

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly, I Could Build You A T

You just sit there in silence whilst the world cries out in vain.
On the television screens and the newspaper headlines
we read today.

There's a war going on in the middle east and the fallout
affects us all, but nobody out there's prepared to talk.

There's a war going on on our own front door step with the
Jews and Islam-phoebes because every time a bomb
goes off we get religious probes. There will always be
extremists acting in their names of god.
But the gods they worship will never hear them call.

I could build you a tower, I could set you apart from all
the wars and the violence towards the pure of heart.
I could build you a tower but they'll only burn it down.

There's an 8 year old boy in Lebanon with a rifle in his hands,
his parents betray his innocence as he's old enough to be a
man, as a teenage boy in Columbine fires automatic rounds
into the hordes of students as bodies hit the ground.

The waters rise to enormous heights off the coast of North
Korea, with all the weapons testing our worlds investing in
nuclear fear, I'm counting down the days until this earth
destroys itself, through our ignorance, gluteny and wealth.

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