(Sound is all around us, everywhere)

I've noticed there's little faith anymore
But can you blame us?
We're all gutter fighters
Waist deep, sewers overflow
Blood and smoke on the radio
It's no good news
When you know, you know

Holding up in your ivory tower
Cheap thrills and endless power
Left to devour hour by hour
When there's no-one else left to offend
Tell yourself and try to pretend
It's you, it's only you

Oh, can you look me in the face
And tell me I'm not good enough to be in your place
I don't deserve the time, can't get the space
Can't scream any louder
Tainted by what's in power
Worse than power

Can you
Can you do the right thing?

I've noticed there's little faith anymore But can you blame us?

We'll hold our breath and take the plunge Amount of debt we cannot solve With a little wealth left to spare Pull us from our hopeless prayer Step up from your leather chair A throne from which war is declared, oh

All of us all soon All of us all All of us all All of all soon

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