

No For An Answer, Matter Of Fact

Where is the love?

I have seen so much sickness,
I have seen so much wrong,
But when my hatred goes unchecked,
The agony is just prolonged,

(Chorus)

We cannot hope for freedom,
We cannot ask for peace,
We cannot look for solace,
When we ignore our own disease,

Is there a point to all this pressure?
Is there a need for all this pain?
Is there a point in such pretension,
When tragedy is all that's gained?

(Chorus)

We try to make such an impression,
We try to force things to be said,
We try to gain such acceptance,
We force our message to lie dead.

(Chorus)