

We are the land that gave unto me  
We are the land where you cop a plea  
We are the land that your dollar bore  
We are the land that wants so much more  
American pride do the need of other  
American pride neglect the need ourselves  
Freedom cried and was made to say uncle  
Sam and his boys "we're only here to help"  
We are the land where the wild run free  
We are the land of hypocrisy  
We are the land that your gods have sent  
We are the land of the new covenant

And so unto thee I give you the promised land  
You'll burn for your forty days and nights  
Just to find the land of broken promises  
Our streets of gold and our cities of light  
So welcome to your new home  
Come and add to the disaster  
Final sale, everything must go  
Why don't you bleed us faster

Give us your tired, your homeless, diseased  
Break us apart with select unity  
Give us your hopeless, your faithless, ignored  
Give us your dollars for their room and board  
We are the land where the wild run free  
We are the land of hostility  
We are the land that your gods have sent  
We are the land of the new covenant  
We are the promised land