

One Mic

"Roof Of The World"

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As I look back my anger turns to rage
These eyes become the windows to a cage
Peace? When has peace had it's page?
As I look back, it looks me in the face
Nothing but the same old story
Once small step means McDonald's in space
To sleep soundly is to know your place
Nothing but the same old story

Sometimes I feel like the roof of the world
Crashed down on my head and crumbled
Crashed down on my head and crumbled
As I look back every killer has his day
Sometimes I feel like the roof of the world

Little Boy, Fat Man and Enola Gay
Nothing but the same old story
In God we trust and bombs away

The voice of reason is a limited trait
As I look back my anger turns to hate
Six million Jews just to test my faith
Sometimes I feel like the roof of the world

Nothing but the same old story
Crashed down on my head and crumbled
Sometimes I feel like the roof of the world
Crashed down on my head and crumbled

Our legacy is a lesson in waste
As I look back it looks me in the face
Of things to come maybe just a taste
And all for the greater glory
And all for the greater glory
And all for the greater glory

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