

Hear the preachers from the pulpits of power spin the lies
They sell give the youth our rage inna society built on
Distraction holy material excess strengthen the bars on our cage
Instigate awake, overcome mistake, are we gonna break?
Steal back the truths they take. Pretty chains of hate.
What the system make. At war from once without and now within
We're all trying to reach beyond the plastic truths of our
Nation soiled by miscircumstance soiled by miscarriage of
Justice beyond the truths of a television lie the rot and
Myopia of this self-consuming utopia
Youth enrage
Breaking the tide over our shoulders and out into the children
Of a justice-starved world to win above the mockeries of
Patriotism the flags flying under the billboards are the
Blind spots in our eyes
The comfort of the boss's hands around our hearts around these
Lands the morals of paper; where it stood and where we'll
Stand tonight. A world to win. Tonight.
Now we're all working in our hearts in our dreams to change
Our state tear our seams and choose our new destinies much
More than this: what we could hold in our hands.