

## Rust

Lagwagon

They make your bed, don't they  
Long ago they fought and died for faith - what's changed?  
It's said that we've learned tolerance  
To build more bridges, cross those rivers  
Yet modern man enslaves his conscience  
The undertow of blame still flows between

Give it birth to the machine  
Hostilities of ancestry  
Slow to understand the variance  
Quick to judge on one aspect

Rust

We call them fools today  
They will call us fools in days to come - what's changed?  
In any age it's ignorance  
He that is not with me, is against me  
The river of pride swells too high  
Washing those bridges out to sea

Give it birth to the machine  
Too proud to love - too proud  
Soaking in your fears - rusting away (away)  
Never comprehending - always condescending me  
Slow to understand  
Quick to judge, quick to condemn

Rust

Carried them for years - stones that they once cast  
Place the blame on them as if it were their past  
Yesterdays distrust, resent, regret, disgust  
Still we pay for their living - pay for their mistakes

(Always) Who will cast the latest stones of hate  
(Always) Pay for their misgivings - pay for their living  
Still we find that on the surface there is rust