

# The Beat(en) 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 it's 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 misinformation  
The beaten generation, the beaten generation  
Open your eyes, open your imagination

We're being sedated by the gasoline fumes  
And hypnotised by the satellites  
Into 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 evil and keep us from peace

Then won't the words sit ill upon their tongues  
When they tell us justice is being done  
That freedom lives in the barrels of a warm gun?

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