

## New Medicine

### "Burning Season"

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I'm sick of the sight of some snot-nosed kid  
Cutting a swathe through the age of deconstruction  
Picking at the sores of the dying beast  
And winning all the prizes for imagination  
I don't know what we've got to lose  
But I see the statues beginning to fall  
The deisel's turning, the moon is high

Ch: What the hell are we waiting for?  
I see the smoke on the blue horizon  
I smell the fires of the burning season  
What the hell are we waiting for?

I'm sick of the ironies piled up high  
In this sneery culture with it's knowing smile  
I'm sick of the sermons from the Church of Unbelief  
All fat, empty and anaesthetised  
The emperor's out riding naked again  
I can't believe we're still playing this tired old game  
Let's get out there and cut him down

Ch: What the hell are we waiting for? . .

On a smoky yellow sunset, I'm sitting at the wheel  
As the traffic crawls by on the ten-lane  
Bumper to bumper, nowhere to nowhere into the next  
millenium  
I see you drowning in a sea of rage  
Let's go back and get the ones who put you down here  
The highway's jammed up with disinformation  
And the anaesthetic dealers are selling by the million

Ch: What the fuck are we waiting here for? . .

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