

Grapes Of Wrath

The Mission

The sweat upon his brow and the dirt worked into his hands
The dignity of labor upon a man's own land
The soil of his fathers passed on down through blood to hand
A man's right of birth to reap the harvest from his land

The breaking of his back to keep his dream alive
To work the change of season, his instinct to survive
The planting of his seed and to see his harvest grow
Gives a pride to a man to reap the harvest that he sows

The land of the free, home of the brave
The heartland of pioneers, the heritage of flesh and blood
And along come the winds that blow through the land
With a price to pay for the working man

Money talks and changes hands
And money reaps the harvest, money demands
The grapes of wrath

They can take away his freedom
They can beat him into the dust
They can burn his home, run him from his land
And leave him out to gather rust

But they can't take away his faith
And his honesty and pride
And the knowledge he holds inside
One day they'll reap the harvest, the grapes of wrath

There's hope in a man that nothing can destroy
A man will endure anything
For the dream that he holds dear

And there's pride in a man who knows the truth
His faith in the Earth he toils for
His honesty for the air he breathes
The truth of the harvest they will reap

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