

Continuance

"Distaste For Truth"

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The gavel to sentence many to poverty and
desperation is in our hands -
As we slam it down the sparks ignite
Their very lives, the fuel consumed for our
convenience;
To clothe our backs with blood and hopelessness
With the sweat dripping from their brow
We fill our cups and lift them up as we drink to
conquest
Work every finger to the bone in hopes of finding our
place
Amongst the highest thrones unreachable
Ignoring the counted innocent lives that are lost
Dont question the rhetoric forced from the airwaves
Take no steps to clear your mind
Ignore the counted cost. Ignore innocent life lost.
Ignore injustice
Our hearts and minds so numbed to the point of
distaste for the truth
Cowards eyes will turn away from pressing issues
Is this name worth the lie it has become
Will this cause justify the crime it has become

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