I, Stateside

Crime In Stereo

If I apologize for the swift and sudden rise in the recurring themes of love and God and war, will you make amends for the way we all pretend these aren't the thing we think about when we can't think about our jobs anymore?
I'm so sick of this fate, I felt compelled to create. I left it for you, waiting in the nylon space of record crates, to ease the pain from the soft features of your face. So you can put your windows down and impose your musical tastes upon this immense landscape. I think I'm starting to relate to these troubled states. And I can't set aside all the condescending lies they're making us believe about state and faith and law. Paint every dark-skinned man a criminal, and every White Christian forgivable. We're choosing sides, a soldier's life, in the new culture war. I'm, so sick of this fate I felt compelled to create. I left it for you, draped in a jewel case outside your place. For heaven's sake, if the long knives of the night are keeping you awake...I think we share the collective fate of these troubled states.
So we're all going to hell, but with one hell of a plan. Presented in folded flags, embedded in foreign sand, written upon the dead skin of a dried-up land it began: "We'll fix the fat and the ugly with incisions. We'll stash the gay and liberal up in New England. We'll keep the black and poor in (or under the constant threat of) prison. And they'll all feel blessed just for being a part of the vision..."
God please save these troubled states.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/