

well i thought we'd arrived at a tract in our history
where we'd fought every endeavor we could fight
yet i shuddered with grim preconception
as the cannonade erupted into light
and my ocular gaze lay dehiscent
it seemed that i could not look away
and every god fearing son was a patriot
and victory remained elusive
just one bomb away
oh yeah one bomb away

and they say that customs will reconcile people
to any atrocity - (George Bernard Shaw)
from dachau to belfast to baghdad
from sea to shining sea

and they say that when fascism crosses our borders
it'll be wrapped up in a shroud
glowing red, white, and blue
and our rectors they say will explain it away
as the ravings of a passionate few

well i happened to visit a slaughterhouse
where cessation's redolence rose to the sky
and propitious creatures await a most virulent fate
which their pacific demeanor belies
it was a place i don't care to return to
whose chambers compassion would not recognize
where slaughter is sanctification
and humanity covers it's eyes

covers it's eyes

my country 'tis of thee
sweet land of liberty
of thee i sing of thee i sing

i don't want to be a patriot
if being a patriot means being like you