

SR-71, Truth

Blood and Dust have changed all the colors in my mind;
Black has made me see,
but the truth has made me blind
to the fears, to the lies
they were here, all the time

In your sympathetic sunday nights, I don't belong;
until all the hate that lines the face of my enemy is gone ...
all the fear, all the lies
they were here all the time

The mouth of New York City talks,
spinning dust from street to sidewalks...
pictures soaked in gasoline,
twisted through the steel and concrete;
the smoke has cleared but I can't breath...

New day's a prison
for the souls that have lost hope
I've been taught that change comes
To the ones that need it most
all the fears, all the lies
they were here all the time

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spinning dust from street to sidewalks
pictures soaked in gasoline
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the smoke has cleared but I can't breath

The mouth of New York City talks
spinning dust from street to sidewalks
pictures soaked in gasoline
twisted through the steel and concrete (x3)
the smoke has cleared but I can't breath