Grains Of Wrath

[unknown]

Back in '83, a man came to me
And he told me, "Son
Our way of life is done"
But I was only youngWith an eye to the fields
Speculators and yields rotten to the core
Monoculture whores
Entered the bidding wars from distant shoresI don't wanna be in the land
Known as destitute and free
With the grains of wrath
Blazing a path from sea to shining seaOh, the sinuous trails of concrete and rails
And exhausted roars
Population wars setting our future courseYeah, is profit and greed
The only conceit on a scale between
Mere prosperity and inhumanity?
It may well be butI don't wanna be in the land
Known as destitute and free
With the grains of wrath
Blazing a path from sea to shining seaShine on, I don't wanna be in the land
Known as destitute and free
With the grains of wrath
Blazing a path from sea to shining seaOh, oh, oh, shine on

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