

Dri, Manifest Destiny

Manifest Destiny

More blood on the hands of Christ
They called themselves Christians
And gave themselves the rights
Disguised as missionaries
They were really after gold
Many Indians died for that
How many's never told

Manifest destiny [x2]

Forever moving onward
Said they were guided from above
Actually driven by hate
Disguised as love
But all their false love
Can't disguise true hate
And the racist diplomacy
Of the church and the State

Manifest destiny [x2]

The church must be rich
With all that gold
But they'll never return
All that they stold
It sits in a vault
Built just for gold
And there it will sit forever
Because it never gets old

Manifest destiny [x2]