

Days Of The White Owl

The Nerve Agents

The skies, swirl in a marble haze
I gaze across the land, with a sense of loss
Are we down, in the game
Do we get in
Wave the white flag, frantically
No, no, no
Where do we go now
The corporate nightmare, sprouts like weeds
As we ignore, oh so conveniently
Like a coloring book, this land
We color in, with chains of stores and homes and businesses
What have we done
No, no, no
Where do we go now
The white owl glides across the summer sun
Death lurks near, I fear for this kingdom
Abused, raped and ignored
Left to rot by the wicked sins that we cherish as progress forward
I witness, this self destruction of our race
I fear the future and it's shaping face
I can't help but dwell, on our spiral down
What does it mean for myself, our race, and the future that we own
No, no, no
Where do we go now