

Wishing Chair, September

Maybe God's at the river playing with jacks
When you're up in the sky and you don't come back
There's a hole in the city
A hole in the land
Fear in the eyes of the golden children

Stand and deliver

You claim you're a prophet, call us a sin
Then you send in the jackals and the hyena men
You murder with money
Buried in lies
Deaf to the hungry babies cries

You're only a killer

You woke up a Giant, see how she waves
In the land of the free and the home of the brave
There's flag on the buildings
Flags in the air
Flags on the graves of the bright young soldiers

We will remember

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