

# 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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