

Sam Phillips "Raised on Promises"

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Building cage I can only study the blame
I can think of a word for myself but no name
Question darts throw me to the dogs of progress
But they run from what really matters

Raised on promises

To the furnace for shade to the dust for a drink
Logic's mad and shame doesn't care what you think
The ocean's dry, it's only a phantom that you fathom
But the flood comes from the desert

Raised on promises

Land of the known
Free of the brave
They sell us ourselves
The center has moved
And water bleeds from broken faces

Raised on promises

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