

Destitute

Pridelands

The common man left collecting debris
His shattered heart and his worn out dreams
Oh how the pioneers have turned their cheeks
Oh how we all fall down, oh how we all fall down

We had an obligation
To leave this world
Better off than it was
When we were born
Over and over, day after day
Mass destitution, culture decay

It's killing me, it's killing me to say
I've been a part, I've been a part of this rat race
Since I was old enough to see
This grand fissure beneath my feet
I count my blessings on both hands
But I can't seem to understand
If I am here to restore
What has thrived before

By its own hand, morality chokes
A constant cycle jammed, the cogs have been disbanded
So can you riddle me this?
What has a thousand eyes but not a single mouth?
Claims to hold the line but drags you into the ground?
Will you remain enslaved?
So fucking riddle me that

And I can take it all back, (I can take it all back)
And I can take it all back
It belongs to them

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The common man
His struggles are not his own
Destitute, he understands
Driven out of heart and home
With little more than what he needs
Cleansed from his gluttony
The common man he finds his soul
Buried underneath a bed of lies we're told