

# With Honor, A New War

Will we see the day when the trees that we hang our heads from,  
Hit the ground like dead men's love songs,  
Offering another history of privilege and open doors?  
As they march us off to a new war,  
When it's through there'll be a hundred more.  
With us to wonder what the hell we're fighting for.  
RESIST; cycle repeat; relinquish.  
We've made an art of giving in,  
Forfeiting steps we should have taken.  
Will we see a light in the dark at this tunnel's end?  
To pacify the rage of hollow slogan,  
To expose picket sign pretense,  
And rationalize words without actions?  
Did we forget the future's in the making?  
Rules may be bent,  
But they're overdue for breaking.  
Open your eyes, stand up and believe,  
Throw off the chains, for once be free.  
Let go of this so-called freedom bedtime story,  
The only free ones have built empires on two bit lies and blood money.  
Let go of this so-called freedom bedtime story,  
The oldest new war, under the radar,  
Is fought in city streets and back alleys.