

# The Great Divide

Shihad

We've forgotten how to dream  
Used to think we'd make the world a little better  
But there were promises to keep  
And we sat and watched as things just fell apart

Thought we'd already won  
So we turned the other way  
Now who's holding the gun

We walk along and draw a line  
To holler at the other side  
We'll show the world who's king  
Before the young can use their minds  
We send them off for suicide  
With something good to sing  
Now

These words are for the weak  
For the hungry ones compassion and protection  
For those that no one sees  
The broken people, man without a voice

Space between the have and have-nots  
Faceless men have taken the lot