

We see you feelings running dry again  
Who am I but a man that wants to die again  
Felt fine till you opened up my sin  
Sit back realize where we've been

We see you armies moving in again  
A police action or genocide again  
We see the past being hid again  
Sit back realize where we've been

Frustrations seeping in again  
We're trusting lies instead  
Of the truth my friend  
We see the blackness of your sins  
Take a look back to where we've been

Our eyes read between your lines  
Your actions are as loud as mime's  
Red tape seals our lips again  
Take a look back to where we've been

You make me want to stand up  
And scream I want to be free  
Never think about the unthinkable  
1600 and her backwards dance