

Kids In The Way "Burt Rutan"

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Split the blackened sky, open flood gates wide
With just one little cry you open up your eyes
We live like whores, oh baby baby
We're killing dreams for little boys and little girls

It's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play

Awakes the frozen souls and burn the idol bulls
Our lips pressed to the coal, a glowing cinder makes us
whole
We wash our hands, oh baby baby
Of all the blood from innocence that we have shed

It's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play

We are not a Republican nation, we are not a
Democratic nation
In the fires we play
We are not a white nation, we are not a black nation
In the fires we play
We are an enslaved nation stuck in desperation
[Incomprehensible]

Wash our hands from all the blood of innocence

It's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play

Oh, it's our nation, we were living for the day
On our way to devastation in the fires we play

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