

## **Downface "Motherland"**

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Red angels dance on lips  
As my mother burns for your sadistic trips  
I can turn the vision away  
But the image persists it won't go away  
You preach like prophets but you say it wrong  
You fan the flames of battles born  
You think you're right and you're posed to fight  
You burn the blood so you should loose the right  
You hold her up and you lie some more  
That you're not holding what you're fighting for  
Your solution to the constitution  
Shows a lack of conviction to your contradiction  
Red angels dance on lips  
As my mother burns for your sadistic trips  
I can turn the vision away  
The image persists that's been the way  
So I pose to you a question of faith  
Would you kill your mother despite her disgrace  
Tear down the walls of values gone  
Then fan the flames and feed upon

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