

There's a burning cross on a hillside.  
Still bright after all these years.  
And you want to just smile and ignore it, but I hear your fucki  
ng fear.  
I don't believe that anything's changed, at least not for the b  
etter.  
I don't believe that anything's changed, and nothing's getting  
better.  
Dead words from a different time still can boil blood,  
Still have the power to crucify on a fence in America.

And the words you say are still smoldering.  
(And the words you say.)  
And those crosses are still burning.  
(And those crosses.)

And the words you say are still burning.  
(And the words you say.)  
Burning.