

well i thought we'd arrived at a tract in our history  
where we'd fought every endeavor we could fight  
yet i shuddered with grim preconception  
as the cannonade erupted into light  
and my ocular gaze lay dehiscent  
it seemed that i could not look away  
and every god fearing son was a patriot  
and victory remained elusive  
just one bomb away  
oh yeah one bomb away

and they say that customs will reconcile people  
to any atrocity - (George Bernard Shaw)  
from dachau to belfast to baghdad  
from sea to shining sea

and they say that when fascism crosses our borders  
it'll be wrapped up in a shroud  
glowing red, white, and blue  
and our rectors they say will explain it away  
as the ravings of a passionate few

well i happened to visit a slaughterhouse  
where cessation's redolence rose to the sky  
and propitious creatures await a most virulent fate  
which their pacific demeanor belies  
it was a place i don't care to return to  
whose chambers compassion would not recognize  
where slaughter is sanctification  
and humanity covers it's eyes

covers it's eyes

my country 'tis of thee  
sweet land of liberty  
of thee i sing of thee i sing

i don't want to be a patriot  
if being a patriot means being like you