

Thursday

"Autobiography Of A Nation"

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Write these words back down inside
We have burned their villages
And all the people in them died
We adopt their customs and everything they say we
steal

Still we all sleep sound tonight
Is this what you wanted to hear?
We erased all their images and dance
And replaced them with borders and flags

At the top of this time line you'll remember
This is the lipstick on the collar
And in my own life I've seen it in the mirror
Sometimes at the cost of others hopes

So write these words back down inside
That's where you need it the most
And without conviction of heart
You will never feel it at all

Yeah, we all dance to the same beat when we we're
marching
Yeah, the TV tells us everything we need to know
And this scene is painting
In all the fashions of the moment and history is all the
same

Everything you say, you stole
Every dream you dreamt, you bought

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