

# 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