

Hymn

The Mission

I've felt the heat In the city of angels Dust up on high And the
worse for wear I've seen the lights Going down on sunset Madmen
running loose There's murder in the air So this is america

Love colder than death Working the streets Love doesn't come cheap
So I learn how to steal Religion for sale Buy my way into heaven
Sell my soul for a trick It's not worth a great deal So this is america

I remember her smile and her virgin heart I remember her tears
tearing me apart I remember my hands helpless and tied As they
led her away I remember I cried

I've put my life In the hands of a scream Small talked and less
With legends to be But I carried a torch For the child forbidden
And when the heat closed in They crucified me So this is america

Dreams don't come easy Without any sleep Laid wide eyed and weary
On this damned bed of nails I hit the freeway And step on the
speed Head for the desert When madness prevails So this is america
God bless you america God bless you america God bless you
america God bless you America