

One Minute Silence, Roof Of The World

As I look back my anger turns to rage
These eyes become the windows to a cage
Peace? When has peace had its page?
Nothing but the same old story
As I look back, it looks me in the face
Once small step means McDonald's in space
To sleep soundly is to know your place
Nothing but the same old story

Sometimes I feel like the roof of the world
Crashed down on my head and crumbled
Sometimes I feel like the roof of the world
Crashed down on my head and crumbled

As I look back every killer has his day
Little Boy, Fat Man and Enola Gay
In God we trust and bombs away
Nothing but the same old story

As I look back my anger turns to hate
Six million Jews just to test my faith
The voice of reason is a limited trait
Nothing but the same old story

Sometimes I feel like the roof of the world
Crashed down on my head and crumbled
Sometimes I feel like the roof of the world
Crashed down on my head and crumbled

As I look back it looks me in the face
Our legacy is a lesson in waste
Of things to come maybe just a taste
And all for the greater glory
And all for the greater glory
And all for the greater glory