

Amboog-A-Lard, A Matter Of Honor

A tear from a boy.
Will he be proud to wave the flag one day?
(Symbolism can't convey)
A mother cries.
Will she be able to fill her needs?
(Patriotism cannot feed)

Break through the shelter
Of a rotten perfect Earth.
A flower reached to the heavens
Create a revolution
To bring back yesterday.
Blossomed fool to lead the way.

You won't let me live
You'd rather see me die
What am I worth to you?
Another alibi.
So the story goes.
Well, I can see inside.
What are you worth to me?
My honor and my pride.

A slave to the system.
A wrench in the machine.
(Forefathers forgotten)
Rising in the distance.
From seeds of discontent we are born!!!