

We were raised to be just what we are in case you didn't know  
If I offered up to you some proof would you let your anger show  
Or would you let your mind to sleep kept warm by simple novelties  
A history that's really not your own  
Is freedom just a privilege of hatred guaranteed  
is compassion just a second thought of hope brought to its knees  
Can dignity see fit to work past all it doesn't want to see?  
Seven guns for degradation  
Three cheers for cruel tradition  
Red, white and black eyes forever  
Somewhere South of respect tonight  
This tension's wrapped up nice and tight  
The static's felt but never makes a sound  
A man finds nothing left to eat  
Another sells his body for a place to sleep  
As Klansmen flood a conference hall downtown  
This t.v. has the answers, let fashion have your eyes  
This job is your achievement, this Bible is your pride  
Can dignity see fit to try and fix what it knows fear can't hide  
Seven guns for degradation  
Three cheers for cruel tradition  
Red, white and black eyes forever  
I think of a story my father told me about a fella he know in  
The Army  
The Pentagon traded him checks for both his legs  
"Fuck the States" was the last that Father heard he had said  
Still it's said that this war was won  
Well I refuse to be just another dead nation's bastard son  
I have eyes that see, I have a mind that thinks  
I have a mouth that speaks and God damn it will  
Because I've had enough of all this shir about "making do"  
"Playing ball" " the way things are" and "dealing with it"  
Mixing pop and politics he asks me what the use is  
I'm not into making excuses

And I'll die the day I find I'm fucking useless.