

Bloodgood, America

We have plastic, we have metal
We have iron, we have steel
We have food stuffed in our billies
And we're big on sex appeal
We are that blessed major power, take all that we can
Now we have no yesterday, we even threw that away

We have weapons, we have armies
We have killers, we have power
We have gold stuffed in our pockets
This could be our final hour
If God you had trusted
Your eagle could fly
The blood of your soldiers
Is this why they died?

Spirit of God fall on us
Spirit of God fall on us

Your flag proudly waving, your colors displayed
But your stars are all fading, your banner has frayed

We need kindness, we need goodness
We need joy, we need peace
We need churches filled with people
Who are praying on their knees
To that blessed major power who gave His Son to man
Now we have Him here today, yesterday and forever!