The Beat(en) Generation

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When you cast your eyes upon the skylines
Of this once proud nation
Can you sense the fear and the hatred
Growing in the hearts of its population
And our youth, oh youth, are being seduced
By the greedy hands of politics and half truthsThe beaten generation, the beaten generation
Reared on a diet of prejudice and mis-information
The beaten generation, the beaten generation
Open your eyes, open your imaginationWe're being sedated by the gasoline fumes
And hypnotized by the satellites
Into believing what is good and what is right
You may be worshiping the temples of mammon
Or lost in the prisons of religion
But can you still walk back to happiness
When you've nowhere left to run?The beaten generation, the beaten generation
Reared on a diet of prejudice and mis-information
The beaten generation, the beaten generation
Open your eyes, open your imaginationAnd if they send in the special police
To deliver us from liberty and keep us from peace
Then won't the words sit ill upon their tongues
When they tell us justice is being done
And that freedom lives in the barrels of a warm gunThe beaten generation, the beaten generation
Reared on a diet of prejudice and mis-information
The beaten generation, the beaten generation
Open your eyes, open your imagination

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