

## **D.R.I. "Man Unkind"**

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Sadder than any song I've sung  
Is growing old or dying young  
This earth is a grave, round and green  
A tomb of sorrow which I've seen

A massive field we wander through  
Great sky above vast and blue  
Death may come in a day or two  
Whether or not I'm false or true

Man, without an answer  
Like a bird with broken wing  
Wrapped up in his misery  
Forgetting how to sing

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Straight from the stretched out womb of sin  
The horrid fire bombs will fall  
Here is hope for priests and preachers  
Here is heresy for all

So, man unkind will perish  
In a final fiery blaze  
Or suffocate himself slowly  
In his smoggy yellow haze

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The sun so sore from marching  
Towards that receding west  
Where pity no longer governs  
With wisdom as his guest

Will rise somewhere south of east  
Our sun will rise in mourning  
Wishing it could quench with tears  
The fields and skies all burning

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