

# Next World War

[Michael McGuire](#)

As we drive to the sharpest point of our being,  
We must turn our vision to the clearest point of our seeing,  
Our savaged senses in the crosshairs of a system,  
That doesn't know it's enemy from it's victim,  
And the raging kingdom come in every street soldiers soul,  
Is ready to default on this mortgage of control,  
These answers need new questions not new excuses,  
All these used up lives could be put to better uses,  
There's no time left for the doing if we waste it in waiting,  
This fetish for rebuilding corrupts our instincts for creating,  
The cynical synergy of this movement's great calling,  
Will ground the ones who've been flying at the expense of the falling,  
Sometimes it's easier to suffer than to stand up and fight,  
Easier to figure your wrong than to realize you are right,  
When the facts are filtered by the born again truth,  
And they command the burden of task and ignore the burden of proof. Nobody wants their brother's blood,  
Nobody envies the river in flood,  
But the ones who only put stock in the stock exchange,  
Force you to have to force a change,  
Sweatshop economics of the I.M.F.,  
Or maybe you just wonder if god is deaf,  
It wouldn't even take all that much,  
For the wage slave junkie to throw up his crutch. This is just a dead man's will it's not a holy way,  
A tyrant wants it all but it's no crime to want a little more,  
There comes a time when you stop picking your battles,  
Stop banking with your soul and declare outright war.

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