Four Seasons

Antiskeptic

Three million and one new shades of grey
And the earth will spin and the clouds,
and the clouds will fade
An open glass of milk in the midday sun
The kids on the street and dad has got his... got his gunNothing good as pride and red white, and blue
W.A.S.P. and nothing less to speak to
He wants to cull and prune this new crude pack
And wherever they are from he wants to send them...
send them backHold onto pride inside of you
Convey a peace in servitude
We have been holding out so long
But your pulse has grown so faint
A life choice that was not what it seemed
How warfare was cruel and so obscene
A witness of acts to scare your sleep
When it's not your faultFour seasons, the only reason
Viet vet is so ashamed
Four seasons, the only reason
Memories they have to fade

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