

Beaten Generation

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When you cast your eyes upon the skylines
Of this once proud nation,
Can you sense the fear and the hatred
Growing in the hearts of its population

And our youth, oh youth, are being seduced
By the greedy hands of politics and half truths
The beaten generation, the beaten generation,
Reared on a diet of prejudice and mis-information.
The beaten generation, the beaten generation,
Open your eyes, open your imagina{tion}
We're being sedated by the gasoline fumes
And hypnotised by the satellites
In-to believing what is good and what is right
You may be worshipping the temples of mammon
Or lost in the prisons of religion
But can you still walk back to happiness
When you've nowhere left to run?
If they send in the special police
To deliver us from liberty and keep us from peace
Then won't the words sit ill upon their tongues
When they tell us justice is being done
And that freedom lives in the barrels of a warm gun?