

Chipping Away

*It seems day by day that we're losing our way
The ones with the money are the ones with the say
Nostalgic for a time that maybe never was
In our dreams the truth often becomes afterthought*

*And the chipping away makes me weary
In good faith we've tried it their way
We're more by the minute and we're starving for truth
And we won't, we won't stop til we've each won the day*

*The mincing of words over torture and pain
With a spin call them necessary tools of the trade
With each controversy every prisoner on the rack
Our flag becomes tarnished and may never come back*

*Just when it's supposed to get easy
The road takes a fork to the right
They champion profit and they drive it with hate and we won't
We won't stop til we've each won the day*

*Our brothers are dying all over the globe
The real reasons for which we will never be told
Blood's thicker than water with this we've been filled
Seems oil's worth more than the sea of blood that we've spilled
Our unrest keeps growing with floods and with war
More pissed til we just can't take anymore*

*And the chipping away makes me weary
We've tried to do it their way*

*We're filled with venom, and whiskey and self-righteous rage
We won't stop til we've each won the day*