

Queensryche, Great Divide

I'd reconciled my anger got outside of danger.
I was waiting for some signal, a sign from angels.
it's a strange sensation, a revelation of imagination.
When the tide turns against you
I could change my course and face the flow,
reap the seeds that I had sewn or follow that old river south.
Here's what I found out.

Trying to find my truth, define it for myself.
I was standing on the Great Divide looking out across America.
I died the day when I saw this place.

A very simple mechanism separates the fool from wisdom.
I saw what I could lose.
The lines between us are not real.
And apathy will feed our hate.

Conditioning is what makes us feel ignorant.
So we can never give in.
There I was standing at the Great Divide, looking for the truth in America.
I found the thing I was looking for.

For all that time I searched, when I closed my eyes,
I had it all the time.
Is there hope for America?

So are we standing at the Great Divide?
Take the flag we wave, the freedoms that we sing.
Without respect for one other,
it doesn't mean a thing