

Mea Culpa "Golem"

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And the Golem's on it's way
The one's who gave it life are gone before it hits the
ground
They've got a bunker waiting for them five miles down

And the hope's so far away
At the mercy of a madman with a thousand names
Every person's an abstraction in their number's game

You're just a clean-up crew for someone who has no
concern for who you kill or if you die
For every statue that you topple they've got this year's
monster rolling off the assembly line
He's never fought for anything but he sure dresses up
There's always been someone like you to wipe his
messes up
And now he's the one who says whether the penny
drops
And nobody seems to mind
(He's saying)

CHORUS

"We'll define the heroes and we'll provide the names
We can change the script until you have no lines to say
We will cut and paste the facts and burn away the
blame
We can end this story if it doesn't go our way."

VERSE 2

And the blood's so far away
War becomes just another office job,
just pushing little buttons from a mile up
And there's nothing you can say
They've got a finger on a trigger for each of us
And an undisclosed location where they can't be
touched

And the people who will make the most important
choice are the people least equipped
And I'm praying for a voice like the bastard son of
Emma Goldman and Bill Hicks

'Cause the one's who can hide their contempt for us the
best will take command
Like a coked-up army of the bastard sons of
Machiavelli and Ayn Rand
(They're saying)

(CHORUS)

BRIDGE

Say a prayer for the one's who think it's the end of
history
No, it just changed it's face

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