

A Hope For Home, The Human Project Lives

There is blood on my hands, but there is a reason for what we've done.
don't look back on all the problems its caused, the problems that we've solved
will justify. so turn a blind eye.
oh god! why have you forsaken us? these illusions make for such great escapes!
though every synapse leads to something great
we fear the means which hope does not stray
away from my body. take me away from this place, and i'll follow you to the end!
and we're here pounding on these walls but noone hears your cries.
lord we wait for your return!
we've lost our way! we dig our own graves!
this is a place of broken hearts and broken dreams. and its killing me to watch it bleed.
still pounding on these walls, and there is nothing new. have we bled ourselves dry?
our own tounes deceive us! we dig our own graves!
and it wont be long, it wont be long. we wait for your return.
our tounes are tied, we are decieved!
we are decieved by the grace of man,
and can we be redeemed?
our hearts grow cold,
but oursalvation lies just past the waters edge!
can these soiled hands hold me up in time for you to return?
o how thou art destroyed, o city renown