

Catch 22, Beguile The Time

If I could stay mad enough maybe
I'd leave but you have to understand this runs
twenty-two years deep. Everyone wants it all.
Everyone needs a place. You can destroy or you can create.
All I know is all that I know and
I know we all just beguile the time.
But it all catches up and it's all so fucked up.
Only time will tell. Common ground
can't be found from atop a hill looking down.
Look around. Take me to sleep. Put me to weep.
Can't you see that you've given your souls up for keeps?
We send in poor people to fight other poor people.
We send in our brothers and sisters and daughters and sons.
There is no difference. We send in to kill while
we sit on our asses and watch green screens infotain
all day long. It hits like a ton of feathers.
Oh, how it echoes. Oh, when it echoes.