

# Escanaba Firing Line, A Little Island

A true discourse.

It's a hell of a thing...

We were too young, we didn't realize, we didn't know a thing.

Start acting out on all of this.

Putting ourselves in some frantic state.

Where once ten thousand people stand only four or five remain.

And every side is just as fucked up.

(They're) too young to know a thing.

And your minds so full of feelings yet somehow reason escapes.

With these arms I could rule the world...

I could make it a better place.

I could see peace and happiness, a calmness on every face.

And like a breeze of wisdom this knot of healing fades.

We tie a people to the ground but this memory remains.

Now you 'stand united' with the ignorant and vain.

Just move your tongues together now...

Are the messages the same?

When two define the contrast do you measure good by pain?

Do you relate words through movements?

Or would you just claim down and think?

Through all this time you lived you never learned a thing.

In these eyes no wisdom...

No nothing not a thing.

Could you still deny it?

Are the messages the same?

I came face to face with reason and the one who's never named.