

Rape Of The Young

Utopia

Hey Mister Exxon
Won't you have pity?
Won't you have pity on the guiltless ones?

Hey Mister Chrysler
Won't you think about it?
Won't you think about it? Judgment Day has begun

What will become of tomorrow's children?
Who gives a damn for tomorrow's children?
Pay no mind, you just keep on takin'
Keep on takin' 'til there's nothin' at all

Sit on your hands and don't say nothin'
Cover your eyes, you won't see nothin'

Cry for the innocent sent to war
(Don't tell a soul)
Shed a tear for the one's waiting at the door
(They'll never know)

It's the last generation of a world gone blind
(You better watch your tongue)
It's the violation of the unborn child
It's the rape of the young

Hey Mister General
Can't you find somethin'?
Can't you find somethin' else to do for a buck?

Hey Mister President
Nobody listens
Nobody listens 'til we've run out of luck

Nobody cares for unborn troubles
Why should you care, it's too much trouble
You got yours so it just don't bug ya
It just don't bug ya 'cause you won't be around

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