

# 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.