

## 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