

# Progress, Maybe I Should Have Taken The Blue

Metal stands in burning sand.  
Father takes child by the hand  
As he tells him stories of days gone by.  
How life was easy and no one tried  
to force them to give up their soil  
and told them to live lives for oil.  
Their fates were foiled  
Entire social systems built around sacred cars.  
Is this what we will stand for? Is this just who we are?  
As west plays it's part in the accepted slavery.  
The world's delusion that the rich will gladly feed.  
Majorities work for our ease.  
Refusal now ends all the peace  
Gaia warms up, still we won't hear  
The message she tells so crystal clear  
Time's running out, maybe too late.  
Our sloth carries us to our grave  
We are our end.  
Start thinking straight, see through the crap.  
The oil hounds are hungry ready to attack.  
No second chance, no options left.  
Either we learn or we fall. The earth pays back for the theft.  
There must be more than petrol gods  
We must see through to beat the odds  
As our reign might just end. The way left to defend  
Our way of life is not with cunning deals