

Face Down, Motherland

Red angels dance on lips
As my mother burns for your sadistic trips
I can turn the vision away
But the image persists it won't go away
You preach like prophets but you say it wrong
You fan the flames of battles born
You think you're right and you're posed to fight
You burn the blood so you should loose the right
You hold her up and you lie some more
That you're not holding what you're fighting for
Your solution to the constitution
Shows a lack of conviction to your contradiction
Red angels dance on lips
As my mother burns for your sadistic trips
I can turn the vision away
The image persists that's been the way
So I pose to you a question of faith
Would you kill your mother despite her disgrace
Tear down the walls of values gone
Then fan the flames and feed upon