

## Raised On Promises

Sam Phillips

Building cage I can only study the blame  
I can think of a word for myself but no name  
Question darts throw me to the dogs of progress  
But they run from what really matters

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To the furnace for shade to the dust for a drink  
Logic's mad and shame doesn't care what you think  
The ocean's dry it's only a phantom that you fathom  
But the flood comes from the desert

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Land of the known  
Free of the brave  
They sell us ourselves  
The center has moved and water bleeds from broken faces

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