

no snake in the tree

In the era of good fortune,
we were burying our souls,
piling on a dirt of lies,
we bought or we were sold,
we all thought we were famous,
so we traded in our dreams,
we only saw the skin of things,
shackled to our screens,
then the desert started growing,
and the ocean got so deep,
but those souls that we had buried,
they turned out to be seeds,
and those seeds they kept on growing,
as human as can be,
we got a second shot,
at eden,
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