

Autobiography of a Nation

Thursday

Write these words back down inside
We have burned their villages and all the people in them died
We adopt their customs and everything they say we steal
All the dreams they had we kill
Still we all sleep sound tonight
Is this what you wanted to hear?
We erased all their images and dance
And replaced them with borders and flags

At the top of this timeline you'll remember
This is the lipstick on the collar
And in my own life I've seen it in the mirror
sometimes at the cost of others hopes

So write these words back down inside
That's where you need it the most
and without conviction of heart you will never feel it at all
Yeah, we all dance to the same beat when we we're marching
Yeah, the TV tells us everything we need to know
And this scene is painting in all the fashions of the moment
And history is all the same

Everything you say you stole
Every dream you dream you bought