

Stuart Davis

"God Of Fossil Fuel"

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Well you don't need the papers
to inform you where we are
or another zealot preacher
with his soapbox and guitar
but what do you think the consequence
of apathy invites
when we plan our children's future
with the shortest range of sight

The global leaders bargain in their politics and power
while our next generations born
in earth's eleventh hour

Chorus:

When the trees are made of plastic
and there's no more oil to drill
when Africa is empty
and the zoos are finally filled
we'll sacrifice our children at the alter
to the God of fossil fuel

When you're sitting on the sofa
with your junk food and a beer
the third world's just a commercial
for the bleeding liberal ear
so you change it to a sitcom
to avoid the hungry voice
that simply sad solution
is a coward's drug of choice

I bet you'll see it clearly
through a younger pair of eyes
the bleakness of the globe as they inherit our demise

Chorus

Dad what are these animals? I found them them in a
book
Son they once roamed Africa
'till their habitat was took
The answers are so painful

to the questions my son asks
humans just don't see tragedy unless they're
looking in the past

If the answers are immediate
and geared toward present tense
the distant repercussions
won't be felt at our expense
in a thousand years from now
when only desert sand is left
will those who caution foresight
wonder why the world was deaf?

I know we'd see it clearly
through a younger pair of eyes
the bleakness of the globe as they inherit our demise

Chorus twice

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