

# Rush, Territories

I see the Middle Kingdom between Heaven and Earth  
Like the Chinese call the country of their birth  
We all figure that our homes are set above  
Other people than the ones we know and love  
In every place with a name  
They play the same territorial game  
Hiding behind the lines  
Sending up warning signs

The whole wide world  
An endless universe  
Yet we keep looking through  
The eyeglass in reverse  
Don't feed the people  
But we feed the machines  
Can't really feel  
What international means  
In different circles, we keep holding our ground  
In different circles, we keep spinning round and round

We see so many tribes overrun and undermined  
While their invaders dream of lands they've left behind  
Better people...better food...and better beer...  
Why move around the world when Eden was so near?  
The bosses get talking so tough  
And if that wasn't evil enough  
We get the drunken and passionate pride  
Of the citizens along for the ride

They shoot without shame  
In the name of a piece of dirt  
For a change of accent  
Or the color of your shirt  
Better the pride that resides  
In a citizen of the world  
Than the pride that divides  
When a colorful rag is unfurled