

The day that civil glory dismembered my civility
I could have parted ribs and flesh like a different kind of Red
Sea

Drowned the ancient east in western progress
Custom and the least of all our pride and sentiments
Which turned out to be the closest thing to a fashion trend
That's ever been put on trial
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The rest was cast off as denial of statehood and mastery;
The ultimate form of treason is the treacherous use of reason
Employed by the bastard sons of American fore-
fathers who keep this fire burning
With the flesh of their would-
be American daughters, daughters, daughters, daughters!!

What will happen to our children when the least of us pass on?
Us who fought the monsters of our country's crowded closet
Us who dropped the bombs on goodness when we saw it wasn't flaw
less
Us whose youthful life was hostage to what harm did
Us who fought the hardest to be swept under the carpet

And I'm still a cigarette softly smoking on the edge of a metal
ashtray
I begged this place to let me burn, and it whispered, "burn awa
y"