

Empty factories to the east and all our waste  
The shape of things that came shows on the broken workers face  
To the west you'll find our silicon promised lands where  
Machines replace our minds for systematic profit plans  
The course of human progress staggers like a drunk  
Its steps are quick and heavy and its mind is slow and blunt  
I look for optimism but I just dont know  
Its seeds are planted in a poison place where nothing grows  
Its 1989 stand up and take a look around  
Weathers bitter tension it seems is sinking down  
Drunk with power and fighting one another  
Every hour shows the winter getting harder  
Theres a freezeup coming  
One nation stands the tallest radiating blinding light  
Plastic and fluorescent energy robbing us of sight  
Set in our way content with our decay  
We wave the flag of freedom as we conquer and invade  
Ever ask yrself wheres my place in this hell  
But no ones there to tell you cuz they dont know that themselfe  
s  
The well rehearsed lines from our elated politicians  
No longer offer solace we can see the self destruction  
Just one political song to drop into the list  
That is years and years long