

Beast Nation

The Temperance Movement

No peace, no love, no money, no
No chief belief, no feeling, no wonder
No room, no space to breathe in and out
No end, no new beginning, no wonder

When all you got left is a medal and a worn memory
Then the clarity comes and sediment settles and you fly fly away
And your wings are strong for all the right and the wrong you live to fight another day
Come inside and dry your eyes

No lust, no trust, no ego, no
No greed, no need, no swindle, no losers
No sly, no lies, no deceit in truth
No trash for cash, no repeats, repeats

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