

Collapse (Post-Amerika)

Rise Against

When our rivers run dry and our crops cease to grow
When our summers grow longer and winters won't snow
From the banks of the ocean and the ice in the hills
To the fight in the desert where progress stands still
When we've lost our will

That's how we'll know
This is not a test, oh no
This is cardiac arrest
Of a world too proud to admit our mistakes
We're crashing into the ground as we all fall from grace

When the air that we breathe becomes air that we choke
When the marsh fever spreads from the swamps to our homes
When your home on the range has been torn down and paved
And the buffalo roam to a slaughterhouse grave
What more will it take

For us to know
This is not a test, oh no
This is cardiac arrest
Of a world too proud to admit our mistakes
Kissing the ground as we all fall from grace

This is a chance to set things straight
To bend or break the rules back into place
There is no middle ground, no compromise
We've drawn the line
With perfect aim, we stand back and throw
Glass windows break and it's all about to blow
Lights go out as we pass the torch again
In hope that is stays lit

Neutrality means that you don't really care
Cuz the struggle goes on even when you're not there
Blind and unaware

That's how we'll know
This is not a test, oh no
This is cardiac arrest
Of a world too proud to admit our mistakes
We're crashing into the ground as we all, yeah we all, all fall
from grace