

## 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 gener-ation,  
Reared on a diet of prejudice and mis-information.  
The beaten generation, the beaten gener-ation,  
Open your eyes, open your imagina{tion}  
We're being sedated by the gasoline fumes  
And hypnotised by the satelllites  
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?