

Blood on the Sand

Thrice

We wave our flags, we swallow fear like medicine
We kiss the hands of profiteers and their congressmen
But I've seen too much (of this fear and hate)
I've had enough (and I'm not afraid)
To raise a shout, to make it clear
This has to end

There's blood on the sand, there's blood in the street
And there's a there's a gun in my hand, or there might as well
be
And I'm sick of it – I'm so sick of this

We panic at the sight of different-colored skin
And we've got a plan to justify each mess we're in
But I've seen too much (of this fear and hate)
I've had enough (and I'm not afraid)
To take a stand, to make it right – this has to end

There's blood on the sand, there's blood in the street
And there's a there's a gun in my hand, or there might as well
be
And I'm sick of it – I'm so sick of this

Fear will kill your mind and steal your love as sure as anythin
g
Fear will rob you blind and make you numb to others' suffering
And I've felt its touch too many times and I've had enough
I've had enough!

There's blood on the sand, there's blood in the street
And there's a gun in your hand, or there might as well be
Are you sick of it? I'm so sick of this

There's blood on the sand, there's blood in the street
There's a gun in your hand, or there's might as well be
Aren't you sick of it? I'm just sick of this
CAUSE I'M SICK, I'M SICK OF THIS
I'M SO SICK OF THIS MESS!