

Territories

Rush

I see the middle kingdom between Heaven and Earth
Like the Chinese call the country of their birth
We all figure that our homes, our homes are set above
Other people than the ones, ones we know and love
In every place with a name
They play the same territorial game
Hiding behind the lines
Sending up warning signs
The whole wide world an endless universe
Yet we keep looking through the eyeglass in reverse
Don't feed the people but we feed the machines
Can't really feel what international means
In different circles we keep holding our ground
Indifferent circles we keep spinning round and round and round
We see so many tribes overrun and undermined
While their invaders dream of lands they left behind
Better people, better food and better beer
Why move around the world when Eden was so near?
The bosses get talking so tough
And if that wasn't evil enough
We get the drunken and passionate pride
Of the citizens along for the ride
The whole wide world an endless universe
Yet we keep looking through the eyeglass in reverse
Don't feed the people but we feed the machines
Can't really feel what international means
In different circles we keep holding our ground
Indifferent circles we keep spinning round and round and round
They shoot without shame in the name of a piece of dirt
For a change of accent or the color of your shirt
Better the pride that resides in a citizen of the world
Than the pride that divides when a colorful rag is unfurled
The whole wide world an endless universe
Yet we keep looking through the eyeglass in reverse
Don't feed the people but we feed the machines
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