

American Son

Colby Acuff

Hard times are coming, I can see it on the eve
Greed gathers in a white house, get ready for the feast
Sharpen their teeth, I watch the prey wait patiently
As they lead them to the slaughter, no one looks up from their screens

My American son, my American son
Just what have you done?
My American son, my American son
Who will you become?

Uncle Sam's whispering world war is coming on
War is good for business, please invest your only son
Towers are on fire and the world calls for aid
We'd burn it all again, best profit ever made

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Who will you become?

There's light in the storm clouds, there's hope, I see it clear
We ain't afraid of dying, we're dying from the fear
And the politicians' laughter sounds like crying in the streets
We're just their entertainment, they got the front row seats

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