that’s never too tall, careful not to fall.

Half the world on fire, missiles set to make their strikes.

For all those who are willing to die.

History denied is nothing short of being snide.

The past leads us to blame, that from which we must seek refrain.

Half the world lives while the other hungers to die without shame.

Always on the move, accused of any crime.

Nowhere to belong and nothing keeping them from grinding axes.

History begins with an epoch in our time.

If we're conscious of our past then neither sovereignty dies or collapses.

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