

City On A Hill

Genghis Tron

We take pride in our short sights,
Our past horrors
Shout coarsely with a long stick
Lest we seem sane
We're strangers
Pulling stolen reigns
I'm not proud
We're staging an ugly fable
Our hands are awash with lies
Most blame will fall
On this useless mob
Their bloodlust grows
Our whips blow back
It grows
They'll snap our necks
All we are--all we'll be
Is so wrong