

7 Generations

"Rising Of The Sun"

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Another culture is crushed by our uncaring hands /
Another acre falls beneath the treads of this / Brutal,
heartless empire as we pillage the world / Searching
for a dream within the nightmare we made / But I
dream of standing on the top of / The wreckage of
these dividing walls / And I dream of the day these
chains break / From around our bloody mangled wrists
/

As our arrogant pride blinds our foolish eyes / And as
our luxury corrupts our selfish souls
Another's life is stolent by the horrific plague / Our
mislead longings have fed over all the years / But I
long to see the end of this / Oppressive, cut-throat
hegemony / And I long for the day when all eyes / Can
finally open to see the sun of freedom rise / To cast out
this darkness that stretches without end (and with the
veil of night lifted at last

from our eyes the truth will shine as bright as day) / we
are slaves bound to the oars that row us into
damnation / lamenting our lives of bondage while
holding / the key to freedom in our hands / we are the
tortured servants of a murderous master / starving as
we steal to feed the belly of the beast / so here I'm
standing one the outskirts of sanity / frantically
screaming for the rising of the sun

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