

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