Warrior Soul, I See The Ruins

(Clarke-St Croix)

I am the child of a new generation
The psychotic product of total frustration
Lost in the void of the social soup
Yesterdays plans went awry
I saw you standing there cold
So I picked up on the usual topic
I feel the pain of a thousand wars
I got no problems man
I got no problems man
I got no problems man
I live in TV land
I'm an electronic image
Beaming out to you
Oh yea

I see the ruins
I know we are losing
We love our weapons
Blown into heaven
We're out of time
We're out of mind
Completely blind
To nature's sign
And we got nothing

Wasted in prison
A bad decision
You run to nowhere
You're blown forever

We stand confused
On hard times
Can't break away
From our crimes
This is the world
You have no choice
Now we're gone

We play the fools
We break the rules
We rape the earth
A blinded purge
And we got nothing

Hate is a fire
It does not tire
You run to nowhere
You're blown forever

We stand confused
On hard times
Can't break away
From our crimes
This is the world
You have no choice
Now we're gone

We stand confused
On hard times
Can't break away From our crimes
This is the world
You have no choice

Now we're gone

One, two, three, four...

We stand confused
On hard times
Can't break away From our crimes
This is the world
You have no choice
Now we're gone

I see the ruins
I know we're losing
We walk the wasteland
Stripped down from God's hand
We live confused
Completely used
I've struck a fuse
I love you
Wasted (repeat)