

Them

PFR

And the band marches on and on and on without slowing
And their leader leads them on and on and on without knowing
Never looking back to see the mess that they had
left behind
And the media mediates between the masses and the myth it creates
But it never knows the damage grows the more it bends the truth
They tell us what they want us to hear
They patronize our aching ears
It's all too clear the wealths of violence and sexual perversion
Offer more than just some innocent psychological diversion
They have left so many bleeding, needing help from Christ the King
We don't have to watch what they want us
to see
Yet we've let them bind our hands and feet
How can you say, let's all remain unaffected?
When no lines were drawn, the band just marches on
And they forget you when you fall down
They tell us what they want us to hear
They patronize our aching ears
We don't have to watch what they want us to see
Yet we've let them bind our hands and feet
How can you say, let's all remain unaffected?
When no lines were drawn, the band just marches on
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