

Downhere, In America

Is it better not to look back or should we dust off our journals
Stare deep through the feedback for the new day
Like the distortion has things to say
Is it better to ignore it, that these bomb shelters are built of sand
Scoring themes from our views, making movies of tragic news
Does this helpless picnic have its own Neverland

Chorus

America never hurts
They say America never cries
Like no one's lost in America
No one's lost in America

Listening to pink noise, we make mirrors out of shop windows
No one dares to pull the red card, conscience is scared by truths we'd discard
And now we've Arilius, but soon comes Decious, and perhaps Constantine is a devil
Keen on making things easy

Chorus

Come alive, come alive

The prophet's cello's silenced, if love burns us down to violence
If the whims of the nations cater elation will we not need a soul to blame?
He has to take it all alone
Is His move political, a play for the people? No
He takes one for the little guy
He takes a hit for the little guy

They say America never hurts
They say America never cries,
Like no one's lonely in America
Like no one's lonely in America