

Broken Ones

Shaman's Harvest

Runnin' like a pack of rabid dogs
It don't matter where we came from
Chasing ghosts until we're done
Ain't no sleep till 21 guns
Momma's let your broken boys roam

Blood boiling within us
With steel gaze and fists of stone
They'll try to break us down
But we've flown too high into the sun
Into the rising sun

We're the unwanted dregs and broken thieves
Take yours, we've given up on selfish dreams
We come from homes run by bad fathers
Rumor is we're some bad mothers
Become numb to the pleading screams

Blood boiling within us
With steel gaze and fists of stone
They'll try to break us down
But we've flown too high into the sun
Into the rising sun

"You! You there, the broken ones. Hear me!
Give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free.
The wretched refused of your teeming shore.
Send these the homeless tempest-tost to me
And we will break them on the wheel of the capitalist floor."

Blood boiling within us
With steel gaze and fists of stone
They'll try to break us down
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Blood boiling within us
With steel gaze and fists of stone
They'll try to break us down
But we've flown too high into the sun
Into oblivion