Rust

Lagwagon

They make your bed, don't they
Long ago they fought and died for faith - what's changed ?
It's said that we've acquired tolerance to build more bridges
Cross those rivers, yet modern man enslaves his conscious
and the undertow of blame still flows between
Give it birth to the machine - hostilities of ancestry
Slow to understand the variance - quick to judge on one aspect - rust
We call them fools today - they will call us fools in days to come - always
In any age it's ignorance
He that he's not with me is against me
The river of pride swells to high, washing those bridges out to sea
Give it birth to the machine
Too proud to love - Too proud
Soaking in your fears - rusting away
Never comprehending - always condescending
Slow to understand the variance - quick to judge - quick to condem
Carried them for years - stones that they once cast
Place the blame on them as if it were their past
Yesterdays distrust
Resent, Regret, disgust
Still we pay for their living - pay for their mistakes
Who will cast the latest stones of hate
Pay for their misgivings - pay for their living - still we find that
on the surface there
is rust

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