

# Sam Phillips, Raised On Promises

building cage i can only study the blame  
i can think of a word for myself but no name  
question darts throw me to the dogs of progress  
but they run from what really matters

raised on promises

to the furnace for shade to the dust for a drink  
logic's mad and shame doesn't care what you think  
the ocean's dry it's only a phantom that you fathom  
but the flood comes from the desert

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land of the known  
free of the brave  
they sell us ourselves  
the center has moved and water bleeds from broken faces

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