

## **Bueno**

# **"The History Song"**

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Set in stone, in flesh and bone,  
A history by victory,  
And a classroom subjected turns the page and  
separates fact from fiction,  
But the line is drawn by the men who hold the pen,  
And hidden in the pages is a little piece of them,  
A hint of pride, a touch of greed, his own biography,  
The truth is then exchanged for an elitist's account of  
history.

From the past our future formulates, reasons us to  
hate, provides identity,  
Anthems and enemies, yesterdays news, a pretty  
plastic point of view,  
While culture gleams to capture a brilliance benign,  
The populace subdues itself all intellect resigned,  
We are a state of catatonic sleeping manufactured  
minds,  
And we aim just like a weapon as we're falling into line.

And I'm sure it serves us well cling to sentiment,  
How we glorify our battles as the war keeps raging on.  
But it's certain that the paradigm won't save us,  
We must come face to face with what we've done, and  
who we are.

Who embraces history so much that they comply?  
Who makes sure and certain they succumb to the  
design?  
Who subdues intelligence, who puts their faith in size?  
Who designates the classes and assumes equal  
rights?  
Who fashions all attraction, who billboards body types?  
Who broadcasts better ratings, who turns them on at  
nine?  
Who's the final say boy when all is said and done?  
A sudden shock to second look, our work has just  
begun.

And I'm sure it serves us well to cling to sentiment,  
How we glorify our battles as the war keep raging on,  
But it's certain that our arrogance won't save us,

We must come face to face with what we've done.

And I do reject the custom and the paradigm,  
They are culture cries for merchandise geared to  
justify,  
And I won't embrace a history or conquest,  
Or a memory of violent states inscribed.

\*\*\*To all resounding tragedy, we make our fate,  
WE MAKE OUR FATE!  
And to all of you with gods out there they've left this up  
to us,  
And our state may appear brilliant in flashing neon  
lights,  
But the glow grows old against the cold and we tire of  
the sight,  
It no longer strikes amazing when your pockets empty,  
heart is empty,  
Losses some appeal when we pull the fucking plug,  
There is nothing that survives divide, we are all  
connected, all subjected.  
Our future is a bleak one unless we learn to love.\*\*\*

Until then, we are all.....SET IN STONE

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