

Hymn

The Mission

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

Love colder than death Working the streets Love doesn't come ch
eap So i learn how to steal Religion for sale Buy my way into h
eaven Sell my soul for a trick It's not worth a great deal So t
his 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 forbidd
en And when the heat closed in They crucified me So this is ame
rica

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