

The Call, Blood Red (America)

Did we ask for trouble
When we asked for breath
A silent witness put to the test
In a frozen moment
An offering made
Foreign rumors live to this day
Do you feel protected
Inside white walls
A world neglected heads for a fall
A fate suspended
Each day is a gift
A world offended - God, wha tis this
He says, "We'll walk in the front door
And proudly raise our heads";
I say man you must be joking
our hands are covered in blood red
You've got a way that's easy
The territory's marked
Hurl us backwards - back to the start
A cool deception
A gifted tongue
Nations falling down, down, down
He says, "We'll walk in the front door
And proudly raise our heads";
I say you must be foolin'
Our hands are covered in blood red
I see you standing
Beneath the tree
Your hands uplifted, on bended knee
In a fateful hour
You hear another voice
I must remember what was my choice
He says, "I am the one
The one for you.";
A look in your eyes can tell me
what to do
I feel ecstatic
I feel tranformed
More than conquered down to the bone
He says, "We'll walk in right through heaven's door
And proudly raise our heads";
I say man you must be dreaming
Our hands are covered blood red