PFR, Them

And the band marches
on and on and on
without slowing
And their leader leads
them on and on and on
without knowing
Never looking back to see
the mess that they had
left behind

The media mediates
between the masses and
the myth it creates
But it never knows the
damage grows the more
it bends the truth

They tell us what they
want us to hear
They patronize our
aching ears

It's all too clear the
wealths of violence
and sexual perversion
Offer more than just
some innocent
psychological diversion
They have left so many
bleeding needing help
from Christ the king

We don't have to watch
what they want us to see
Yet we've let them bind
our hands and feet

How can you say, "let's all
remain unaffected," when
No lines were drawn, the
band just marches on
And they forget you when you fall down