

# Sting, History Will Teach Us Nothing

If we seek solace in the prisons of the distant past  
Security in human systems we're told will always always last  
Emotions are the sail and blind faith is the mast  
Without a breath of real freedom we're getting nowhere fast

If God is dead and an actor plays his part  
His words of fear will find their way to a place in your heart  
Without the voice of reason every faith is its own curse  
Without freedom from the past things can only get worse

Sooner or later just like the world first day  
Sooner or later we learn to throw the past away  
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History will teach us nothing  
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Our written history is a catalogue of crime  
The sordid and the powerful, the architects of time  
The mother of invention, the oppression of the mild  
The constant fear of scarcity, aggression as its child

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Convince an enemy, convince him that he's wrong  
Is to win a bloodless battle where victory is long  
A simple act of faith  
In reason over might  
To blow up his children will only prove him right  
History will teach us nothing

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Be what you come here for  
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