

Blood on the Sand

Thrice

We wave our flags
We swallow fear
Like medicine
We kiss the hands of profiteers
And their congressmen
But I've seen too much
(Of this human hate)
Yeah, I've had enough
(And I'm not afraid)
To raise a shout
To make it clear
This has to end
There's blood on the sand
There's blood in the street
And there's a gun in my hand
Or there might as well be
And I'm sick of it
I'm so sick of it
We panic at the sight
Of different colored skin
We've got a plan
To justify each mess we're in
But I've seen too much
(Of this human hate)
I've had enough
(And I'm not afraid)
To raise a stand
To make it right
This has to end
There's blood on the sand
There's blood on the street
And there's a gun in my hand
Or there might as well be
And I'm sick of it
I'm so sick of it
Fear will kill your mind
And steal your love as sure as anything
Fear will rob you blind
And make you numb to all the suffering
And I've felt
It's touch
Too many times and I've had enough
I've had enough!
There's blood on the sand
There's blood in the street

And there's a gun in your hand
Or there might as well be
Are you sick of it?
I'm so sick of it There's blood on the sand
There's blood in the street
There's a gun in your hand
Or there's might as well be
Aren't you sick of it?
I'm just sick of this
Cause I'm sick
I'm sick
I'm sick
I'm sick of it
sick

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