

Man Unkind

D.R.I.

Sadder than any song I've sung
Is growing old or dying young
This earth is a grave, round and green
A tomb of sorrow which I've seen
A massive field we wander through
Great sky above vast and blue
Death may come in a day or two
Whether or not I'm false or true
Man, without an answer
Like a bird with broken wing
Wrapped up in his misery
Forgetting how to sing
Man, without an answer
Like a bird with broken wing
Wrapped up in his misery
Forgetting how to sing
Straight from the stretched out womb of sin
The horrid fire bombs will fall
Here is hope for priests and preachers
Here is heresy for all
So, man unkind will perish
In a final fiery blaze
Or suffocate himself slowly
In his smoggy yellow haze
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Forgetting how to sing
The sun so sore from marching
Towards that receding west
Where pity no longer governs
With wisdom as his guest
Will rise somewhere south of east
Our sun will rise in mourning
Wishing it could quench with tears
The fields and skies all burning
Man, without an answer
Like a bird with broken wing
Wrapped up in his misery

Forgetting how to sing
Man, without an answer
Like a bird with broken wing
Wrapped up in his misery
Forgetting how to sing

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