

Truth

SR-71

Blood and dust have changed
All the colors in my mind
Black has made me see
But the truth has made me blind To the fears
To the lies
They were here
All the time In your sympathetic Sunday nights
I don't belong
'Til all the hate that lines the face
Of my enemy is gone All the fears
All the lies
They were here
All the time The mouth of New York City talks
Spitting dust from streets to sidewalks Pictures soaked in gasoline
Twisting through the steel and concrete The smoke has cleared but I can't breathe The new day's a prison
For the souls who've lost hope
But I've been taught change
Comes to the one's who need it most All the fears
All the lies
They were here
All the time The mouth of New York City talks
Spitting dust from streets to sidewalks Pictures soaked in gasoline
Twisting through the steel and concrete The smoke has cleared but I can't breathe The mouth of New York City
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