

Theatre of Hate, Americanas

From Europe they came, the poor, the sick, the tired, those who would be free
For in their hearts the hope was there, a willingness to free themselves
To America the trumpet calls, for a civilization that is waiting to be born
A civilization that is gone with the wind
Somewhere there is an America
Slavers working at their sins, to the bullet that killed the Reverend king
For fear of change the CIA and the mafia declared an end to Kennedy
To America the bugle calls to a civilization that is,
A civilization that is gone with the wind.