

Ryan Harvey

"Cul-De-Sac Conquistadors"

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There's bombs in your buildings, America the great
And you're terrified of strangers and you foster so
much hate
You stormed around this planet tearing at the roots
Now the chicken's are coming home to roost America

Half the world is starving and they're starving cuz of
debt
We say "they want an open Market, they just don't know
it yet"
As our economic hitmen talk bullsh*t to the press
The teenage refugees strap explosives to their chest

Build a wall along the border, enclose your enemies
Keep food and the water from the hands of those in
need
Parade your military, fold flags for their families
Send em out into the world and watch em' burn inside
their Bradleys

America, this your policy

There's a war in Northern Pakistan directed from
Nevada
By some Summer Soldier playing games on the
computer
Is he already dead? Has he been stripped of reason?
Killing from afar while he's comfortably living

This is the country that the rest of the world sees
Ignorant, obnoxious, xenophobic, anti-peace
Cul-de-Sac Conquistadors, hoarding everybody's share
With it's hands and soldiers and money everywhere

Saying f*ck the world community, we'll go it on our own
Dropping bombs on third-world countries to prove how
much we've grown
But there's a generation orphans waiting in strategic
places
When it all blows back it's gonna blow up in our faces

America, this is our destiny

There's bombs in your buildings, America the great
And you're so shocked and awed that people would
retaliate

You've run from your past but now the breeze is
blowing in

If you wanna heal these wounds then it's a good to time
to begin

America, this is real

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