

Ten Foot Pole, My Wall

Album: Rev

A middle class mom crouches on the hill
Eyes behind binoculars, she sits so still
Spots a boy going under the freeway
Whispers in her radio, going for the kill
Open your eyes! You're fighting kids
Who only want to make their mark
Everything else you took away
you left them in the dark
Open your eyes!
Your way is not about beauty
Its about rights and choice
Speech isnt free
It is onlu for those who can afford
to raise their voice

Say it is pollution,
they say it is a sin
Mobilize their force to stop the demon within
They say it is not a battle
It is a full scale war

Recruiting volunteers
Like never before

Say it is so ugly
They say it is an eyesore
but remember,
they're the ones who build department stores
Puts ads on the benches
Signs on the windows
Asphalt where the grass used to grow