The Bleeding Ground

Saint Vitus

Echoes of screaming
That fell on deaf ears
Chaos still reigns
Fueled by the tears
Of children in anguish
Their lives torn apart
Begging for help from
Cold black heartsHeaven can't help us
Hell puts us down
That's what it's like on
The bleeding ground
Gasping for air
We can actually see
Government testing
Says it's ok to breathe
A hot oily resin
Covers the trees
Our moans of despair
Float away on the breeze
Useless protectors
Only slap hands
Let the animals
Destroy the land
Once we were cleansed
By natures' wrath
Then without choice
We're back on the wrong path
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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