

Soil "F-hole"

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We see you feelings running dry again
Who am I but a man that wants to die again
Felt fine till you opened up my sin
Sit back realize where we've been

We see you armies moving in again
A police action or genocide again
We see the past being hid again
Sit back realize where we've been

Frustrations seeping in again
We're trusting lies instead
Of the truth my friend
We see the blackness of your sins
Take a look back to where we've been

Our eyes read between your lines
Your actions are as loud as mime's
Red tape seals our lips again
Take a look back to where we've been

You make me want to stand up
And scream I want to be free
Never think about the unthinkable
1600 and her backwards dance [repeat]

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