

## 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