

Burt Rutan

Kids In The Way

Split the blackened sky, open flood gates wide
With just one little cry you open up your eyes
We live like whores
We're killing dreams for little boys and little girls

It's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation, in the fires we play

Awake the frozen souls, burn the idol bulls
Our lips pressed to the coal, a glowing cinder makes us whole
We wash our hands
Of all the blood from innocence that we have shed