

# Serj Tankian, Deconstruction - feat. Tony Iommi,

Feeling like I'm always going under  
Waiting for you to bring back your thunder  
Life's elements seem to go as under  
Feeling like I'm always going under

A flower's mother, a soldier's father, the farmer's wife  
The start and end of life

The sword can't cut it, man can't kill it  
Millions pounding on your face  
We can't see or touch you, God

If today I die  
And cannot deny  
The life that I lived for what I say will befit myself in time  
The deconstruction of the human mind  
Splitting up the world into times

A flower's mother, a soldier's father, the farmer's wife  
The start and end of life

The sword can't cut it, man can't kill it  
Millions pounding on your face  
We can't see or touch you, God

Why am I so cold?  
Why am I so frail?  
Why am I so cold?  
Why am I so frail?  
Why am I so frail?

The deconstruction of the human mind  
Splitting up the world into times

If today I die  
And cannot deny  
The life that I lived for what I say will befit myself in time  
No time to die nor live  
No structures of a pyramid  
No trained horses to arise  
Surmise my position  
My words define

Deconstruction of the human mind  
A shifting of polarities to find  
Waking dreams embellishing my rhymes  
Splitting up the world into times

If today I die  
And cannot deny  
The life that I lived for what I say now befit myself in time  
No time to die nor live  
No structures of a pyramid  
No trained horses to arise  
Surmise my position  
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