

# It's What You Will

Chuck Ragan

We are the common not filth and disgrace  
You would know better if you saw it that way  
Lock your scapegoats and shut out the lights  
Lock up your secrets and give your skeletons the keys  
We will never be what you want the world to be  
You'll never have a glimpse of what true can see  
Mind the world that's dying, it isn't yours to kill  
Look around it's what you will

We are the blue so strong and confused  
Tracking down dusty roads finding what we lose  
Dancing with the casualty spirits of the wars  
Shedding a few tears for the beggars and the whores  
We will never be what you want the world to be  
You'll never have a glimpse of what true can see  
Mind the world that's dying, it isn't yours to kill  
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Maybe there's a mutiny rising with the sun  
To come she'd some light on the damage that was done  
Maybe it's an army or a sleeping four year old  
Resting from a hard day of "army" in the cold  
We will never be what you want the world to be  
You'll never have a glimpse of what true can see  
Mind the world that's dying, it isn't yours to kill  
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