

Queensryche, The Great Divide

(Tate/Wilton)

I'd reconciled my anger got outside of danger.
I was waiting for some signal, a sign from angels.
When the tide turns against you
it's a strange sensation, a revelation of imagination.
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.

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

A very simple mechanism separates the fool from wisdom.
The lines between us are not real.
Conditioning is what makes us feel ignorant.
And apathy will feed our hate.
So we can never give in.

There I was standing at the Great Divide, looking for the truth in America.
For all that time I searched, when I closed my eyes,
I found the thing I was looking for.
I had it all the time.

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