

The Mission, Hymn (For America)

I've felt the heat

In the city of Angels

Dust up on high

And the worse for wear

I've seen the lights

Going down on sunset

Madmen running loose
There's murder in the air

So this is America

Love colder than death
Working the streets

Love doesn't come cheap

So I learn how to steal

Religion for sale

Buy my way into heaven
Sell my soul for a trick

It's not worth a great deal

So this is America

I remember her smile and her virgin heart

I remember her tears tearing me apart
I remember my hands helpless and tied

As they led her away I remember I cried

I've put my life

In the hands of a scream
Small talked and less

With legends to be
But I carried a torch
For the child forbidden

And when the heat closed in

They crucified me

So this is America

Dreams don't come easy

Without any sleep

On this damned bed of nails
Laid wide eyed and weary

I hit the freeway

And step on the speed

Head for the desert

When madness prevails

So this is America

God bless you America
God bless you America

God bless you America
God bless you

America