

Crisis Of Man

Better Than a Thousand

I walked down to the park where I once played
The trees have been uprooted
No grass, just brick, a factory
And a stench that fills the air
And the stream nearby
Where we laughed and cried
Has sadly been polluted
I stand stunned, my body is numb
Nobody seems to care
CRISIS OF MAN-Crisis of a generation
CRISIS OF MAN-degeneration

I walked to the church in the village green
The church it seemed deserted
The shiny mall, it attracts us all
It's the center of our town
Outside look around, it's upside down
It seems so perverted
Technology-has it made us free?
What we found?

CRISIS OF MAN-Crisis of a generation
CRISIS OF MAN-degeneration

We are disenchanted with our situation
And disenchanted with our modern dream
Yeah, disenchanted with our generation
Now's the time for us to intervene