

The embodiment of innocence stripped from her own territory
America's child has passed so close to freedom
Now closest with her maker
The ten lifetimes of terror were experienced by this frail body

Where have our children gone?
They are not to be found amongst this tabloid filth over kill
An embarrassing lack of responsibility
A vicious cycle of soap opera drama pettiness

No known beginning and no end in sight
This must be our darkest hour
When gossip takes priority over our young

Are we this shallow?
Are we this apathetic?
Are we this bored?
Prove me wrong

The child is mine, now that she has been thrown away
The interest is gone, so now the others suffer
They suffer unto a grotesque attention, span deficit monster
They turned our play yards into graveyards
So we cried every night for a week

Squeezing as much concern allowed between each sports update
You cried every night for a week, yet I still mourn
Have you forgotten their faces?
Patience is a virtue, I won't instate
I must see the faces of every abductee
I must taste the pain

Remind me of our system atrocities
Don't let me forget, don't let me forget
Why haven't we drawn a line?
Instead, we feed and shelter them
We support the evil and pay their debts
We've paid their debts
Why can't we win?